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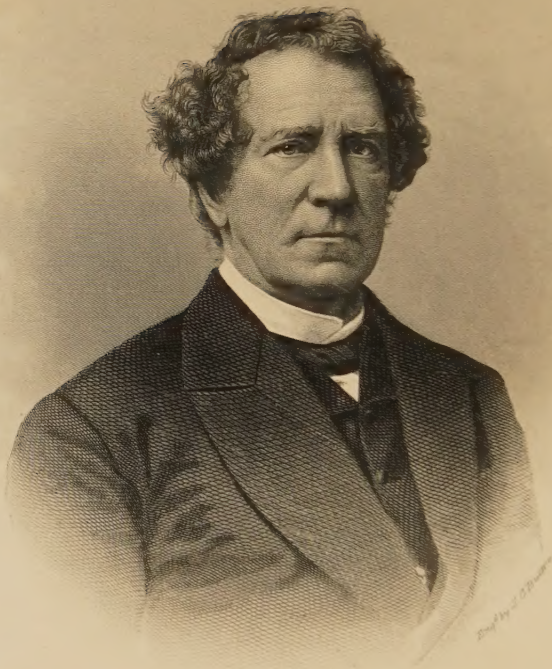

R. Fuller

LIFE

OF

RICHARD FULLER, D.D.

BY

J. H. CUTHBERT, D.D.,

PASTOR OF THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH, WASHINGTON, D.C.

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PREFACE.

IT is not without anxiety that I have undertaken this work. The remarkable character to be depicted, the interest and variety of the questions involved, necessarily produce the feeling. But other considerations have outweighed this reluctance. The wishes of the family, with the assurance of sympathy and approval on the part of numerous friends whose judgment I respect, have determined me, in humble reliance on the blessings of God, to undertake the work.

A serious difficulty presented itself at the outset, — the absence of any diary or memoranda kept by Dr. Fuller himself. In the case of men like Chalmers, Guthrie, and Frederick Robertson, — men of kindred genius, — or, in our own land, men like Judson, Baron Stow, and J. B. Taylor, abundant material was at hand in the full diaries that were kept by the illustrious dead. But, with the exception of a few fragments and valuable letters, Dr. Fuller left no papers of the kind. Like a ship gone over the sea, the waves seemed to close up on a trackless path. But some who have sailed near that ship have watched its progress; and, though the disappearance of that majestic form has left a sad blank on the horizon, it will still be a source of melancholy satisfaction to the writer, and of interest and profit, possibly, to the reader, to look over these notes of a very remarkable life.

The compiler of these pages is prompted to the work by feelings of mingled love, reverence, and gratitude.

To the friends and admirers of the honored dead in all parts of the land he would here acknowledge his indebtedness for the valuable aid they have rendered.

With the prayer for the blessing of God on this record of a life of consecration to the noblest of all causes, I would inscribe this humble *in memoriam* to the denomination of which he was such an ornament, and to the Christian world which reveres and cherishes his memory.

J. H. C.

WASHINGTON, D.C., 1878.

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LIFE OF RICHARD FULLER.

CHAPTER I.

BEAUFORT, SOUTH CAROLINA.

"I know the secrets of a land:
Fair is that land as evening skies,
And cool, though in the heart it lies
Of burning Africa."

SOME places give distinction to those who are born in them. Cicero, in one of his letters, writes that the name of a Roman citizen was an honor and a safeguard to the ends of the earth. Other places are distinguished by the names associated with them. To this class belongs the little town named at the head of this chapter.

It is little more than half way from Charleston to Savannah. After leaving Charleston by steamer by what is known as the outside or sea route, you steer south-west, in sight of the low-lying Edisto Islands, until, after some four hours' travel, the dark outline of what are called "The Hunting Islands" rises directly over the bow. Soon you are over St. Helena bar. Running sometimes over broad sheets of water, then through channels so narrow that one could almost leap from the deck to the shore, after a sharp turn round Pigeon Point you sweep into the noble river where the tide comes in from the south, and the next moment you are at

the wharf of the good old town of Beaufort. If not "the joy of the whole earth," as Jerusalem was, it is certainly "beautiful for situation." We have approached the town from the north. From the south, the Savannah side, the river runs up to the town in almost a straight line from the sea, distant from twelve to fifteen miles. Coming from this direction at night, you would see the lights of the place for miles directly ahead, until by a sudden curve the steamer is at right angles to her former course, and you are in what may be called the Bay of Beaufort.

Older than Charleston, and with a superior port of entrance, it was one of the first settlements in the Carolinas. Spanish and French adventurers, feeling their way along the coast, soon found the noble harbor of Port Royal. On the banks of these streams may still be seen the mounds and *débris* of what are called the "Old Forts," where these first settlers fortified themselves against the attacks of Indians, and adventurers like themselves. We have glowing accounts from some of these pioneers as to their discoveries in the waters and adjoining islands of Port Royal: —

"Here (Port Royal), on the 27th May, 1562, Ribault cast anchor in a depth of ten fathoms, at the opening of a spacious bay, which, from cape to cape, was three leagues wide, and formed the entrance to a noble river. The name of Port Royal was given to this river on account of its size and the beautiful scenery around it. The harbor he esteemed one of the best and fairest in the world; so that the largest ships of France, yea, the argosies of Venice, might enter in there. Having moored his vessels, Ribault with his soldiers went on shore, and was equally delighted with the stately cedars, the wide-spreading oaks, and the fragrant shrubs." — Rivers's *History of South Carolina*, p. 21.

But the English soon drove out the French and Spanish element, and planted a colony of their own in Beaufort. The Province of Carolina at first embraced the whole region south of Virginia, and was formally settled under Charles II. In an age of adventure it is curious to see the professed

motives of these lord-proprietors of the newly-discovered lands, as set forth in their charters.

The charter is dated March 24, 1663, and runs as follows: —

"Whereas our right trusty and right well-beloved cousins and counsellors, Edward Earl of Clarendon, &c., being excited with a laudable and pious zeal for the propagation of the Christian faith and the enlargement of our empire and dominion, have humbly besought leave of us to transport and make an ample colony of our subjects in the parts of America not yet cultivated or planted, and only inhabited by some barbarous people who have no knowledge of Almighty God," &c. — RIVERS's *History*, p. 62.

But God makes "the wrath of man to praise him." Out of the mixed and false motives of men in pursuit of their own personal ends of ambition and gain he brings forth the accomplishment of his own plans. Through French and Spanish adventure, and English daring and enterprise, the lowlands of Carolina were discovered and settled. After some changes of site and government, and occasional perils from Indian wars, the town of Beaufort was finally built, and continues to the present day, — somewhat of an old-fashioned town under the new dress and manners of the late revolution.

CHAPTER II.

EARLY RELIGIOUS HISTORY OF BEAUFORT.

"How soft the music of those village-bells,
Falling at intervals upon the ear!"

THE march of events in history is generally after the following order: First the adventurer opens the way; then the trader follows in his steps; and then the missionary comes to supply what neither trade nor civilization can give, — "the truth as it is in Jesus." The Roman dominion before Christ prepared the way for the spread of the gospel; and the discoveries of European adventurers on the American coast, for the planting of the Church of Christ on this continent.

From the grant to the proprietors we see how the Episcopal Church was at first the Established Church. The Puritans settled New England; and, though flying from persecution in the old country, they soon made it rather warm in the new settlements for all who differed from them. High-church Episcopalians settled Virginia and the Carolinas, and with these it was essential to good breeding and sound doctrine to put down dissenters. But the tide of immigration compelled a more tolerant spirit.

In the year 1761, when the Episcopal Establishment was in full force, the vestry and church-wardens in Beaufort, in their letter to their correspondent in England requesting his aid in procuring for them a minister, gave it as their opinion that "a gentleman of a studious turn and regular deport-

ment, who would maintain the authority of the church, without being austere, or rigid to dissenters, of whom there were many, would suit better than one of a contrary disposition." — RAMSEY'S *History of South Carolina. Statistical Account of Beaufort by* Dr. FINLEY, p. 589.

Religious as well as civil liberty soon became the law of the land; but to this day the spirit of the old hierarchy breathes around the spires of St. Michael's and St. Philip's in "the city by the sea." We well remember the awe inspired by the white surplices and flowing robes of the bishops and priests, and how the plain dress of the Baptist minister seemed to mark him as a being of inferior sanctity. Either in deference to popular sentiment, or from other motives, Baptist ministers like Furman and Manly used sometimes to don these robes. But "the pride and pomp and circumstance" was all the other way. The very sexton of the Episcopal church in Beaufort, a short, colored man, seemed to ring his bell, and walk about his ample glebe, as if bell, steeple, and himself were far above the neighboring Baptist meeting-houses, sexton, cupola, and all. But *tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis;* and the Beaufort of to-day, in its political and religious features, is a very different place from the colonial and *ante-bellum* settlement.

While the Established Church was the church of the majority, all who came from the mother-country were not, of course, members of that communion. Independent and Presbyterian churches were established in Beaufort at an early date. To this day the ruins of the old Independent church may be seen on the northern side of the town, — a church which soon declined, and lost its organization. Its members drifted into other churches; while owls, bats, and coveys of partridges, took up their abode in the old ruins. Mr. Thomas Fuller, the father of the subject of this sketch, proposed to join this body on his conversion in 1803, but, by a singular providence, was diverted from this purpose the

night before the contemplated act. There were a few Presbyterians of the regular order in the town, and these met occasionally for worship at the house of Dr. Finley.

The Baptist church in Beaufort was organized in 1800; though, long before, there was a preparation for it in the labors of devoted missionaries. Through all the region between Charleston (where the venerable Furman ministered) and Savannah (where Marshall and Holcombe labored) these pioneers of our faith travelled and preached. Dr. Holcombe of Georgia, while pastor of the Euhaw Baptist Church, situated a short distance from Beaufort, on account of the superior healthfulness of the latter place made his residence there in the year 1794. His description of the town, especially of its religious complexion, is given in the following letter to his brother, written after his settlement in Philadelphia in 1812: —

"My dear Brother, — The principal inhabitants of Beaufort, though possessed of learning, wealth, and talents, were, with a few honorable exceptions, strangers to true religion, and strongly prejudiced against the Baptists. The doctrine of regeneration they treated with contempt; and baptism, if we understand the meaning of the word, had never been administered in their vicinity. If ever I felt the insnaring fear of man, it was then; but, fully persuaded that God and truth were on my side, I never gave place, no, not for an hour, to their deluded adversaries. Several 'fellows of the baser sort' made attempts to turn my ministerial exercises into ridicule by adding to their sacrilege in stealing my Bible a mock ordinance while I was administering the Lord's Supper to a few of his despised followers. It is with pleasure I remark, however, that the general reception I met with in Beaufort was hospitable and polite. The first baptized in any of these rivers which wash the shores of Beaufort were Mrs. Gedier and Mrs. Jones, who were widows indeed, and, from their age and piety, highly venerable. The day on which they were buried with Christ in baptism was unexceptionably fine. These circumstances brought almost the whole city together. Contrary to the anticipations of some, the behavior of the congregation was becoming the solemnity of the occasion; and the late Col. Edward Barnwell, a zealous Episcopalian, admitted that

what I advanced to prove the essentiality of immersion to Christian baptism was sufficient for my purpose. Similar concessions, it is well known, have been made by the great Luther and the Church Prayer-Book. Subsequent to this period, the liquid element there, in countless instances, has reflected as a faithful mirror the burial and resurrection of our Lord in this holy ordinance. To about five hundred of its subjects at once I have since had the honor and happiness to administer the sacred Supper within those walls which witnessed its shameful profanation by the sons of Belial. To the rest of us had been added some even of those profane mockers. Judge of the triumphs of my soul when I beheld with others the flower of Beaufort filling their seats at the Lord's Table, to such an extent, that the disparities between communicants and the residue of the assembly were, in all respects, glorious to almighty grace." — HOLCOMBE'S *Letters*, p. 54.

In the year 1800 the church was formally organized, and settled the beloved Joseph Cook as the first pastor. In the old meeting-house was a marble tablet on the right of the pulpit, with the inscription: "Joseph Cook. — He, being dead, yet speaketh." We remember, as a boy, reading, and wondering what it meant. Dr. Holcombe was called to the church on the death of Mr. Cook; but, declining the call, Dr. Brantly was elected pastor. This eminent minister, while he served the church, was at the same time president of the Beaufort College, — a double duty which more than once devolved on this servant of Christ, always abundant in labors. If the Baptists had anywhere the mark of the first Christians, as the sect "everywhere spoken against," they certainly enjoyed this apostolic distinction in Beaufort. The novelty of their views of baptism and church-membership, so different from the old traditions, not only attracted attention, but insured persecution. Dr. Holcombe was a Revolutionary soldier, a man of courage, not apt to blanch under fire; but he had a good deal of rough experience at first as a minister in Beaufort. The wealthier classes were impatient of any change in these matters; while there were not wanting the "lewd fellows of the baser sort," who are always on

hand to give a rough expression to these sentiments in violent demonstration. But, if "the blood of the martyrs was the seed of the Church," conduct like this was sure to re-act in favor of the truth. The frowns of wealth, the coarser assaults of ruffianism, but swelled the triumphs of grace. "The word of God grew and multiplied." Under the successive ministrations of Cook and Brantly, and the excellent Graham (a Scotchman), and the subject of this sketch, the church was gradually but firmly established. The first shock of the late war broke on the shores of Port Royal, when almost the whole white population of Beaufort left their homes, many of them never to return. But "the remnant," which is always left, has been gathered again; and, under the pastoral care of the Rev. Mr. Jones, they are now worshipping in the house built by the prayers and toils of the lamented Fuller.

CHAPTER III.

THE FAMILY.

"All, all are gone,—the old familiar faces."

AMONG the first settlers in Carolina we find the names of Fuller and Middleton. The early chronicles mention the services of Capt. Fuller in repelling the attacks of Indians. If he is the progenitor of the Beaufort family, we may trace the origin of the spirit which burned so brightly in the descendants, and made them men and women of true and lofty courage. The record of the name on the mother's side is more full. The name Middleton occurs repeatedly in the colonial records with honorable mention. In successive administrations, in questions of finance and the management of the colony, in that critical transition period, in civil disturbances and riots which were of frequent occurrence, the Middletons appear throughout as wise counsellors and true patriots. With such a line of ancestors, we are not surprised to find the name of Arthur Middleton among the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

Thomas Fuller and Elizabeth Middleton married and settled in Beaufort during the Revolution, or soon after those stirring days. Beaufort was, then as afterwards, the summer retreat of the neighboring planters. Its comparative exemption from malaria, with its convenient and beautiful location, made it a pleasant and popular summer residence.

The winter months the planters usually spent on their plantations, supervising the preparation of their crops for

the market, and maturing their plans for the next season. Their leisure hours they passed in literary pursuits, and in those field-sports which were so attractive in a region whose fauna and flora border on the tropics.

But, as soon as the spring fairly opened, the malaria came with the vegetation; and it was at the peril of contracting the deadly country-fever, more dreaded even than the yellow-fever, that the planters lingered on their places. The colored people, from some peculiarity of constitution, are not as susceptible to these fevers; as, in Africa, they will live and thrive where disease and death lurk for the white man like the beasts of the jungle. So, with the early spring, the families returned to the comparatively healthy retreat which Beaufort afforded. Possibly from the constant smoke, or the free circulation of the air directly from the sea, — at any rate, Beaufort was always regarded as a safe and healthy summer retreat. When the tide was up, and the heat of the day was tempered by the fresh sea-breeze, and the people came out for their evening ride or walk, it was a very picturesque scene. The main street that skirted the river in its sweep around the town was lined with equipages and pedestrians; while the noble sheet of water, dotted over with pleasure-boats racing and dashing over the waves, was not unlike the beautiful Bay of Naples. The black thunder-cloud, too, that invariably rose over the land against the sea-breeze, supplied the place of Vesuvius in the picture. Beautiful walks! moonlight sails! sweet songs of the boatmen keeping time to the sweep of the oars! —

> "The music in my heart I bore
> Long after it was heard no more."

Sheldon was the country residence of the Fullers, some fifteen miles out of Beaufort, on the mainland. From the public road to the house, and all around it, was one of the noblest avenues of magnolias (*M. grandiflora*) in all that

land of stately forest-trees. The overhanging and interlacing branches formed a perfect archway; and, when the trees were in bloom with the large white flowers, it was a triumphal arch. As years added to their stateliness, they seemed to be the presiding genii of the place. As night came on, they were vocal with the wild concert of owls that flocked there from the surrounding swamps. Around this central mansion were grouped the usual outworks and background of a plantation, — the cotton-houses and the houses of the colored people, with the alternate corn and cotton fields beyond. Some of the magnolias are still there, and the birds and streams still sing in concert; but every thing else is changed, — the old mansion a ruin, and the romantic beauty of the spot vanished like the dear faces of the original family group.

The summer residence of the family in Beaufort was a fine mansion of *tabby* (a mixture of shells and small stones) on the south front of the town. The house stands on a commanding bluff, and the river stretches away in front, for miles and miles in an almost unbroken line, towards Port Royal. An enclosure of choice plants, with a grand old sycamore, intervened between the piazza and the front street; while spacious out-buildings, and a garden that yielded delicious oranges, formed the premises in the rear. Such was the home of the happy circle gathered there in the long Southern summer, — a home where intelligence, piety, and music combined to produce a scene which to this day lives in the memories of the descendants of that family as Jerusalem looms up to the exiled Jew, or the dear fatherland dwells in the heart of the Swiss or German emigrant.

But the charm and glory of that home was the religious character of this family.

Mr. Thomas Fuller, the father, has left a manuscript of his experience; and a remarkable document it is. In these days of loose and easy professions it is more valuable than some old exhumed classic. It begins, where all conversions

begin, in distress for sin, — distress, in this case, deep and long-continued, but succeeded by a peace corresponding to the previous depression. If Edwards had seen it in his day, he would have set it down as the most remarkable of all his "remarkable conversions." It is too full to be copied here, but so valuable, that we will copy a portion of it as a fitting prelude and introduction to the life of the son: —

"It was in the winter of 1802 and the spring and summer of 1803, a memorable year; which I hope I may never forget to reflect upon with gratitude and joy, as it was big with events that took place with me and in me, that have induced me to commit the same to writing, that those who may read hereafter, when I have no longer a tongue to speak, may reflect upon their importance."

He had been for years a communicant in the Episcopal Church, a fair and reputable professor, but, as he soon found, without any knowledge of true religion. Judge Clay, at the head of the bar in Savannah, had recently been converted, and on his baptism by Dr. Holcombe, and induction soon after into the ministry, had begun a very zealous and useful career. He was soon called as the successor of Dr. Stillman to Boston. Soon after his conversion, he came to Beaufort to spend the summer with his family.

"I took the first opportunity" (writes Mr. Fuller) "to visit him. The more I conversed with him, the more I found, on my part, ignorance and pride. I mentioned the effect on my mind in reading the evangelists, particularly the passages that related to the crucifixion. Mr. Clay observed that these impressions were favorable to my state; that they were the operations of the Spirit of God, and an evidence of the love of God to me; and that the Scriptures had declared, as to those whom he once loved, that he would 'love them to the end.' If there was ever a time when a quotation of Scripture came with self-evidence of its truth to any one, this observation came to me. Why any manifestations of the kind, — the tenderness with which my mind was exercised towards him; the full recollection of the extraordinary event which had taken place respecting my son, who was restored to health from the jaws of death, — and, after these and many other mercies, leave me to perish! If he had done these things for me, it was of his own mercy and love, and he would love me to the end."

But the "horror of a great darkness" was to come over him.

"Let me never forget what that night disclosed to me; or rather let me say, 'May I never again experience what I did that night and part of the two succeeding nights!' I had been asleep, I suppose, about two hours, when I awoke in the most dreadful state. I cannot describe how I felt. Words cannot describe my distress and anguish of soul. If there is a state of woe unutterable, this was my feeling. That there must be such a state is beyond doubt, from what I experienced. I endeavored to get relief by tears; but the fountain of tears was dried up. At one time on my knees, with anguish of soul; and then sitting on my bed, bewailing my dreadful state, and imploring for mercy. I thought of awaking my family; but it no sooner occurred to me than I dismissed it, as it was evident that no human power could afford any relief. . . .

"I arose, and had family worship. How different the feeling from that of the evening before! Then I had been satisfied with myself: now I felt viler than the vilest, and was glad to be left alone. I took up the Sermons of President Davis, more to divert my mind than with any expectation of relief. I had read but a few lines, when I felt a tenderness which induced me to lay down the book and betake myself to prayer. There was presented to my mind a view, which, if it had been real, could not have had a greater effect on my mind in causing me again and again to burst forth in gushes of tears, which could not be restrained, though entreated by my wife, who, hearing me, had come into the room. The view was of my Saviour's crucifixion. Truly the expression of the prophet Zechariah (xii. 10) was verified in my case; for, having this view of Him who had been pierced for me, I mourned for him as one mourneth for his only son, and was in bitterness as one is in bitterness for his first-born. Though frequently entreated by my wife not to lament as I did, it availed nothing: no human power or persuasion could keep me from this new state of distress; for it was new indeed to me. Nor did I ever conceive that any human creature could be affected as I was. Indeed, no one who was never thus exercised can form any idea of a state in which the Spirit of God is manifesting to the soul the things concerning the Lord our Redeemer. . . .

"I slept that night, and awoke and found my Redeemer near. That morning (Aug. 1, 1803) I was in prayer alone, as was usual with me. After I arose from my knees, and had been seated about two minutes, there came to me such an excess of ecstatic joy and

bliss, that, had it continued with me for half an hour, I should have died. A description is impossible. No soul can conceive of it who has not felt it. It is the 'joy unspeakable and full of glory' of which the apostle speaks. Along with it came a 'peace that passeth understanding.' I felt and knew I had all my sins pardoned, and peace with my blessed God, through the ever-to-be-adored Saviour. My soul now was all on the wing for death to take me away from the world. Having tasted that the Lord is gracious, I no longer desired to be absent from Him who had done such wonderful things for me, — had given me the earnest of his Spirit on this glorious day of my new birth, had made me an heir of eternal happiness, had given me the first-fruits of the Spirit. If these were but the first-fruits, what would the harvest be? Truly the apostle says, 'Flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God;' for flesh and blood cannot exist under its joys." . . .

Then, after some equally marked exercises on the subject of baptism, he united with the Baptist Church.

"It seemed impossible that I should neglect it" [baptism] "without some great disaster happening to me. Sunday, Nov. 6, 1803, I was baptized in the river with several negroes who had been received the afternoon before. This act has caused some estrangement between my friends and myself. Nevertheless, I shall ever have cause to rejoice that the blessed Lord my God led me in this way, and plucked me as a brand from the burning. Let every one act as he has light. We would do well to attend to what our Lord on his baptism said to John: 'Suffer it to be so now; for thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness.'" . . .

Such is a condensed view of a very remarkable experience. It is more like the birth-pangs of the apostle of the Gentiles, the agony of Luther, and the strong convictions and glorious visions of John Bunyan, than the ordinary experiences of Christians; and it receives additional emphasis and value from the record of an extended and devoted life.

A company of children and servants in the country were once watching a boat just launched from the neighboring shore. With the strong pull of willing hands, and to the sound of some boat-song, it was starting for Beaufort. We remember the half wonder and sorrow with which it was

whispered, "They are carrying Mr. Fuller to Beaufort." He was ill and dying. He soon passed away to that better land, for which, in the ardor of his first love, he had sighed and panted when "his soul was on the wing to be gone." "Do you not hear?" he said to the company around his bed. "What?" they asked; for the sounds were inaudible to them. "The music," he answered. "Lift me up; open the window!" He was gone.

Elizabeth Middleton, the wife of Mr. Thomas Fuller, and mother of Richard Fuller, was a woman of superior mind and culture. The quick perception, sound judgment, and energy of character, which distinguished the Middletons in colonial times, were strongly marked in her. Some of her grandchildren remember that venerable figure, seated in an arm-chair, with her neatly-trimmed cap, and a book in her hand. She was a close and constant reader. In mind, manner, and appearance, the subject of this sketch, more than any other of the children, resembled the mother. "She possessed talents," writes an intimate friend, "of the highest order, with great energy of character. From her the son is said to have inherited some of his strongest characteristics, — the keen sense of humor, with great originality and earnestness." "Fuller," said the elder Brantly, "is just like his mother: I have seen her at one moment all smiles or laughter, and at the next in tears, as some pious word or reference sprung a fountain in her heart." Dr. Fuller used to say of her, that, "in hours of strong temptation, he always felt her near him as an almost conscious presence."

In his Autobiography Mr. Fuller refers to his wife in terms which show equal respect and affection. Speaking of his mental distress previous to his conversion, he writes, "Such was the state of my mind, that I concluded at times that the world drew near an end: at other times I thought it a presentiment of the death of my wife; for next to the end of the world, such was my attachment, I thought that nothing more

disastrous could happen to me." Her influence is acknowledged in the religious order and training of the family. "I determined to comply with a wish Mrs. Fuller had for years expressed, — to have worship performed in my family." Referring to a particular occasion, he says, —

"From this blessed experience" [his private devotional exercises] "I went to family worship. I do not recollect the chapter; but, whilst reading it, I was impressed with a most lively sense of its truth. Since then, I learned to know that any chapter would have read as pleasantly, if the blessed influence of the Spirit were operating on my mind as then. A hymn given out by Mrs. Fuller appeared to accord exactly with the joy I had experienced a half-hour before. I then went to prayer, praying that daily bread should be given, not to our bodies only, but also to our souls."

It was Christian and Christiana setting out together for the Celestial City. He passed over the river, like Bunyan's Pilgrim, first; but she soon followed him. On the faded stone over her grave in Beaufort is the inscription, —

"Elizabeth Middleton, Born ——.
Born Again ——, 1804."

Her last word was the expression of Christian hope and assurance. Being told by her sister that the approaching sabbath was their communion season, she sweetly added, in the words of her Lord, "I will not drink henceforth of this fruit of the vine until that day when I drink it new with you in my Father's kingdom." It is said that the parting charge of one of these Christian parents to their children was, that they should dispense with the customary signs of mourning, as they felt the occasion to be one of joy rather than of sorrow. And the remembrance comes like the dim memory of a dream, of the white dresses of the daughters as they walked together over the greensward on their way to the house of God.

"The gifts and calling of God are without repentance," — without any change on his part; and without any question of

merit, advantage, or lineage, on ours. Still, the blessing of God is on the seed of the righteous "to the third and the fourth generation." Never was there a more remarkable illustration of this than in this family.

Mary Bull, the eldest, married John Porteous, Esq., a lawyer in Beaufort. She was a gifted woman, with keen wit that sometimes flashed into sarcasm. Even Richard, as she always called her brother, did not escape these sallies. After hearing him preach a sermon once on "an abundant entrance into heaven," in which he said, that, "for his part, he would not scrape into the kingdom, but would go in with flying colors," — "Ah, Richard!" she said to him, "if you had scraped *through* half as much, my boy, as I have, you would be glad to scrape in too." Her independence of character may have carried her a little too far, when, looking over her husband's library once, and finding some books tainted, as she regarded it, with Unitarian sentiments, she forthwith put every one in the fire. The good man, on his return, naturally asked about the books. "I burnt them," she said: "I could never consent to this poison being accessible to our children." This may not be a good precedent for wives; though Mrs. Porteous was a most devoted wife. But it illustrates her independence of character, and scrupulous care for her children. But better than all natural gifts was her eminent faith and spirituality. Amid multiplied trials and increasing infirmities, as old age came on, her faith gathered strength and brightness to the end. When, in great bodily weakness, she was put to bed every night by a beloved daughter, as they retired from the chamber they would hear the feeble voice of the aged saint singing her own lullaby, —

"My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!"

Next to Mary was Thomas, the eldest son. After study-

ing medicine in Europe, he returned, and at once commanded an extensive practice in his native town. As a physician he was eminent for his skill, and soundness of judgment. But he was more than a good physician. He was a man of large and varied accomplishments, who in any society would at once command attention and excite interest by the ease of his manner and the intelligence of his conversation. He was a superior scholar. As president of the trustees of Beaufort College, he was eminently useful in fostering and shaping the educational interests of the community. He was twice married, and left children by both marriages. Among them is the beloved Robert W. Fuller, who succeeded his uncle Richard in the pastorate of the Beaufort church.

Dr. Thomas Fuller was, before the war, one of the wealthiest cotton-planters on the Carolina seaboard; his excellent judgment and business-habits insuring success here, as in his profession. With affluence at his command, he retired largely from the practice of medicine, and spent the summer usually in travel. His agreeable manners and great intelligence made him a favorite everywhere. He was the only one of the family who retained his membership in the Episcopal Church. In the latter portion of his life he worshipped as frequently in the Baptist Church as in his own. The war which broke in 1861 on the Carolina coast was a rude shock to a life like this. It sent the wealthy planter as a refugee to Greenville, S. C., where he gradually sunk under the change of life and the excitement of the times. With his family around him, and his aged sister Mary, to whom he was tenderly attached, as a ministering angel at his bedside, the beloved physician fell asleep in Jesus.

Harriet B. Fuller, the next daughter, was one of those saintly women who to the love of Mary added the activity of Martha, and, with the spirituality of Madame Guyon, combined the practical benevolence of Madame Feller. We remember the impression on two young men in the family made

by that devoted life. She never married. There was no order of deaconesses in the church in Beaufort; but she was virtually its deaconess, like Phebe, the servant of the church at Cenchrea, supplying those humble but necessary offices in the general oversight of the house of God, and the tasteful arrangement of the adjoining yard. She was active in the female prayer-meeting, and a teacher in the colored Sunday school, which met in the gallery of the church immediately after the morning service. In her class was a native African woman, known familiarly as "Aunt Judy." She was an earnest Christian; and teacher and pupil, who were strongly attached, agreed to make the conversion of Richard Fuller, then a successful young lawyer, the subject of constant prayer. When afterwards, on the morning of his baptism, the two stood on the banks of the river together, "I told you so," whispered Aunt Judy. "I knew the Lord would bring him."

On the death of the mother, Miss Harriet took largely her place in the care of the household. When the family was broken up by the war, she went with her brother Henry to Robertville, S.C., where she soon fell asleep in Jesus. She lived so constantly in prayer, that, in the preparation of her body for burial, her knees were found to have become hardened from habitual kneeling, as tradition reports that the knees of the beloved John were callous like those of the camel.

The next sister, Elizabeth, was one of the gentlest of her sex; and, like Miss Harriet, she, too, remained single. Her life too, like her sister's, was one of singular devotion. The two sisters were inseparable in their walks and rides, and going to and returning from the house of God. They "were lovely and pleasant in their lives; and in their death they were not divided," as they followed each other at no great interval.

The family was gifted in musical talent. All were good

singers, and most of them fair performers on different instruments. Strangers visiting the church would ask, after service, what beautiful voice was that which they distinguished above all. We never heard Jenny Lind; but the famous Swede could hardly have surpassed some notes of this wonderful singer. We have never, before or since, heard a voice like it. It combined the softness and delicacy of the flute, with the most perfect modulation in the highest notes. It was a beautiful accompaniment to the air, which penetrated every part of the house, and touched every heart with its melody. Hers was a timid, sensitive nature, liable to great depression; but "at evening-time it was light." Some music of heaven, such as her sainted father heard, must have floated around the daughter; for she died repeating passage after passage of the most comforting and glorious promises of the Bible.

Frances, the next sister, was married to Mr. Lewis Sams, an esteemed deacon of the Baptist Church. Her earlier life was one of unselfish devotion to her sisters and their children, — a devotion so pure and constant, that, to this day, her memory is cherished as that of a second mother. Few more loving hearts ever blessed this world by their passage through it. Her nature was tinged with melancholy. A thunder-storm, or even the sound of the sea-breeze in the Venetian blinds, would fill her with sadness. Her husband died first, and she soon followed him. As with Bunyan's pilgrim, Despondency, the last words were, "Farewell, night! welcome, day!" She, too, emerged from every shadow into the light and gladness of her heavenly home.

Col. William Fuller was the next in the family. He was a soldier in early life under Gen. Jackson on the frontier, and for many years a reckless, dissipated man of the world. It is said that the father on his death-bed, in taking leave of the family, referred to William, who was probably absent at the time: "You are all in Christ but William; but God will bring *him*." Prophetic words. Years afterwards, dur-

ing the ministry of the Rev. Mr. Graham, when there was little or no religious interest in the community, that Spirit which comes like the wind we cannot tell whence, and like the wind goes we cannot tell where, moved upon the heart of the prodigal, and brought him with the rest to Christ. There was much of "the meekness and gentleness of Christ" in him, in marked contrast to the wildness and waywardness of his early life. He lived and died an honored member and deacon of the church in Beaufort.

Of Middleton, whose name occurs in the manuscript of the father's experience, we have no record. His recovery as a child from almost hopeless illness is mentioned by the father as one of the first things that led him to Christ. He must have died in early manhood; and we may with good reason believe that the child of so many prayers was also a child of God, and a joint-heir, with the rest of this family, of everlasting life.

The next in the family was Charlotte, afterwards Mrs. Lucius Cuthbert. As Richard and herself were the next to each other in the family, so they were more alike than any two of the children. The same strength of mind, cheerfulness of temper, and energy of character, marked them both. Her dear Bible is marked all over with her own pencil-notes, many of these superior in judiciousness of thought, and originality of expression, to many commentaries. The *charismata*, the miraculous gifts of the first Christians, are probably latent in every child of God. In several remarkable instances, the foresight of this servant of Christ as to future events was almost distinctly prophetic. At the beginning of the war, almost the whole white population of Beaufort left the place: their property passed into the hands of strangers, and they themselves, in most cases, soon passed away from the earth. The Rev. Lucius Cuthbert was at this time pastor of the Baptist church in Aiken, S.C. This devoted son, and minister of Christ, offered his mother the

parsonage as a home. "The Lord will provide" was her motto through life; and there was a sweet and literal illustration of this in her finding this asylum in the parsonage at Aiken. Here she lived in comparative quiet during the stormy days of the war. From the windows of her parlor she was a witness of a sharp cavalry-fight which took place towards the close of the war, in the streets of Aiken, between Wheeler and Kilpatrick. She was probably the calmest soul in the whole village. When urged the next day to go over to Augusta, as a renewal of the engagement was expected, "No," she said, "God can and will keep me where I am:" and, pointing to some Confederate wagons passing out of town, "See!" she said; "the battle is over." Kilpatrick was retreating on Columbia. "I have lost every thing," she said, — "my property, friends, home; but my faith in my God was never so assured as now." We have seen strong men, in conversation with her, bowed, and weeping like children at the force of her remarks. She loved to write upon small pieces of paper passages of Scripture to send to her children and friends. During her last illness in Augusta, Ga., she frequently sent these precious and comforting missives to Dr. Turpin, an esteemed friend, and deacon of the church in that place, who was at the same time on his own death-bed. As the end came, she showed her characteristic faith. When asked if all was well, calmly and promptly she said, "He who keeps the universe can keep me." Turning her dear head once or twice on the pillow, she was gone. The post had come for her, as for another of the pilgrims, and said that "the Master was not willing that she should be so far from him any longer." The simple inscription on her tomb in the cemetery at Augusta is,

"Though He slay me, yet will I trust Him."

Henry Middleton Fuller was the youngest of the family. Richard and Henry grew up together as boys, were insepara-

ble in their studies and sports, and strongly attached to each other through life. Henry, like his brother Dr. Thomas Fuller, studied medicine, first in Philadelphia under Dr. Rush, and then in Edinburgh, Scotland. Returning to Beaufort, he was associated in practice with his older brother. By skill in his profession, and the good management of his inherited property, he lived in easy circumstances at the dear old home in Beaufort. He, too, sought and found the Lord, and was baptized with his wife, after a close study of the Scriptures, into the fellowship of the Baptist Church. He was one of those physicians, who, after ministering to the body of a patient, could very skilfully apply the balm of Gilead to the soul. As a master, he was very careful in his arrangements for the comfort and religious privileges of his servants. They loved him as a friend. Their prayer-meetings he often conducted himself. We remember his account of one of these meetings at the house of an old negro named Peter. "Peter," he said, "made one of the most touching prayers I ever heard. 'Heavenly Father,' he prayed, 'come and visit us; and if, dear Master, the house be too poor for you to come in, just pass by the door, Master, and smile on us, and it will be enough.'"

He was a man of singularly sweet temper, as well as large and varied accomplishments. He could lead in conversation on any subject, while his modesty and tact never made this pre-eminence offensive. He was a very skilful musician. Few professional performers could draw out such tones from the flute or guitar. Many a summer evening the neighbors would come to their windows to hear the sweet sounds that came from the parlor or piazza of the Fuller mansion. It was Dr. Henry's magic flute, with the accompaniment of Elizabeth Fuller's voice.

With a strong mind he united the tender sensibilities of a woman. The war came as a very rough experience to such a character. A refugee from place to place, he often sighed

for the comfort and quietness of that refined home. After the war he visited his brother Richard in Baltimore, who, as the stronger character, tried very tenderly to shield him from trouble. But living in sight of the old home he had lost, with the death (by drowning) of his youngest, the darling of his heart, and the death soon afterwards of the eldest son, who, a few years before, had taken the first honor in a large class at Princeton, N.J., his health suddenly failed; and in peace at last, with the prayer, which was singularly answered, that he might pass away on the sabbath day, this beautiful character passed away like a star fading into the light of heaven. Richard Fuller could well say with David in his lament for Jonathan, "I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan: very pleasant hast thou been unto me: thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women."

CHAPTER IV.

EARLY LIFE.

"The childhood shows the man,
As morning shows the day."

RICHARD, the next to the youngest in this family, was born in Beaufort, S.C., in April, 1804.

Some of the greatest names in history were distinguished at first by little or no precocity of genius. Dr. Hanna relates of Dr. Chalmers, that he was at first rather behind the average in the class. Guthrie records, in his Autobiography, that his first ambition at school was to thrash any boy that questioned his physical superiority; and he attained pre-eminence in that line. We have no record of any early triumphs of young Fuller as a scholar. He had a fine physique, a good constitution, an excellent appetite and digestion, — no inconsiderable helps to genius itself at the start. As to his belligerent propensities, we do not know that they carried him, as a boy, so far as Guthrie; though one of his sisters who went to the same school tells that the master, Mr. McDonald, had to resort to some extraordinary methods to restrain his original and sometimes refractory pupil. As a boy and young man he excelled in field sports and athletic exercises. With their bows and arrows Richard and Henry were as great experts as two Indians. Many a squirrel playing in the magnolias at Sheldon, many a red-headed woodpecker (*Picus major*) hammering up in the branches for his worm, was reached by the arrows of

the young sportsmen. So with their guns in partridge or woodcock (*Scolopax rusticola*) shooting: they were among the best marksmen in the whole neighborhood.

They tell of a famous shot Richard once made with his rifle from the rear piazza of the house in Beaufort. The turkey-buzzards (vultures) are very useful scavengers in the Southern cities. One of these birds, at the time referred to, was perched on the chimney of a neighboring house for warmth or observation. The town laws against shooting in certain limits were not always rigidly enforced. At any rate, the temptation was irresistible; and, though a good long shot across one or two intervening lots, to the crack of young Fuller's rifle down went the buzzard. An aged lady, who was ill at the time in her chamber in the house, was horrified at a grizzly, fluttering spectre coming down the chimney, and leaping, in the midst of a cloud of soot and dust, into her bedroom. It was the vulture, not, as Poe sings of his raven,

"Tapping gently at the chamber-door,"

but with broken wing rushing like a thunderbolt down the chimney, frightening the old lady, Mrs. H., nearly to death, as if some evil spirit, sure enough, were pouncing upon her. The large chimney, and open fireplace, and Fuller's rifle, accounted for the phenomenon.

Years afterwards, when broken down by hard work, and ordered by his physician to lay aside his books, he would turn to these field-sports for recuperation. He loved the society of the young; and, taking one or two boys with him, they were off, with guns and dogs, for a tramp through the fields and woods. Let a partridge whir out of the grass, or a dove winnow the air overhead, or a peregrine-falcon dart by at his prey, and that quick eye and ready hand would stop their flight at once. Before another gun was lifted his was fired and down to be reloaded, and the next

moment the sportsman off like a falcon himself. On one of these hunts he called for a halt, rested the stock of his gun on the shoulder of one of his companions, and with pencil and paper took note of some thought or argument that at the moment occurred to him to be used as a shot for Bishop England or Dr. Wayland. In these field-exercises he developed the fine physique which afterwards, at the bar or in the pulpit, gave him such aid and leverage for the delivery of an argument or the preaching of a sermon.

The Beaufort College, or high school, was founded about the close of the last century. Its origin is associated with the name of Dr. Holcombe, one of the Baptist pioneers in that section. Dr. Holcombe, writing from Philadelphia in 1812, when he was settled as pastor of the First Baptist Church in that city, in one of a series of published letters speaks of this institution:—

"Whilst I lived at Euhaw (not far from Beaufort) I had the honor to become a member, and the president, of the Beaufort District Society, formed for the encouragement of literature, and instrumental in conferring existence on the Beaufort College. It is not without pleasure I add that the legislature of South Carolina enrolled my humble name on the list of the first trustees of this institution. The edifice ranks high among the ornaments of the city of Beaufort." — *Letters*, p. 52. Philadelphia, 1812.

The building stood on the river-front, near the outskirt of the town. The college was afterwards removed to a more central location in the town; while the old site became a favorite playground for the Beaufort boys. The elder Brantly, who succeeded the Rev. Mr. Cook as pastor of the Beaufort church, was one of the first presidents of this college. Dr. Brantly himself had graduated at the South-Carolina College under the presidency of the distinguished Maxcy, one of the most learned and eloquent men of the day. The schools of that day were, of course, not as thoroughly equipped as our common schools and higher

institutions now are. But, while the masses were not as well instructed as they are now, individuals who had capacity and advantage could lay a better foundation for a thorough education in the less crowded and hurried progress of the course. From the reputation of Dr. Brantly, the strong attachment that lasted through life between teacher and pupil, and the familiarity with the classics shown by Richard Fuller in his writings and addresses, we can form some idea of the advantages of his early training, and of his improvement of them.

Teacher and pupil were afterwards associated as brethren in Christ, and co-workers in the ministry. They often worked together in Charleston in meetings of great interest and power. When Dr. Brantly fell at his post under the double duties and heavy armor which he had to bear as president of the Charleston College and pastor of the Baptist Church, his former pupil, then pastor of the Beaufort church, was sent for to preside over the memorial services. After an admirable sermon on the nature and value of intrepid faith from the text, "But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, that I may finish my course with joy," he read a sketch of the life and labors of the honored dead; and the early association of the two gave to the occasion a peculiar interest and sacredness.

CHAPTER V.

HARVARD COLLEGE.

"A little learning is a dangerous thing:
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring."

JUDGE CLAY, whose name occurs so frequently in the manuscript of Mr. Thomas Fuller, had, on his conversion, and entrance into the ministry, settled in Boston as the successor of Dr. Stillman. There was probably some connection between this event and the son of his friend and brother in Christ following him to Boston, as he afterwards followed him from the bar to the pulpit. But the advantage of a course at Harvard was fully appreciated, and determined young Fuller and his advisers to select this institution as his *Alma Mater*. Accordingly our student left Beaufort in the summer of 1820, and, after stopping a short time at Sullivan's Island, took a coasting-vessel for Boston. In those days, before the use of steamers and railroads, journeys that are now accomplished in a few hours or days extended into weeks and months. Sitting on the rocks at Watch Hill, opposite the Montauk Light, in the summer of 1871, Dr. Fuller, after looking wistfully out to sea for some time, turned to a friend at his side, and said, "Over those waves, years ago, I was sailing in a sloop from Charleston, a miserable, homesick boy!"

But the homesick youth, on reaching Boston, and passing his examination at Cambridge, was soon fairly and successfully at work. He was just sixteen years old, — a very

early age at which to enter an institution like Harvard, and a proof that his progress and scholarship in Beaufort must have been more than respectable. He soon came to the front rank in a large and gifted class. Some of that class are now living, and filling positions of eminence and honor in the various literary and professional walks of life. They have sent some very valuable letters as to their classmate; and these will be the best contribution to this chapter.

The following note from Mr. Harris, the present secretary to the faculty, shows the college-record: —

HARVARD COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, MASS., June 29, 1877.

Richard Fuller entered Harvard College in September, 1820, and remained two years and one term; that is, until the Christmas vacation of 1822. At the exhibition in October, 1822, he took part in a Greek dialogue, — a fact which proves him to have been a good scholar. On June 28, 1824, the college faculty voted, that "Fuller, who has been absent the last five terms on account of ill health, be recommended for a degree." This was unusual action, and shows that Fuller's standing with the faculty was very high. His class was the class of 1824.

The venerable librarian of Harvard writes, under date of July 5, 1877: —

I knew the Rev. Richard Fuller. He was the best scholar in his class. About the middle of his senior year he was obliged to leave on account of ill health. But the faculty gave him his degree when the class graduated in 1824. He was never in the Law School here. He left Cambridge entirely when he went off in his senior year.

I shall be glad if a copy of his Life, if published, be sent to the library of Harvard, where he was educated, and on which he reflected so much honor afterwards.

I am respectfully yours,

JOHN LANGDON SIBLEY.

P. S. — I am almost blind, but trust you will make this out.

The letters which follow are interesting, not only as show-

ing the estimate in which he was held by his classmates, but as the expressions of men of high character and standing: —

STOCKBRIDGE, MASS., July 9, 1877.

The Rev. Dr. Fuller belonged to the class of 1824 at Harvard, and was my classmate.

He did not graduate, but left college on account of ill health. According to my recollection, he was not distinguished during his freshman-year; but in the sophomore and junior years he suddenly rose to the top of the class of about eighty young men.

He astonished us all by his prodigious memory. It was not uncommon for him to begin and recite, *verbatim*, page after page of John Locke. And if Professor Hedge called upon him first, or among the first, there was no more recitation for the rest of us of the lesson: Fuller finished it.

He was a Southerner; but he was not identified with, and did not associate with, the other twenty fashionable and fast young Southerners in the class. He led somewhat of a separate life from Northerners or Southerners, I think. He gave me the impression of an amiable, indolent man, until he surprised us by his extraordinary feats of memory. I was not in his division, and knew nothing of him as a writer. The recollections of him by the class were very pleasant. We all were proud of him. He had no enemies. I regret I can detail so little of one for whom I came to entertain a profound respect.

Very respectfully,

S. P. PARKER.

APPLEDORE, ISLES OF SHOALS, ME., July 29, 1877.

Fuller was a young man of brilliant talents and great energy. He was for a time at the head of our class, but by ill health, owing to over-exertion, was obliged to leave college, and took his degree afterwards. I remember, that, in composition and recitation, he used very figurative language, — possibly more so than any one in our large class of about eighty.

He suffered much from weak eyes. I see him now, with his chair turned upside down, and propped up, with a large lamp between the legs of the chair, and a blanket wound round them to soften the light. The astral-lamp had not then reached Cambridge.

When in Boston last, he was glad to find me well and prosperous: his only regret was that he did not see me a Baptist clergyman.

Yours very sincerely,

E. H. DERBY.

P. S. — We had parts together, and with Emerson, the brother of the poet, in the Greek dialogue, at our first exhibition. We thought this a high honor at the time. I think Fuller was Mercury. I was the savage.

BOSTON, July 7, 1877.

Though our relations were not intimate, our intercourse was always friendly, and to myself very agreeable. He was quick of apprehension, genial in spirit, and had a high relish for humor. I well remember the keen zest with which he read Irving's "Knickerbocker." I had then, as I have ever since had, a strong impression of his intellectual ability. In the recitation-room he was decidedly brilliant, evincing there clearness and breadth of comprehension, a tenacious memory, energy of thought and utterance, — the whole set off with a fine voice, person, and manner. All his literary exercises, oral and written, gave promise of the distinction to which, in after-life, he attained. Sincerely yours,

C. T. THAYER.

CAMBRIDGE, July 16, 1877.

From the beginning he held a fair rank in the class, and was an industrious student; but, owing, perhaps, to a less thorough and prolonged training in the preliminary classical studies, he was not so distinguished the first year as afterwards. As soon as we entered on the higher mathematical and philosophical branches of study, his marked superiority of talent showed itself; and at the end of the third year he stood first, I think, in the class, — certainly among the very highest. It was at this time, for some reason, — ill health, I believe, — that he left college, and did not graduate with us, though he afterwards obtained his degree.

His brilliant talent was united with great power of work, with close and indefatigable study. He had a wonderful memory, with a fluent speech, and would astonish us sometimes with a recitation of page after page of Locke or Stewart, — not a mere mechanical recitation, a recitation by rote, but a recitation clear and accurate, omitting no point of the author's statements or reasoning, without being slavishly confined to the author's language.

He was not what was called a popular fellow. He was reserved, somewhat unsocial, and had few if any intimates even among those of his own section and town, of whom we had then a large number. His devotion to his studies kept him, perhaps, from college visiting and frolicking.

During his visits to the North he has called on me two or three times within the last ten years, and has been very friendly and pleasant, full of his anecdotes, and fun with my children.

We have been told here that his change from the law to the ministry was caused by a special experience; namely, that his success at the outset of his career, in obtaining, through adroit management and legal technicalities, the acquittal of an atrocious murderer, so disgusted him with his profession, that he gave it up, and entered the ministry.

He was certainly a gifted and powerful preacher, whose success, however, was due quite as much to his full and elaborate preparation of thought for his subject as to his readiness of speech.

I am very respectfully yours,

WM. NEWELL.

FRANCONIA, N.H., July 31, 1877.

At our entrance into college I think he must have been about sixteen years of age. As time passed, he developed a fine, tall, and erect figure, apparently vigorous and in excellent health. I recollect his speaking once of his practice of giving himself — what seemed to me quite unusual — a thorough chest-exercise just before he retired to rest at night. His habit of taking generous exercise, with a probably sound constitution, contributed to his compact physical frame. He was early marked by great energy and decision of character. This was shown by the clearness and force of his conversation. We were always quite sure that he would have and express a firm opinion on all important subjects that came up in this way. And not only in speech, but in action, and in every movement, tone, and gesture, he exhibited this same characteristic. We had a military company, of which he was a member; and his fine physique and his martial precision made him a good soldier, and also, I think, an efficient officer of the corps.

Our class was alphabetically arranged during the recitations and readings, and into such divisions and sections as brought him often into the same exercises as myself. This gave me an opportunity to notice his appearance, and judge him as a scholar. I was impressed by his extraordinary promptness and fluency of utterance. I recollect especially the rare memory he often exhibited. He excelled, on this account, in the department of metaphysics. When we were studying "Locke on the Understanding," he would recite page after page in the very words of the author. This, when done, as it was, in the afternoons of the month of July (for we had then no summer

vacation), would surprise those of us who felt the depressing effect of the intense heat. It was so with him in nearly all the exercises. His recitations were both ready and intelligent. The professors and tutors were then accustomed to address each student by his surname, not adding, as at this time, the courteous epithet of "Mr." When Fuller was "taken up," we felt sure there would be no failure, no "dead set;" but, on the contrary, not infrequently the passage would be given without the omission of a single word. When this was not practicable, he used such language as showed his thorough understanding of the subject before us.

His general deportment was correct, and his whole moral standing high, which, in those days, helped, in addition to his intellectual prominence, to give him that rank as a student which was a sure prophecy of his great success in after-life as a minister of Christ. Indeed, he was one of the marked, and, as it not seldom proves, exceptional instances of the promise of youth in college fulfilled by the whole subsequent professional career.

Very truly yours,

A. B. Muzzey.

These letters — from men of eminence and ability, professional and literary, men who had every opportunity of knowing their fellow-student — show what he was at Harvard. Like field-glasses brought to bear upon a distant object, they give a satisfactory view of this formative period of his life. They show his strong individuality of character, the tireless energy which made it with him a lifelong maxim that nothing good be accomplished without pains, the culture and scholarship that drew its inspirations from the songs of Homer, the dreams of Plato, the tragedies of Euripides and Sophocles. They show, too, the genial temper and versatility of mind which could laugh at one moment over the stories of "The Knickerbocker," and the next melt into tenderness and tears over the exquisite and pathetic pages of "The Sketch-Book."

One of his classmates speaks of his recitations as "set off by a fine voice, person, and manner." It is the remark of some writer on oratory, that its highest effects can be seen

only where the speaker is either remarkably handsome or remarkably ugly; that mediocrity of appearance was not favorable to the greatest triumphs of the art; and instances Mirabeau, whose face, scarred by the small-pox, glared, when lit up with passion, like that of a tiger. His hearers were frightened into his feelings and convictions. Richard Fuller may not have been an extremely handsome man; but he had what was more striking than mere regularity of feature, — a noble and commanding presence. His eye and face were full of expression; his figure fully six feet high, and admirably proportioned; his hands and feet of perfect symmetry; his forehead broad and high, and almost, if not quite, as large as Webster's, though differently shaped; his voice susceptible of the most varied and exquisite modulations.

When in after-life he became a preacher, and, warming in some impassioned passage, he would pass his hand through his hair, and shake his head, it was like the thunder-cloud above; while the flashing thought was like the lightning beneath. "Did you see the preacher to-night?" said one young man to another at an association, commenting on the sermon before they went to sleep. "When he passed his hand through his hair, and shook his head, I thought the Devil had me, sure enough." And yet, as the fountains of tenderness began to stir, that flashing eye would swim with tears, and those thunder-tones change into the softest whispers.

His career at Harvard was suddenly closed. He was attacked by symptoms of hemorrhage of the lungs. On the seashore off Stonington, in 1871, he spoke of this sharp interruption of his studies. "Well do I remember," he said, "the sight of the blood on the snow one morning as I was going to chapel. Some feeling of that wound in the breast I have carried with me through life." Little did the multitudes who listened with delight to him in after-years

imagine how much suffering it often cost him to afford them that pleasure. He seldom preached without some reminder of that original wound. "I almost envy," he would say, "these men who can speak for hours without feeling it. They have throats of steel."

In Sprague's "Annals of the American Pulpit" he contributed a reminiscence of his early teacher and friend, the elder Brantly: —

"In the winter of that year (1823), I was at Cambridge. I was suddenly seized with symptoms of so alarming a kind, that the physicians hurried me off to Northampton to escape the deadly east winds. There, in that beautiful town, I spent some most melancholy weeks, — a mere boy, a stranger, reduced by disease, and seemingly drawing near to the tomb. For the first time, my mind awaked out of her dark oblivious sleep; and, turning from the aspirations of literary ambition, I began to think of eternity. Dr. Brantly had heard of my sickness, and immediately wrote me a letter, which I wish I had preserved. It breathed the tenderest sympathy, and reached my very soul with its earnest and pathetic counsels and prayers."

Here is the interruption of his brilliant college-career by that "wound in the breast;" but here, too, was the touch of a Father's hand, calling him off from mere literary ambition to a more excellent way. In Northampton, the scene of the life and labors of Jonathan Edwards, the impressions of a better life began to dawn in the soul of the invalid student, which, by the grace of God, were to result in a life and ministry of equal value to the Church.

His college-days at Harvard were over; but through life he retained a warm affection for that ancient and noble seat of learning. More than once he was an invited and honored guest at the annual meetings of the *Alumni*, contributing to the interest of these occasions by those brilliant addresses for which he had become famous.

The Hon. Robert C. Winthrop refers in the following note to one of these re-unions: —

BROOKLINE, near BOSTON, July 2, 1877.

Dr. Fuller was four years before me at Harvard. He took his degree in 1824, the year in which I entered the university. I met him afterwards at Cambridge, when he came to hear my oration before the *Alumni* of Harvard, and made a speech himself at the dinner at which Everett presided. The speech was printed, I think; but I have no copy of it.

The Hon. Charles Francis Adams writes: —

QUINCY, July 4, 1877.

His was the class which preceded mine just one year. I do not recollect to have seen him more than once or twice; though I have an impression left on my mind that he held a high position in the estimation of the faculty and of his class, which I gathered from such acquaintances of his as I casually met.

Mr. John C. Pratt of Boston writes of these New-England visits: —

BOSTON, July 7, 1877.

I recall as blessed memories these charming visits. He was the light and joy of our house. My children loved him. The neighbors would gather in my parlor in the evening to listen to his conversation. His conversation was always on some religious topic; but he would invest it with the interest of religious romance. All, whether Christians or not, enjoyed the feast. Great as he was in the pulpit, I think in the home-circle he excelled. I never had so delightful a guest under my roof.

On his first visit to me he came on an invitation of a committee of the *Alumni* of Harvard College. He made a fine address at the dinner at Cambridge: so did Gov. Preston of South Carolina. Gov. Everett presided.

I went with Dr. Fuller to his old room at Harvard, which he had not visited since he left college. He was, as he always was, "grave and gay," — sad as he recounted old memories, and then bright and cheerful as he told of his college-scrapes. "See!" said he: "there are the very shot-holes where I used to sit and amuse myself with a pistol at the mice as they ran across the room."

CHAPTER VI.

RETURN HOME.

"Up, up, my friend! and quit your books."

ON his return to Beaufort in 1824, Richard Fuller, fresh from the classic fields of Harvard, with the prestige of a creditable college-course, was at once a young man of mark in the community. We can imagine the welcome of the invalid son and brother in that dear family circle, — the re-union with Henry, the tears of the sisters, the blessing of the parents. With impaired health, he doubtless acted as any sensible young man would have done under the circumstances, — bade a truce to severe study, while he sought, amid scenes he had loved from childhood, the renewal of his shattered energies. He carried into these things — every healthful exercise and innocent amusement — the same spirit and enthusiasm that distinguished him in study. The field-sports at Sheldon in the winter; the woodcock and wild-duck (mallard) shooting; the social gatherings at the neighboring places, where Southern hospitality was dispensed on a generous scale; the summer re-unions in Beaufort; the sails on the river; the walks and drives around "Sams' Point;" the evening parties, when wit sparkled, and music flowed under the Southern stars, — all ministered to his convalescence.

He was always a gentleman, easy in manner, ready in wit, brilliant in conversation. In dress he was scrupulously neat. He loved horseback-exercise as much as Napoleon did, and was an excellent rider. Jonas Singleton, the son of "Aunt

Judy" (Miss Harriet's scholar), and late deacon of one of the colored churches in Augusta, writing of Dr. Fuller, whom he had known from boyhood, says, "He was a gentleman in every respect. At that time" [when a young man] "he kept the finest bay horse in town, which he used every afternoon in a drive or ride round the city." The late Dr. Turpin of Augusta, Ga., on the occasional visits of Dr. Fuller to that city, used to place at his service his favorite riding-horse Dread. "There never was a finer sight," he used to say, "than Brother Fuller on Dread."

With these advantages and equipments, it is not surprising to learn that young Fuller was a great favorite with the sex. One of his sisters reported some little manœuvres of his, which his biographer must record, — how Richard would get her to ask some girls to spend the evening, when, dressing himself with great neatness and care, he would stroll out, and, after the party had assembled, stroll in and surprise them with an easy, *nonchalant* air, as if it were all a matter of moonshine; a little light skirmishing, as to which let him that is without sin cast the first stone.

He was, of course, a susceptible young man, and liable to the changing fortunes of all enterprising, adventurous natures. Some little check of this kind, the chronicles report, once happening to him, with his usual impulsiveness he took the first steamer that touched at Beaufort, and sailed to parts unknown for change of air and scene.

He once laughed at a friend of his for a little disappointment of the kind in an affair of the heart. They were on the steamer going to Charleston. It was rough, and "the Colonel" (as he was familiarly called) was very sick. As Richard looked at him at the side of the ship, paying the usual tribute to Neptune, "It will cure him," said he. "If a man is in love, there is nothing like a little sea-sickness to take it out of him." Possibly he was speaking from the fulness of his own experience as to the curative powers of

sea-air. The chronicles, which are our authority in these matters, further say, that, when he sailed on the occasion of his own little affair, he half playfully called out, "Good-by! you may never see me again."

> "Fare thee well, and if forever,
> Still forever fare thee well."

But he was soon at home again, if "a sadder and a wiser man," yet with no scar of battle visible, and ready for fresh adventures, defeats, or triumphs, in these or any fields of high ambition.

In after-life he could be at sea in the roughest weather without the least inconvenience. If all the passengers and crew were sick, he and the captain could sit at table as usual, and laugh at everybody. On the principle known to medical men, that one attack in some diseases is a safeguard against any further attack, that impromptu voyage in the long-ago, and its possible experience, may have been the prophylactic for him.

CHAPTER VII.

LAW.

"The law is a sort of hocus-pocus science, that smiles in your face while it picks your pocket; and the glorious uncertainty of it is of mair use to its professors than the justice of it."

THE law is a science, but not one of the exact sciences. It has its facts and foundations in the intuitive convictions of the human mind, and those common maxims and principles, which, being the consent of the people, have been accepted as the voice of God. Still the practical administration of the law is so modified by the history of precedents and the customs of society, that its actual application is like the management of a ship at sea: while a matter of calculation, it is also a matter shaped by a thousand unforeseen contingencies. From the days of Justinian and his Code, through all the history of jurisprudence in Europe, and especially in England in the settlement of the Magna Charta, to its latest enactments and triumphs in our own land, law has stood as a hand-maiden of religion in its defence of the eternal principles of truth and justice. The sly sarcasm of the above quotation, as to what is called the glorious uncertainty of the profession, refers, not to its principles, but to its practical application.

Still this very uncertainty, like the contingencies in the management of a ship, furnishes the conditions most favorable for the exercise and development of talent and skill. No mere literary life, or pursuit of any of the exact sciences, furnishes such a school for the cultivation of those habits of

self-control, ready tact, and powers of persuasion, which, with every lawyer and minister of the gospel, are such necessary tools and indispensable qualifications for their work.

In this school it pleased God that our young Harvard graduate should receive his training. Paul was brought up at the feet of Gamaliel in the theological and legal training of the Jew. Tertullian was an advocate, Justin Martyr a philosopher, and Augustine a teacher of rhetoric at Milan. Dr. Chalmers was at first a schoolmaster, and Guthrie a banker. Judge Clay was an eminent practitioner in Savannah; and Dr. Joseph Stiles, for so many years a leading Presbyterian minister in this country, in the closeness of his reasoning, and the naturalness of his manner, showed his early legal training. In an age like the present, when scepticism is seeking to form an alliance, offensive and defensive, with science, in its antagonism to the gospel, it is no inconsiderable aid which is supplied by training like this for the practical work of the minister.

Richard Fuller had chosen his profession, and he entered on his preparation for it with the ardor of a young athlete in training for the arena. Blackstone and all the great standards of English and American law were now pondered as diligently as Locke and the classics had been at Harvard. Before he was twenty-one he was admitted to the bar; and though, in the eye of the law, himself an infant, he soon came into considerable and growing practice.

The little building which he occupied as his office was in front of his brother's (Dr. Thomas Fuller) residence, on "the Bay." That brother, who had aided in his education, and who through life regarded him with feelings of mingled tenderness and pride, probably built this office for him: at any rate, it stood on his land, just on the river-bank, where the water, in its ebb and flow, made music for the student at work within. The history of this little building is a curious

and interesting one. Richard Fuller, the first occupant, left it for the ministry. Mr. Johnson, his associate in the same office, left about the same time to enter the Episcopal Seminary at Alexandria. Stephen Elliott and Mr. Pinckney then took it as their law-office. The first was the late distinguished bishop of Georgia: the second is rector now of Grace Episcopal Church in Charleston. Thomas Fuller (a nephew of Richard Fuller) and James Elliott (a brother of the bishop) then occupied it in the practice of law; but they, too, soon left it for the ministry. Dr. Pinckney, in a recent memorial discourse on the death of Rev. Mr. Elliott, states these facts, and adds, "We doubt whether any law-office in the land has a more peculiar history." Perhaps the prayers of Miss Harriet and "Aunt Judy" had as much to do with it as any earthly cause.

Many of the judges and lawyers in South Carolina at that time were men of eminence in the profession, while some of them had acquired a national reputation. Among the judges were Butler, Withers, O'Neal: among the lawyers, J. L. Petigru, one of the ablest counsellors and pleaders in the country; H. S. Legaré, famous for his scholarship and learning; Henry Bailey, afterwards attorney-general of South Carolina, a man whose clear head was balanced by a noble and generous heart; R. W. Barnwell, afterwards president of the South-Carolina College at Columbia, a man of singular purity and elevation of character; De Tréville, the keen and successful practitioner; and Barnwell and Albert Rhett, the masters of that fiery eloquence which could sway either a jury or a political assembly. Such were the contemporaries and professional competitors of young Fuller. Most of them were older and more experienced than he; but he soon ranked with the foremost of them in common law, and excelled most, if not all, in criminal practice.

Hon. Mr. Pressley, an eminent member of the Charleston (S.C.) bar, writes: —

CHARLESTON, S.C., January, 1877.

Once I heard Judge Butler say this: "The lawyers on Fuller's circuit say, 'He is a great preacher; but he was not much as a lawyer.' They say so now; but I tell you, when I first went on that circuit as judge, he was head and shoulders above them all." This reference must have been to the time when he was about to retire from the profession, since Judge Butler probably did not go on that circuit before 1833–34. My first knowledge of Dr. Fuller was in 1846, in Charleston; from which time I date the beginning of a very happy life. Affectionately yours,

B. C. PRESSLEY.

The qualities of the student were developed in the lawyer, — patient work, thorough preparation, fertility of resources, and, when the hour of action came, full command of all, with the aid of superior logic, a warm imagination, and an admirable address.

"A singular statement" (says Dr. Crawford, the late president of Georgetown College, Kentucky, and once pastor in Charleston) "was once made to me by Mr. James L. Petigru, whose own fame is national. Mr. Petigru expressed surprise at the powers of pathos possessed by Mr. Fuller as a preacher: 'for,' said he, 'I practised at the same bar with Fuller six years; and, though we all regarded him as a most formidable antagonist, he never attempted in the slightest degree to work on the feelings. He was a sharp, close, hard attorney, never leaving a flaw in his own pleading, and sure to detect and take advantage of any defect in his adversary's.' The fact may be, that the young lawyer had prescribed for himself a rigid course of legal discipline as the foundation of future success, leaving his career as an advocate to be developed by circumstances as they should arise." — *Memphis (Tenn.) Baptist*, 1867.

The following case shows his readiness to meet an emergency. Mr. Beaubien, a French Canadian, had, years ago, settled in Beaufort. He filled the important office of dancing-master to the town, and was altogether such an intelligent and agreeable person, that he numbered some of the first people of the place among his associates. He became involved in a lawsuit affecting his title to his property.

Richard Fuller was his lawyer. The case came on at Coosawhatchie, a small town some twenty miles from Beaufort. In the progress of the case, the presence of a certain witness was found necessary to complete the chain of evidence for Beaubien; but how to secure this witness, at some considerable distance from the place, with no railroad or telegraph to accelerate his movement, was the difficulty. At very short notice, the young lawyer impressed a swift messenger and a relay of fleet horses. The witness was secured in time for the court next morning, and Beaubien's case was won. This case and its conduct made Mr. Beaubien a life-long friend of his lawyer. The Frenchman was no regular attendant of any church in Beaufort. He had the reputation of being both a free-thinker and a free-liver; but, when Richard Fuller was preaching afterwards in Beaufort, he frequently attended the Baptist church. The mercurial Frenchman was not, as a general thing, equal to the whole service; but, just before the sermon commenced, he would quietly slip into one of the rear pews, and just as mysteriously disappear at its conclusion.

But more full of tragic interest is the "reminiscence" with which we close this chapter. It is the more interesting as a piece of autobiography bearing on this critical period of his life.

REMINISCENCE.

"Dr. South says that a reminiscence is 'the retrieving of a thing at present forgot, or but confusedly remembered;' and as, somehow or other, the communication in 'The Herald,' signed J. L. R., has retrieved and freshened in my memory a very singular and instructive passage in a young lawyer's experience, I hope I shall be forgiven if I supply what my friend from Columbia did not know of the trial to which he refers.

"That case is now on record in the printed volumes of the South-Carolina Reports, as 'The State *vs.* F. R. McK.;' and it established for the first time in that State the great Magna-Charta principle, that no man shall have his life twice put in jeopardy by a legal trial on the same indictment.

"The facts are briefly these: Across the river, on whose bank the fair town of Beaufort then rejoiced in the most salubrious sea-breezes and the sweetest groves of myrtle and orange, there stood an old but still substantial mansion, which had come by inheritance to two brothers. David McK., the elder of these brothers, was a stout man, of intemperate habits and a very sinister expression of countenance. The younger, Francis R. McK., was effeminate, delicate, and seemingly a most inoffensive and amiable gentleman. He was, too, rather handsome, with those light blue eyes, which I then supposed indicated a mild temper, but which, as I have since discovered, are always the organs of the most passionate and violent natures. Near the residence of these brothers a negro was found dead one evening; and it was evident that he had been killed by the strokes of a paddle which was lying by his side, broken and bloody. On the morning of that day this negro had been seen conveying Francis, his young master, across the river in a canoe, and the murder had been committed near the landing. By the laws of South Carolina, the murder of a slave was a capital crime; and Francis McK. was at once arrested, and lodged in jail. The whole community was horrified by this atrocious deed. No one was more shocked than the young lawyer of whom I am writing; and, when sent for, his entire nature revolted from the thought of undertaking such a defence. In civil litigation he had always refused a retainer where a client was, in his judgment, seeking to do wrong. In criminal prosecutions, however, it appeared to him that a defendant had a right to have a fair trial. Lord Erskine took this ground in the celebrated trial of Tom Paine for his infidel publications; and it seemed to our young barrister, that, while a lawyer should *identify* himself only with a client whom he believed innocent, he had no right to refuse his professional counsel to any man, and thus to render it certain that he would be convicted without a hearing. With these views he entered the cell, where he found the unhappy youth closely confined, and awaiting the action of the grand jury. The prisoner was seemingly overwhelmed with a sense of his condition, and his tears wrung the very soul of his visitor. Although he appealed to Heaven for his innocence, and assured his counsel that the colored servant was a great favorite of his, yet he believed him guilty, and urged him to confess his crime, and thus relieve his conscience at least from the additional load of falsehood. The youth protested that he was incapable of such a deed, and charged it upon his brother, alleging circumstances which were certainly very suspicious. The lawyer left him somewhat shaken, but still fearing that he was the real culprit.

'The next morning, however, the accused produced evidence of innocence which at once acquitted him in the eyes of this professional tyro; which, in fact, so elevated him in his esteem, that, instead of abhorring, he positively admired and almost envied him. Before I unfold the sort of proof which thus wrought an entire revolution in his views and feelings, I must beg my readers to remember that the person closeted with the prisoner was yet 'an infant,' according to the law. He had left Harvard College and been admitted to the bar before he was of age. While pursuing his studies at Cambridge, he had been almost a hermit. Of the sex, so far as the flesh and blood concrete was concerned, his vision had been confined to the hags who ministered in the college-chambers, and who are always chosen for their hideousness. But poring over the warm, glowing pages of Ovid, Theocritus, Anacreon, Moschus, and other romantic poets, his imagination had revelled in all sorts of absurd dreams about love; had been entranced in very seductive and witching reveries about a mystery so tender, paradisiacal, pure, purifying, and so forth. To be loved, was to him. at that time, a sort of apotheosis. Judge, then, what were his emotions when his fair-haired client put into his hands a packet of letters — most exquisite compositions — addressed to him by a girl in North Carolina to whom he was about to be married! Every line, every word, in these epistles, breathed a devotion, a tenderness, a confidence, so deep and touching, that our young advocate read them over and over with unsophisticated interest and sympathy.

"The effect may easily be conceived. Could a man who was the object of a sentiment so elevated, so true, so almost adoring, be a vile felon stained with blood? His whole being rose up and repelled the very thought as treason against humanity. No: it was impossible. He was innocent; he was wronged. The strongest sympathies of our nature drew him to this noble, persecuted, injured youth; and he resolved then and there, that, if any efforts of his could rescue and save him, he should be saved and rescued. His soul bled, too, for that amiable lady. The cause was her cause; and what joy to be permitted to remove this dreadful charge from one she loved, and thus give to her peace and happiness!

"It was evident to his mind that the elder brother, a monster of vice, had cruelly murdered the poor unoffending slave, and wished to fix the deed upon a youth most amiable, most lovely, loving, and beloved. Was ever such a wretch? Could the darkest calendar of guilt furnish a parallel to this heinous and abominable depravity?

"The case came on in Coosawhatchie, and the solicitor for the

State certainly made out what others seemed to regard as a very damaging argument. The defendant's counsel saw the effect on the judge and on the jury. But, for his part, he listened to the indictment and evidence and opening address with a calm confidence which nothing could disturb. He was, in fact, indignant that suspicion should for a moment be cast upon the fair fame of one so young, noble, innocent, enshrined and glorified by such an affection. He burned with impatience until the State's solicitor had ceased. He could scarcely repress his resentment as the prosecutor went on in that cool, perfunctory, professional attack upon a youth so injured and persecuted, and, when he had finished, exulted that the hour had at last come for truth, virtue, innocence, to be openly and triumphantly asserted.

"The defence having been closed, the court adjourned until the afternoon, when the State's solicitor was to reply. It so happened, however, that this officer overheard some of the jury expressing their opinion, and declaring that the accused was not guilty. The consequence was, that, when his Honor re-ascended the bench, the solicitor refused to go on with the trial, and entered a *nolle prosequi*, saying that he would remand the prisoner to jail, and bring him before another jury. He was informed, that, in that case, a motion would be made for the acquittal and release of the prisoner. The presiding judge, however, ruled otherwise: and the case was thus carried up to the Court of Appeals in Columbia. This highest tribunal met in a hot, unhealthy season of the year, when to leave the seaboard and to travel through the intervening regions was to be exposed to a deadly malaria, to 'the country fever,'—a pestilence almost always fatal. But what, to our legal martinet, were jungles and fevers and diseases? The cause of injured innocence, the happiness of a lovely woman, had been committed to his care; and a hundred deaths, rather than be perfidious to such sacred trusts. The Appeal Court reversed the judgment below. They ordered the panel to be discharged. And who can conceive the rapture of our verdant sprig of the bar, when he hastened to the dungeon, and bade him go forth, and devote his life to the happiness of that sweet girl who so loved him, and who, amidst all this long ordeal, had never for a moment doubted his innocence.

"The exulting pleader shook hands with his emancipated client at the prison-door, wishing him all sorts of blessedness, and admiring that high sense of delicacy which prevented him from wounding the gratified professional heart by any reference to a fee. Noble young man! He comprehended his defender perfectly, and felt that

even an allusion to any mercenary recompense in such a cause would have mortified and insulted the disinterested affection of the jurist towards him and towards the lady he was about to lead to the altar.

"Returning home, our lawyer was immediately prostrated by the deadly fever which he had braved. Oh that long, wasting, terrible disease! Oh those days and nights which seemed an age of intolerable anguish, during which the pulses bounded with a madness that mocked to scorn the skill of the physician, and the brain glowed with a delirious frenzy that portended the quick and inevitable dissolution of reason and of life! Again and again was he roused from horrid dreams, to see his father, mother, sisters, weeping around the bed. Over and over the consulting faculty left the chamber, informing the family that death was at hand. My God, how can he ever sufficiently adore thy mercy, which, interposed in the last extremity, had rescued him from the jaws of the grave? Nor did that mercy only deliver him from that horrible pit; but it then began to set his feet upon the rock, and to put a new song into his mouth, even praises forevermore.

"Weeks and months passed before he was restored to health; and during those weeks and months, while he little knew what Jesus was doing with him, he now sees how, secretly but marvellously, that Sovereign Grace which had 'separated him from his mother's womb' was carrying on in his soul a work for which eternity will be too short to utter all his gratitude.

"About a year after his recovery he took up a North-Carolina paper; and the first passage which attracted his eye was a proclamation by the governor of that State, offering a large reward for the apprehension of Francis R. McK., who had murdered his wife, — the lady above mentioned, — and had fled from the pursuit of justice.

"A few years afterwards, he was attending on the sabbath a small country church, and heard a man named Gross giving some account of the Florida war, from which he had lately returned. In the course of his remarks the soldier said, 'The most strange, sharp, shocking sound I ever heard was that caused by a bullet striking and crashing into a man's skull. I heard it in our first battle with the Indians at the Everglades. The very first shot fired by the enemy, lying in ambush, pierced the forehead of the man next to me, and his brains were scattered in my face.' — 'Did you know the man?' carelessly inquired one of the company. 'I knew him well, and a greater villain never lived. He was from your town, and his name was Francis R. McK.'"

CHAPTER VIII.

MARRIAGE.

"Faith in womankind
Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high."

RESPECT for woman is evidence of good character, and one means of its improvement. Love for his mother and sisters, and appreciation of ladies' society, was characteristic of Richard Fuller from his youth. Through life he carried with him a high and chivalrous sense of the superiority of the sex in all the nobler qualities of our nature.

Strong natures are attracted by their opposites, gentleness and grace, as positive electricity by negative. There are two phases of womanhood, and Martha and Mary may be regarded as types of these, — the practical and the contemplative. The first furnishes the women who rule a household with Martha, or preside over the wards of a hospital with Florence Nightingale, or march even at the head of an army with Joan of Arc. The second represents the women who sit with Mary at the feet of Jesus, or, with Anne Judson, shed an air of romantic interest over the sternness of missionary life, or, with Felicia Hemans, sing the tender lyrics that echo everywhere in the world.

In the sphere of woman's influence both of these phases are necessary to the completeness and harmony of life, as both prose and poetry are necessary in the world of literature, and flowers and fruits in the realm of nature.

Some women are gifted with a combination of both traits,

without the undue predominance of either; and this was the gift of God to Richard Fuller in his marriage. The following is the record from the family Bible: —

> Richard Fuller married to
> Charlotte Bull, daughter of
> James and Ann Stuart,
> August, 1831.

At this date he was a lawyer in full practice in Beaufort. He was twenty-seven years of age. The enthusiasm of youth had been tempered by experience, and judgment as well as affection was exercised in this union. A man of action and impulse, he needed a more reflective nature to give balance to his life. This was the gift of God to him, — the prudent counsel to moderate enthusiasm, the patient spirit to calm the fever of excitement, the gentle hand to nurse and soothe in sickness, the quiet presence to order the household, where, as with machinery, the ease of the movement is the evidence of its perfection. Hers, too, was the skilful hand to keep in order the study, the arms and equipment of the soldier, and, as a loving amanuensis, to transcribe for the press the bold dashes that were written, *currente calamo*, in unintelligible hieroglyphics to other eyes.

Three daughters were the fruit of this union.

On the birth of their first child, Bessie, as we all knew and called her, the father wrote the following account of it to Dr. James Stuart, his wife's brother. The birth of a child is no new thing under the sun; but this letter will be found to be both novel and interesting.

Beaufort, May 2, 1834.

My dear Cousin, — Knowing that it will be most pleasing intelligence to you all, I send this letter, written hastily and briefly, to say that I have become the father of a most charming little daughter. She was born last night between two and three o'clock. The mother and child are both quite well and cheerful. My heart runs over with the fulness of its gratitude to that God who is every day mak

ing his goodness to pass before me. When I look at my heart, and see so much vileness, and then to my past life, — so little done, and that little so defiled, — I stand amazed amidst perpetually renewed blessings, and can only exclaim, "Is this the manner of men, O Lord God?"

I need not tell you my feelings when I looked upon so interesting an object. The feelings, the joy, of the parent, were almost absorbed in the emotions of the Christian. "What manner of child shall this be?" pressed powerfully upon my heart; what the destinies of its life? Are care and sorrow and sin — But I forgot these in that tremendous question, "Where will this immortal spend eternity? Once it hath breathed, it will never die: it will survive this world and these heavens, and live when sun and stars have been quenched, and this earth and its history shall have become things only of memory. What is the birth of a transient world to that of an undying soul? As I receive this sweet being (so fearfully and wonderfully made) into my arms, God seems to address me in the language of Pharaoh's daughter: "Take this child and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages." Pray for me that I may be faithful, and that this child may indeed grow up in the fear and nurture and admonition of the Lord. Anxious as I felt about its birth, there is another birth, about which (both for our children and selves) we should be more deeply concerned. How few think of this! and yet who will compare them? — one the nativity of weakness and sorrow, the other of eternal glory: the one makes us heirs of sin and mortality; the other insures us that life and immortality which are brought to light in the gospel.

Your mother and the family are all well, and unite in love.

Your affectionate brother, R. FULLER.

P. S. — They say the child looks like me. I am more anxious it should look like Charlotte, in the hopes it may resemble her in character. I forgot to say that last night, when I went into the room, it looked full at me, and really seemed to know me.

Affectionately, R. F.

This dear child grew up like one of the sweet, delicate flowers in the garden in Beaufort, and faded as quickly away. "Whom the gods love die early" is a proverb often verified in the history of some of the noblest of the race. Kingman Nott, drowned at Staten Island in early manhood, in the dawn of a promising ministry; Lady Jane

Grey, beheaded by a ruthless policy in the opening blush of a gifted womanhood, — are mysteries which can only be referred to the future for their solution.

Bessie was converted when about nine years of age. Her father at first discouraged her request for baptism. But one plea prevailed. "Papa, I am not too young to love you: am I too young to love Jesus?" She was baptized, and by a meek and quiet spirit, a lovely though transient life, adorned the doctrine of God her Saviour.

After their settlement in Baltimore she married Mr. Kimball, but died soon afterwards, leaving one son, Richard Fuller Kimball. As she passed away, she comforted her broken-hearted parents by repeating the words which had strengthened her own soul: "Forasmuch as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, he also himself likewise took part of the same, that through death he might destroy him that had the power of death."

The loss of their first-born was a sharp arrow of pain in that family circle. But such was the faith and strength given to the father, that he rose from the ashes of his grief, went to the house of God, and preached a sermon commemorative of the event. The text was from 2 Cor. i. 4: "That we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God," — the ability of a minister to comfort others growing out of his own experience. This sermon, overflowing with tenderness, and full of the rich treasures of chastened wisdom, was published for a limited circulation.

Her memory was always a well-spring of tenderness in the father's heart. In many of his addresses to the young, sometimes in larger assemblies, when the sensibilities of his own heart were stirred, this memory would come over him, and the mention of her early piety, and triumph in death, would move all hearts with emotion, and suffuse all eyes with tears of sympathy.

Annie, the next, was a stronger nature. Endowed with rare gifts, she made early and remarkable progress in her studies. With a strong mind, a vivid imagination, easy and agreeable manners, as she grew into womanhood she became an ornament of society. The attractions of fashionable life exerted a strong influence over this brilliant young woman; and many and deep were the apprehensions of her parents at the seeming want of the faith and piety that had shone so brightly in their first-born. She married Dr. Buckler of Baltimore, and, like her sister Mrs. Kimball, died after a brief married life. But as the end came, and she was about to enter that cloud which sooner or later wraps its folds about all, the great change, we believe, came with it. In the deepening twilight she turned to her Saviour, and in penitence and faith laid her "little sheaf," as she called it, her tribute of affection, at his feet.

The third and only surviving child is Florence, — "little Florie," as she was called. The wealth of affection that meets every child as it comes into the world, as if there were no others to share it, was ready for this little pet in the household. The following letter is a glimpse into the father's heart: —

BEAUFORT, S.C.

MY SWEETEST LITTLE FLORIE, — As you begged me to write, I send this letter. It is little, because you are little. But, little as you are, you have a large heart; and the heart of this little letter is large, since it is nothing but love for you.

If I could only see mamma and sister and Annie and yourself, I would be very happy; and I don't mean to let any thing keep me away much longer. I would rather be sick with you all than to be well and away from you.

Everybody here asks about little Florence. I expect they will call you little Florence when you get to be a big girl.

Eila especially wants to know when Florie is coming. She is delighted to hear that you sing, and says that you caught it from her. She has given me a little bitter-sweet orange to bring for you. Eila is a very sweet little girl, but not as sweet as you are; nor is she as fat, for she does not eat half as many buckwheats.

. . . . . .

A great many little birds are singing in the garden; but I would rather hear you sing "Flow gently" than to hear all the birds in the world.

Papa thought of mamma, sister, and Annie, and little Florie, all the way he was coming. He thinks of you all every moment, and must soon get back to kiss you. You must love God for being so good to us. I constantly praise him for such a wife and such sweet children.

. . . . . .

Your loving papa, R. F.

There is a picture of the three taken when they were children. Annie is leaning on her older sister, Bessie; and little Florence has an arm twined about her on the other side. Two of the group are gone, and the faces that look at us from the picture are the shadows they have left. The third figure in the group is no longer the little flaxen-haired girl, but a woman, a Christian, and the companion of her mother in the reduced and darkened household. "My darling father," she said, as she saw the cloud at last wrapping its edge about him, "I will die for you." — "No, my child," he said: "live for me and for Jesus."

CHAPTER IX.

A NEW LIFE.

"The great world's altar-stairs,
That slope through darkness up to God."

RELIGION — like electricity, pervading all bodies, though identical with none — is consistent with every legitimate calling; and yet, as human nature is, the tendency is rather in the line of our business secularizing our religion than of our religion spiritualizing our business. This is true of every profession, but especially of the law. Sir Matthew Hale was an eminent jurist and a devout Christian, notwithstanding certain prejudices incident to his times. And the union of high-toned piety with success in the legal profession has been frequently exemplified in our own land, in the history of men like Chief Justices Marshall and Chase, and many others who have adorned the doctrine of God their Saviour, while they have been shining lights at the bar. At the same time, the career of a successful lawyer is full of spiritual peril, not only on account of the general engrossment of the mind, but on account of the particular temptation to sacrifice conscience at the shrine of professional success. The re-action in the McK. case must have produced, as his Harvard classmate suggests, a profound impression on young Fuller. In the mean time, we can understand his decline from any early religious impressions in his keen pursuit of professional eminence. Borne on by the aspirations of literary ambition and legal fame, he was on the road to distinction and wealth;

but, as he afterwards confessed, the world had re-asserted its sway over him, if, indeed, that sway had ever been broken. Like the young nobleman in the Gospel, he lacked the one thing needful, — a living, experimental acquaintance with "the truth as it is in Jesus."

And yet there were occasional gleams of that light which was to fill and flood his soul. Natural life is a secret which no knife of the surgeon, no crucible of the chemist, no microscope of the naturalist, can lay bare; but spiritual life is a greater mystery still. As Dean Alford remarks on the passage, "The wind bloweth where it listeth, so is every one that is born of the Spirit," — it is not so much the strong gale which the original word means, as the sudden breath and stir of a passing summer wind; and this mysterious inception of spiritual life veils it often from ourselves, as well as from others.

Dr. Anderson of Scotland — in his book on Regeneration, which good judges have pronounced the best work on that subject in the English language — says that the advantage of early religious instruction is seen in this, that the seed of divine truth, even if not yet rooted in the heart, is laid upon the surface; so that the Spirit has only to press it in by his own finger when he comes, to make it at once the germ of the new life. With Richard Fuller the seed had been long sown. At Northampton, in the winter of 1823, he was the subject of religious impressions, when, as he wrote to Dr. Sprague, his mind "awoke from its oblivious sleep." On his return home, these feelings occasionally re-asserted their power. Lying one day on a couch in his mother's room, he was observed by a member of the family to be convulsed with weeping. When asked what was the matter, if he was suffering, "No," he said, "I am overpowered with a sense of the goodness of God to me."

Somewhere in these years, when the young lawyer was in full practice in Beaufort, a plain but devoted Baptist minis-

ter, Rev. Benjamin Scriven, was lying very low in the same town. Either through love for the dear parents, or from personal interest in the brilliant son, he sent for him. On his arrival, with deep feeling and in a most affectionate manner the dying minister warned his young friend, and entreated him to come to Jesus. It is said by one who was intimate with both families, an aged lady now living in Georgia, that Richard Fuller was deeply moved by this singular appeal. As he stood by the dying minister, "tears streamed down his face." It was the finger of the Spirit pressing the precious seed deeper into his heart. Spurgeon is said to have been reached by a very plain sermon from some obscure preacher; and the words of a humble but earnest man like Mr. Scriven would have been of more weight with Richard Fuller than any amount of theological learning and argument.

These are some links in the chain that was drawing this new Saul from the law to the gospel. He made a profession of religion, and united with the Episcopal Church. The Baptists were still a comparatively feeble body. One of the few "honorable women" who had joined them remembered when they were so poor that "a little table, with two small lamps, was the pulpit-stand for the Bible and hymn-book, and the place of meeting was so dark and strange-looking, that, when some of us as children ventured there to an evening service, we were partly afraid of the gloom, and partly amused at many things that seemed ludicrous to us." This was when Dr. Fuller's oldest sister Mary was a girl, and this is her account.

The little one had become a thousand; but the small one was still far from being a strong nation. In all social and material advantages the Episcopal Church was so far in advance of all other denominations, that nothing but the deepest convictions of personal responsibility, as in the case of the father of the Fuller family, could have led to any

other church connection. The natural gravitation, therefore, of a young man like Richard Fuller, was towards the old church, especially when so many noble fruits of piety, as well as worldly advantages, were found in its communion. Besides, the prayer-book allowed some margin and latitude as to baptism. It could be administered by "discreet dipping," as well as pouring or sprinkling.

Richard Fuller saw that baptism was immersion, and he was accordingly baptized by the Episcopal rector in the river. With a man like him, this step would never have been taken but under the deepest sense of duty. Still we find him, not long afterwards, questioning the reality and value of his change at that time.

The following incident, while it created considerable stir in the town, must have led to some misgiving as to his conversion in his own mind. A day or two after his baptism, some light-minded individual met him with a sneer: "So, Fuller, I see you are a kind of mongrel Baptist." In a rush of sudden resentment he struck the offender a blow, which, delivered as every thing by him was done with strength, left the man prostrate, and, it is said, senseless for a moment. It created no little stir in the quiet little town. A few years ago, in Baltimore, Dr. Fuller had occasion to expostulate with a man who had interrupted his meetings. In an instant this man sprang upon him, and struck him a blow which blinded and staggered him. "I had my stick," he said, "and could have knocked him down. But no: my Master was worse treated. I left quietly, and went home. As soon as I recovered in the air from the stunning effect of the blow, the whole affair struck me as so ludicrous, that I had to burst into a hearty laugh." When some legal process was suggested by his friends, he at once stopped it. We do not put these two things together to prove that the lawyer could not have been converted, from the fact of his resentment as contrasted with the patient spirit of the minister. There is

good theology as well as common sense in the remark of an old divine, that there is "more bad in good men, and more good in bad men, than we at first suppose." The grain of mustard-seed is very small; and yet it is a living germ, and made by Christ himself the type of the spiritual principle. Still, Richard Fuller had reason to question the spirit which could yield so quickly to provocation. We find, accordingly, that he gives a different date for his conversion.

His parents and some of the family were members of the Baptist Church, drawn to it, as we have seen, by their convictions as to the proper subjects as well as the mode of baptism. Miss Harriet was teaching in the colored school that met after the morning service. Her scholar, "Aunt Judy," the native African woman, was as enthusiastic a Christian as herself. Their hearts were engaged to seek at the mercy-seat an object of great interest to them, — the entire consecration to Christ of the gifted lawyer.

And God was not wanting to their prayers. Let men dogmatize about the laws of the universe, and call it unphilosophical to claim any place for prayer in such a system. What is this but the old fallacy and absurdity of the *petitio principii*? Who, without an exhaustive knowledge of the whole system (which is out of the question), can prove that it is not a part of that very scheme and system, provided for from the beginning, to make room for the intervention of faith and prayer? Dr. Chalmers has a striking illustration in the supposed case of a mother praying for her boy in a storm at sea. The laws that control the winds and waves may be in full and regular operation; while, out of sight of human observation, the invisible hand that controls the whole touches some remote link in the chain, and by natural law saves the ship, or rescues the child. "What profit shall we have if we pray unto Him?" is a scepticism as old as the time of Job. But, from that day to this, prayer has been the open and well-trodden avenue between heaven and earth; and while men, in

blindness and arrogance, have been raving about the laws of the universe and the mysticism of prayer, the incense has been going up in a perpetual cloud to heaven, and answers to prayer have been and are matters of daily and delightful experience.

> "A sense o'er all my soul impressed,
> That I am weak, yet not unblest;
> Since in me, round me, everywhere,
> Eternal strength and wisdom are."

In the year 1831–32 a most remarkable religious movement visited the Carolinas and Georgia. The Rev. Daniel Baker was passing through this section as an evangelist, "in the spirit and power of Elias." Wherever he went the wave of religious feeling seemed to follow, until it swept like a spring-tide over the sea-coast. It was not the gathering of the multitudes that crowded around Whitefield, nor the dense throngs that wait on the ministrations of Moody; for the work was in the comparatively thinly-settled sections of the country. But it was a work of great power, that moved whole communities "as the trees of the wood are moved with the wind." When Mr. Baker came to Beaufort, it was the same extraordinary influence. Such was the feeling, that all questions of holy places and holy orders were set aside for the time. The whole town was a holy place. The meetings were held alternately in the Episcopal and Baptist churches. Many years afterwards Mr. Baker visited Charleston, an old man, scarcely able to say more than repeat the words which John is said to have used, when, in old age, he was carried in and out of the church at Ephesus: "Little children, love one another." But on this occasion he was in the prime of his mental and physical strength. Some who were then children remember the feeling of wonder with which they saw the multitudes kneeling around the pulpit and in the crowded aisles. With clearness of statement, unction of spirit, and wonderful earnestness of

manner, the evangelist delivered his message to the people of Beaufort. His voice is said to have been like a clarion, — a combination of great sweetness and strength. His famous "Revival Sermons" show more thought and study than any published sermons of Whitefield. The third in the series — "On Christ the Mediator" — is remarkable for the soundness of its argument and the force and freshness of the application. The passage on the union of the divine and human natures in our Lord is a fine conception, and in its delivery, under the circumstances, must have produced a profound impression.

The work was remarkable, not only in the number and soundness of the conversions, but in its triumphs among the higher classes of society. Men of talent, culture, and wealth, were brought to Christ. Fuller, Barnwell, Elliott, — these are some of the names that were added to the churches, — names that were soon distinguished in the different denominations.

In the appendix to his sermons Mr. Baker makes the following entry: —

"During the revival in Beaufort, Mr. Fuller, a talented lawyer, was numbered amongst the converts. His case was a very clear and delightful one. Immediately after his conversion I called upon him. He was upon the mount. With a countenance radiant with delight, he grasped my hand, and exclaimed, 'O sir, I have an ocean of joy!'"

Miss Harriet and "Aunt Judy" had received the answer to their prayer. Richard Fuller was brought into the marvellous light and liberty of the gospel. Whether it was the precise moment of that mysterious change, he himself does not determine; but it was certainly the time and place of his translation into the fulness of this marvellous light and liberty.

Twenty-seven years before, his dear father had passed through the same birth-pangs, — an experience marked by greater depression in the first stage, and by equal joy in

the result. Whether the son ever saw the remarkable manuscript of the father, we know not; but it is a singular coincidence that each should assign the same reason for the record, — "that, when I am gone, it may cause a serious thought in those who read it."

Let us hear his own account of his change. It is in his own dear hand, in the family Bible: —

R. Fuller "born again" Thursday, 26th October, 1831. I had from childhood (long before I attached any definite meaning to the words) prayed to God for this change, — for a new heart. During a severe fit of illness (in the year 1827, I think) I felt what I now believe to have been the working of God's Holy Spirit; and, for a while after convalescence, I took pleasure in the service of the dear Redeemer. I also made a profession of religion. The work, however, if begun, was imperfect. The world soon re-asserted and resumed its control. My life for years was now spent amidst vanity and folly and sin. Pride and evil passions prevailed. Nay, in my heart I attempted to vindicate them; though *I felt* the folly and guilt of such pleas, even when reason would seem to have approved them. All this while my "goodness" was like Ephraim's. I felt satisfied I had never experienced that change without which a man cannot enter the kingdom of heaven. For this I prayed without ceasing. Glory to God! I found at last what I sought, and was filled with a joy which I can never express, — "unspeakable, and full of glory." Creation seemed full of God. The trees, the leaves, the earth, the sky, all things, seemed to utter his praises. For days I could neither eat nor sleep. I lived upon the love of God shed abroad in my heart, and the name of Jesus shed light and fragrance over every thing. These ecstatic feelings have now passed away (they would have rendered me unfit to live in such a world); but I am still filled with the peace of God, which "passes all understanding." This change (the new birth) I felt under no excitement, but while on my knees in the company of many gathered for prayer. I knelt down trembling, but in a moment was so melted and filled with wonderful emotions, that I did little more than sob and weep. When I arose, I was hardly conscious of what had passed. My heart and soul were running over with love and joy and praise.

I make this record, in hopes, when I am gone, it may cause a serious thought in those who read it.

R. F.

February, 1832.

"When God revealed his gracious name,
And changed my mournful state,
My rapture seemed a pleasing dream,
The grace appeared so great.

'Great is the work!' my neighbors cried,
And owned the power divine;
'Great is the work!' my heart replied,
And be the glory Thine."

CHAPTER X.

BAPTISM AND ORDINATION.

Into the flowing stream that day they went:
The smiling heavens a benediction lent;
While, like a hymn of resurrection sweet,
The river murmured at their willing feet.

WITH a noble river at the door of the sanctuary, the church in Beaufort had no need of a baptistery. Both in the front and rear of the town the ordinance could be administered with convenience.

Nor can too great care be taken as to its proper and decorous administration. In holding to the spirituality of the Church, we must not forget that the Church has a ritual, with visible ordinances that call for care and propriety in their ministration. Neglect of these matters, in careless or too hurried baptisms in the river or in badly-constructed baptisteries, has often brought the ordinance into unnecessary odium. "Let all things be done decently and in order:" then, with the preparation of prayer and the accompaniment of song, the ordinance is one of the most impressive things in the world. "Put the candidate down very slowly, but raise him up as quickly as you can," was the rule and manner of Dr. Fuller in this rite; and it was performed by him with such solemn deliberation, as not only to command respect, but often to awaken the most serious feelings with those who witnessed it.

Mr. Fuller had been baptized by the Episcopal minister. But as this was before his change, as he believed, and as he

now regarded baptism as the act of a believer, and was, besides, looking forward to the ministry in a denomination with some of whose members his previous baptism may have been of doubtful validity, he determined on rebaptism, as expedient, if not necessary, in his case. Some years afterwards, when he was pastor of the church, a lady, a member of the Episcopal Church, applied for membership. She, like himself, had been baptized in the river by the rector; but, understanding there might be some scruples in the Baptist Church as to a baptism administered by an unbaptized minister, she expressed a desire to be rebaptized. A correspondence was opened by a committee of the church with the most eminent Baptist ministers throughout the country, to elicit their views on the subject. Most of them expressed the opinion, that, as the act was one of personal faith, the baptism of the administrator was not essential to its validity. If we remember aright, the Rev. Dr. Cone, then pastor of the First Baptist Church of New York, expressed a different opinion, and held, that, as the commission to baptize was given only to baptized (immersed) ministers, no others were scripturally qualified to administer the ordinance. In this case the matter was properly left to the wishes and judgment of the candidate; and with the sacrifice of all personal feeling, and looking chiefly to the satisfaction of others as to her membership, she asked for and received baptism at the hands of the pastor.

"It is appointed unto men once to die;" and baptism, symbolic of death and resurrection, is one act. Besides, no Christian ever lived without some occasional doubts as to his conversion; so that, if, on the alternate recurrence and removal of these fears, he were to be baptized with every such experience, it would become a confused and unmeaning repetition. Under no circumstances but the very positive conviction as to previous unregeneracy, or, as in the case of this noble-minded woman, the anxiety as to perfect unanimity in the matter of church-fellowship, should baptism be repeated.

In the case of Richard Fuller these considerations were strengthened by his desire to devote himself at once and wholly to the work of the gospel ministry. "I made haste, and delayed not, to keep Thy commandments." His usual promptness of action was now accelerated by his new-found hope, — the new song that God had put into his mouth; and the Rev. Henry O. Wyer, the beloved pastor of the Savannah church, was sent for to baptize him.

The name of this dear minister and that of the sainted Binney are such household words in Savannah, and the first so intimately associated through life with the subject of this sketch, that we will give here a short notice by Dr. Fuller of the beloved minister who baptized him. It is part of a letter written from Savannah in May, 1869, and published as an editorial in "The Herald:" —

"We first listened to his splendid voice, and felt the spell of his earnestness, his sanctified imagination, his burning oratory, in the town of Beaufort. We were then at the bar, and cherished the most fastidious and exigent taste for those proprieties of ecclesiastical costume which Milton terms 'the ghost of a linen decency;' and we remember well the shock which came over us, the revulsion of all our instincts, when we saw a minister rise in the pulpit wearing a black stock where stainless lawn should have been. For a while, our superstitious prejudices could scarcely endure such profanation; but it was only for a while. We soon forgot external fripperies and coxcomical fopperies as we found our soul in sympathy with that commanding presence, that intrepid love of truth, that gushing, pleading, yearning solicitude for souls and for the glory of Jesus. Not very long after this we were baptized by him. Baptist Noel confesses that for twenty years he was afraid to examine the subject of baptism, as he had misgivings, and could not leave the established hierarchy. Unwilling to come out from the Episcopal Church, we had before tried to satisfy our conscience by being immersed in that communion. But, while politics is the science of compromises, no true child of God can long compromise any thing in his duty to Jesus.

"For the benefit of our younger brethren we may repeat, what we several times remarked to this gifted minister, that great natural

fluency is often a dangerous snare. He would have surpassed most men if his elocution had been less wonderful and his graceful declamation less charming. With no preparation, he would hold an audience in rapt and weeping attention; and thus he unconsciously felt himself superior to the hard study, the painful discipline, the sweat of the intellect, by which alone it is God's fixed decree that there shall be first wrought in us, and then be wrought by us into others, those great thoughts that master and rule the world."

Such was the beloved Wyer, father of the esteemed minister of the same name now living in Warrenton, Va. On the occasion of Mr. Fuller's baptism the usual brief address was made by Mr. Wyer. He stated that the candidate wished to be baptized, as he believed he was an unregenerate man at the time of his first baptism; and besides, as he expected to devote himself to the work of the ministry, he was anxious to obviate all objections as to irregularity. "And they went down both into the water, and he baptized him."

The concourse on the river-bank; the loving, happy family whose cup was running over; the multitude of colored people who generally believed in "much water" as necessary to the ordinance, and with whom Richard Fuller was always a favorite; Miss Harriet and "Aunt Judy," the teacher and her scholar, — these were the "many witnesses" before whom he made "a good confession."

"Didn't I tell you so, Miss Harriet?" whispered the enthusiastic African. "I knew the Lord would bring him." As years afterwards the old woman described the scene, she spoke of it with a glow of joy lighting up her jet-black face at the remembrance, and a vividness of imagination characteristic of her race. "The river looked bright that day," she said, "and the leaves on the trees along the bank were clapping their hands for joy."

> All Nature joins the resurrection-hymn,
> As if with secret instinct of the day,
> When, from her baptism in the sea of time,
> She comes, and former things are passed away.

Soon after his baptism, and before his ordination, he invited his associates at the bar to meet him at dinner at his house. With the usual courtesies of a dinner-party must have mingled, in one heart at least, a feeling of deeper seriousness. An intimate friend, writing of that interview with his professional brethren, says, that, after dinner, Mr. Fuller rose, and, announcing his purpose to devote his life to the ministry of the gospel, took leave of them as a lawyer in a most affectionate manner.

One of the most graphic pictures in history is Lamartine's account of the banquet spread by the Girondists of the French Revolution in the prison the night before their execution; the high converse of those patriots and philosophers on all the great questions of life, death, and a future state. But this was on the eve of a great disaster. With Richard Fuller it was the margin and hour of a new life. Years afterwards, in baptizing a relative in the same river, he whispered in his ear, as he raised him out of the water, "Now for a new life!" In his own case, his baptism was, indeed, symbolic of a new and most wonderful life.

His ordination as a recognized minister in the Baptist denomination soon followed. This was in 1832. No minister was a warmer friend and advocate, through life, of theological schools and seminaries. This was due, among other reasons, to his probably feeling the necessity of very hard work at the beginning, in his own case, to make up the want of this equipment for the ministry. But his classical education, his training as a lawyer, above all, the leading of that Spirit who had said so emphatically, "Separate me Richard Fuller for the work whereunto I have called him," constituted a distinct and special preparation. He at once gathered the nucleus of a very valuable theological library; while by his knowledge of French, and subsequent study of the German language, he could follow the great masters in every branch of sacred literature.

The ordaining presbytery, in formally setting him apart to the work, laid their hands that day on as noble a head as ever bowed to take the vows of consecration to the highest office upon earth.

At the conclusion of the ordination-service a most interesting sequel followed. An aged lady still living in Georgia writes that she witnessed the baptism, the same day, of more than a hundred candidates, receiving the ordinance at the hands of the minister who had just been ordained. The first believer he ever buried with Christ by baptism was a distant relative, — Miss Susan Nichols.

As the tide suited, the ordinance was administered in the morning, before service, or in the afternoon. It was always an occasion of great interest in Beaufort. Everybody attended in carriages, or on foot. After brief appropriate services on the river-bank, the procession of minister and candidates, headed by the venerable colored sexton, Jacob Witter, with his staff to sound and stake off the proper depth and place, slowly entered the river to the music of some baptismal hymn and the sweet accompaniment of the flowing waters. The ordinance then proceeded, with an occasional pause or murmur of interest, or scarcely-suppressed sob of emotion, as some loved one was buried with Christ; while the voice of the minister, repeating the form, floated over the waves, and the responses of the multitude swelled the hymn, until the benediction was pronounced, and the sympathizing crowds slowly dispersed to their homes, or again wended their way to the house of God.

CHAPTER XI.

PASTORATE IN BEAUFORT. — OLD CHURCH.

"There stands the messenger of truth; there stands
The legate of the skies. . . .
By him the violated law speaks out
Its thunders; and by him, in strains as sweet
As angels use, the gospel whispers peace."

"AS for this people," says Mosheim, speaking of the Baptists, "they are lost in the depth of antiquity" (*Ecc. Hist.*). From the days of the apostles to the present time, there are traces of sects and individuals holding nearly, if not exactly, the sentiments of the modern Baptists. What is commonly understood by apostolical succession may be regarded as a fiction of the dark ages. So far as the visible church is concerned, the chain is certainly either broken or vicious: if broken, and this outward continuity is essential to the existence of the church, the church is lost; if vicious, as in the case of apostate churches and unregenerate heads of the church, the purity, and therefore the divinity, of the line is lost. But the transmission and continuance of the Spirit is a truth clearly stated in the Scriptures, and realized in the history of that true church and body of Christ, which, in some of its members, has always existed in the world. This is at once the promise and the fulfilment of the Scripture: "On this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

The Baptists of America, in the number of their communicants, are now the foremost division of the Church in this

land. When we remember their troubles in the old country, the persecutions that followed them to the new, their expulsion from Massachusetts, their imprisonment in the Old Dominion, their depressed condition in the Carolinas and Georgia, and see the progress they have made, we cannot but exclaim, "What hath God wrought!" As the palm-tree is said to be strengthened by the weights put upon it, the progress of this sect, "everywhere spoken against," has been made in the face of constant and multiplied trials. With liberty of conscience in matters of religion, as separate from all state control; a converted membership; the baptism of believers only; and immersion on a profession of faith, as the one scriptural baptism, — with these articles of faith inscribed upon their banner, this tribe of the spiritual Israel has marched steadily forward.

The condition of the Baptists in South Carolina, and especially in Beaufort, at the beginning of the present century, was one of marked depression. As to Beaufort, Dr. Holcombe writes in 1812, —

> "The principal inhabitants of Beaufort, though possessed of wealth, learning, and talents, were, with few honorable exceptions, strangers to true religion, and strongly prejudiced against the Baptists."

More than a century before, churches of our faith and order had been planted, and were enjoying some measure of prosperity, in other parts of the State. The First Church in Charleston was one of the oldest organizations in the whole land, and, under the ministry of Scriven, Hart, and Furman, had become a body of considerable influence. But the denomination throughout the State at the beginning of the present century was in a feeble and precarious state.

But, if revolutions never go backward, the word of God must always grow and be multiplied. In a centennial discourse preached by the Rev. Mr. Shuck in Charleston in

1876, the following facts are stated: One hundred years ago there were eleven Baptist churches in the State; now there are seven hundred and eighty-eight: then there were ten ministers and about two hundred or three hundred members; now there are four hundred and fifty ministers and ninety-five thousand two hundred and fifty members. We shall see to what extent this progress is due, under God, to the labors of Richard Fuller.

At the time we have reached in our history, the Baptists had made some progress in Beaufort, though not *pari passu* with a few more favored churches. The Cooks, the elder Brantly, the excellent Graham, laborers in this field, had rested from their labors, and their works had followed them, and precious fruit had been gathered in. The great majority of the members were the colored people of the town and adjoining plantations. The middle classes of the white population, and a few of the wealthier families, constituted the rest of the membership. Rev. Mr. Graham, a Scotchman, was the pastor who succeeded Dr. Brantly, — a minister of good sense and sterling piety, but, as he seemed to the children who then listened to him, a mysterious old man, talking from the old pulpit of very important but very unintelligible things.

Soon after his ordination, Richard Fuller was called to the pastoral charge. His views of his newly-chosen office, its duties and responsibilities, were of a very positive and exalted character. He never magnified himself, he more and more humbled himself; but his office he always and increasingly magnified. In a charge on the duties of the office he afterwards made to a candidate in Charleston, he compared a minister to a figure on a pedestal, which, unless it be of more than ordinary size, will be dwarfed by the very elevation; and insisted on a devotion of life, and consecration to the one thing of preaching Christ; which made the young man tremble, and feel that he was

indeed watching for souls "as one who must give account." This was his own standard. He entered upon his work with the devotion, industry, and enthusiasm which he had shown at Harvard and at the bar. And the church at Beaufort soon became — like the church at Kettering, Eng., under the pastorate of his great namesake Andrew Fuller, or the church at Cambridge, under the still more illustrious Hall — everywhere associated with the name of the minister.

"His earliest pulpit efforts," writes his nephew, Rev. R. W. Fuller, "were very unsatisfactory to himself. Again and again he was disturbed by doubts as to his fitness for the ministry." Robert Hall was not only subject to discouragements at first, but to occasional failures in the pulpit. But all difficulties only stimulated that intense application, that study and mastery of the best masters, above all, that renewed consecration to his Saviour, which soon brought him to the front rank of the preachers of this or of any age. Dr. Newell of Cambridge, Mass., writes that his success at college was as much due to his close application as to his genius; and his success in the pulpit and Christian work was as much the result of hard, conscientious work, as of his pre-eminent gifts.

Besides the usual sabbath morning and afternoon services, a lecture was given in the Tabernacle — a frame-building in the centre of the town — every Wednesday evening, and a prayer-meeting held every Friday evening from house to house. With a conscientious minister this is no pastime. The preparation and delivery of two sermons on Sunday, a lecture in the week, and the proper oversight of an additional meeting, is a draught on the resources of any man. Such was his appreciation of the importance of the work, that he used to say that no minister ought to go to the smallest meeting without having something to say. As to his own pulpit efforts, he anticipated them with severe study, close revision, and then with that preparation of the heart which is more than all mere mental furniture.

Taking some young men who were studying with him into his study, he showed them his method of preparation. "This," he said, "is the result of my experience as to the best way of delivering the truth." It was a method more laborious than the full writing out and reading of a sermon, while it had the advantage of a written, elaborate discourse; but condensed into two pages of foolscap by a kind of original short-hand, and laid on the open Bible, it added to the advantage of a writtten discourse the force and freedom of a partly extemporaneous method. "If any thing occurs to you at the moment," he added, "out with it: some of your best things will come in this way." Of course, every thing depended, under God, on a previous mastery of the subject, sympathy of spirit, and perfect familiarity with those four columns of notes. This was his method at first.

But the work of the minister is as much in pastoral visitation, and the general oversight of the church, as in preaching; and, with a man of the large heart and sympathetic nature of Richard Fuller, this was the means of great and constantly-increasing usefulness.

Under the ministry of this new Saul, led from the law to the gospel, the church was at once strengthened in the increase of the number and efficiency of the membership. The lower portion of the church was given to the whites, the ample galleries to the colored people. Soon both the main floor and galleries were filled with a congregation in full sympathy with this herald of the cross. The Frenchman Beaubien, who went nowhere else, would come to listen to his former lawyer. His former associates at the bar, the rich planter, the literary man, the visitor sojourning in Beaufort, all were attracted by the man who now pleaded for souls, to win them to Christ, as he used to plead for his clients at the bar. So "the word of God grew and multiplied." Scarcely a sermon was preached without some "sign follow-

ing," — either the quickening of Christians, or the awakening of souls. "Richard Fuller is an enthusiast," some would say. Next Sunday, after a strong argument on some great topic, — always the cross, — the preacher, having heard the objection, would pause, and, with a glance of lightning and a voice of thunder, ask, "And is not enthusiasm cold common sense *here?*" and all hearts would be swept along in full sympathy with the sentiment.

The weekly lectures were generally on some consecutive topic of Christian duty or character, running through a series of discourses. These were attended by Episcopalians as well as Baptists. They were masterly expositions of Scripture, with less of the thunder and lightning of the sermons on Sunday.

Preaching-stations were fitted up at convenient points on the surrounding plantations for the colored people. These were under the supervision of the deacons, with the aid of colored leaders of experience and good character.

The work soon became so enlarged, that it was found necessary to employ an assistant for the pastor. Some of the flock began to say that they did not see enough of him at their homes. "Mrs. McK.," writes one who was then a member, — "Mrs. McK., who was a great admirer of his, would say apologetically, 'We will excuse Richard for not visiting more, when we hear such sermons on sabbath; for he brings forth things new and old from the treasury of the Lord.'" His habits as a literary man and lawyer may have led him at first to dwell more on the special department of preaching. Afterwards he insisted on the work of pastoral visitation as a matter of prime importance, to be carried out at any and every sacrifice. This was his own constant and growing habit to the last. But the work was too much for one man, even for Richard Fuller; and an assistant was employed. Some young man of promise just graduated from some seminary was usually chosen. By bringing him into

association with the already famous pastor of the Beaufort church, it was the very best post-graduate course he could take to prepare him for future and extended usefulness. Rev. Dr. Lathrop, now of Stamford, Conn., Rev. Mr. Duncan of Georgia, Rev. Dr. Dargan of South Carolina, and one or two others, successively filled this office. They preached usually in the afternoon, filled occasionally the country stations, and visited as actively as possible. The pastor was then in easy circumstances, independent of his salary; but it was punctually collected and used, partly in the support of the assistant, and partly in promoting the work among the colored people.

The following extract from a letter of a former associate and intimate friend, Rev. Dr. Lathrop, will show the nature of this relation: —

STAMFORD, CONN., July, 1877.

I sustained to him for three years, as you know, the relation of assistant pastor of the Beaufort Baptist Church. Fresh from my collegiate and theological studies, I had but little experience in the matter of preaching, and none at all as to the duties of the pastoral office. I have ever regarded it, therefore, as an instance of God's special guidance, that I was permitted to enjoy, at the most critical period of my professional life, the counsel and example of one so eminently qualified to train a youthful preacher in the way he should go. Dr. Fuller's views of the responsibility and sacredness of the Christian ministry were so elevated, his determination "not to know any thing among men," as a preacher, "save Jesus Christ and him crucified," his careful avoidance in the pulpit of the discussion of all merely abstruse and curious questions, and his profound earnestness in the presentation of the simple truths of the gospel, were so marked and impressive, as to leave upon my mind and conscience lessons which I have never been able to forget or lightly esteem. If in my humble way I have been enabled to confine myself to the one work to which in my ordination I pledged myself, and if in that work I have been in any measure successful, I owe, under God, to Richard Fuller, and to him more than to any other man, this singleness of aim, and the sense of responsibility which may in any degree have characterized my ministry. This I feel bound to say in justice to him at whose feet as a learner it was my privilege to sit, and

whose memory, now that he is no more with us in the flesh, is fragrant with the recollection of many hours of delightful Christian and social intercourse.

Affectionately yours,

EDWARD LATHROP.

But there is a limit, beyond which the strongest and noblest energies cannot be taxed with impunity. The re-action must come; and for the ardent and indefatigable pastor of the Beaufort church it came in the return of his old trouble in the chest and throat. "I was in Beaufort at the time," said Dr. McIntosh of the Home Mission Board, "and heard him say in a scarcely audible whisper one Sunday from the pulpit, 'I am unable to speak to you. The physicians order me to Europe.'"

CHAPTER XII.

VISIT TO EUROPE.

"And he said unto them, Come ye yourselves apart, and rest a while. And they departed by ship privately."—MARK vi. 31, 32.

IF the sentence of Bacon be true, that "reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man," it may be affirmed with equal truth that travel gives breadth and refinement to the whole character. Professional men, especially ministers, are apt to be stiff and out of joint from a certain routine of thought. Many a good minister, admirable in the pulpit, is a very awkward piece of furniture in the parlor, — an absolute terror to some circles, where he often comes like the shadow of a hawk over a covey of partridges; and if, with the best intentions, from manner or the want of it, he leaves the shadow of the hawk, he can hardly count himself as harmless as the dove.

Richard Fuller was always gentlemanly in manner, as well as scholarly in attainments; but, with the true instinct of genius and the purer aspiration of the Christian, he was always striving after an ideal to which he never felt that he had attained in either culture or religion. Besides, notwithstanding his strong constitution, he was broken down from over-work; so that a sea-voyage and a trip to Europe was the suggestion and plan.

At first we were disposed to say of this trip to Europe what the Israelites said of Moses on his disappearance in the mount, "As for this Moses, we wot not what has become

of him." The interesting letters he sent home, from use and circulation, were soon lost; but Miss Hall's "Rambles in Europe," an entertaining book in the Congressional Library, put us upon his track.

The trip was made in 1836. It was the day when sailing-packets ruled the deep with a cloud of canvas, instead of the colossal steamships with their ponderous machinery. Our traveller, as we have seen, is a good sailor. Once on a voyage to Charleston, when off Hatteras, the propeller was compelled by the violence of the storm to "lay to" for some time. Our sailor was in good spirits, and in perfect command of his faculties. Coming upon a company of sea-sick convention delegates, all prostrate, and groaning under the malady, he playfully cried, quoting the Latin, —

"O si sic omnia!"

though he was too benevolent a man to have seriously wished any continuance of the misery.

Walking the deck of the ship, as his custom was at sea, he watches the silver sheen of the waves, while he thinks of the dear church and the happy family-circle at home, and conjures up with the wand of imagination, which he knew well how to use, the approaching wonders of the Old World.

Our tourist guide makes no note of his sojourn in England. His eldest brother, who was educated there, used to say that a cultivated Englishman was the best type of the Caucasian race: he did not even except our modern American. Richard's familiarity with English history and literature must have made him at home in the mother-country, and invested every feature of it with interest. Superadded to the interest of the student was, in his case, the sympathy of the Christian with scenes so full of the records of Protestant Christianity, — the lives and labors of the great men of the Church of England, — the memory, too, of Bunyan, Andrew Fuller, the gifted Hall, and the saintly Ryland

Baptist Noel had not yet severed his connection with the Establishment. Worthy of mention among these names, honored in Baptist church-history, is the name of Dr. Thomas Curtis, who came to the States about half a century ago, and delighted all who heard him by his rare powers as a Bible expositor. By one of those strange providences which shape our way, and especially the end of it, he was lost in the burning of the steamer "Louisiana," on her trip from Baltimore to Norfolk, in 1859. Whether by fire or flood the man of God passed away, his sons were never able to determine. His friend and admirer, Richard Fuller, preached a commemorative sermon soon afterwards in Charleston from the words, "My father, my father, the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof."

Our guide makes the following entry: —

"MAY 31, 1836. — Embarked at Marseilles, on board 'The Phocion,' for Naples, — the first trip of a steamboat built expressly for taking out parties of pleasure to the Mediterranean coast. It gave us great pleasure to find among the passengers two gentlemen from South Carolina, bound, like ourselves, for Naples."

The following fragment to Mrs. Fuller is nearly of this date: —

CIVITA VECCHIA, June, 1836.

Here we are, expecting to set off for Rome at four to-morrow morning. I wrote from Marseilles, from which place we embarked on Tuesday in a splendid steamboat. It was a source of interest to me to feel myself on the sea upon which Paul was shipwrecked; and that fact even reconciled me to the short, sharp, nauseating motion of these waters. What a contrast in our situation! — that noble apostle a prisoner, and suffering cold and want and shipwreck; and I enjoying this balmy climate, surrounded by the most delicious luxuries.

R. F.

Miss Hall continues: —

"JUNE 7. — Having slept on board the boat, in preference to going into the miserable town of Civita Vecchia, we took our departure at five A. M. in company with our countrymen, Messrs. Fuller and Campbell. It is scarcely possible to imagine any thing more dreary

and desolate than the tract of country between the two cities. The distance is forty-seven miles."

What must have been the feeling of that enthusiastic nature at the first sight of the Eternal City and the dome of St. Peter's! Paul, ages before, approached the city on the Appian Way; and, though a prisoner, when he met the brethren "he thanked God, and took courage." No brethren were there to meet Richard Fuller; but no raging Nero stood as a lion in his path. It was a moment of supreme interest. He had his moods of revery and silence, and this was one. Woe to the unwitting intruder at such times! Rev. Dr. Hill, now spending the evening of a long and honored life at the capital, tells of a little episode related to him by Miss Hall herself as to this entrance into Rome. As the diligence entered the city, Mr. Campbell became as communicative as his companion Fuller was silent. "Fuller," he said, as his curiosity was now thoroughly aroused, "what do you think is this place?" — "Oh!" quietly replied the dreamer, "this must be the place of the *cackling of the geese*." The allusion to the saving of the capitol that night from the Gauls saved him, she said, from further questions for a time.

This impatience and bruskness of manner he would himself condemn afterwards, wondering, as he sometimes expressed it, whether Omnipotence itself could save such a sinner as he. He had a strong and righteous repugnance to interruption just before preaching and while in the pulpit. He was present on the occasion of the dedication of the First Baptist Church of Philadelphia, — a noble edifice, built by as noble a band of Christians as ever lived and toiled for Jesus. Just before the hour of the evening service the excellent Newton Brown called. "Tell him," said the preacher to the messenger at the study-door, "if the apostle Paul or my grandmother called, they would have to wait until after service." In the same pulpit, a short time afterwards, the minister with him was giving out a notice as to the

preaching of Dr. Tucker of Georgia, and stated, as a pleasant remembrance to some of the congregation, that he was the grandson of the old pastor, Dr. Holcombe. "Hush!" whispered the doctor in an undertone in the rear. When asked to explain after service, "Pardon me," he replied; "but, really, the notice left me uncertain whether you said Tucker or his grandfather was going to hold forth." *Per contra*, how promptly, at the call of suffering, could he go, on his way to the pulpit, to pray with the old man and the dying girl who sent for him one Sunday in Beaufort!

But let him alone in the pulpit, and do not awaken him from his dreams in the gateway of Rome. The vision, as he afterwards described it in a sermon, was full before him, — the scenes of his early studies; the forum where Cicero pleaded, and Marc Antony roused all Rome into fury over the wounds of Cæsar; the days of the empire, when the lion Nero raged around the circus, when Paul stood before him on the mosaic pavement at that first and second trial, when all, even the brethren, had fled, but when the Lord stood with him, and strengthened him.

Our next entry places him at Naples.

"JUNE 22, 1836. — The Neapolitans seem to have a dialect peculiar to themselves, so different from the pure Italian spoken at Rome, that Mr. Fuller — who reads and speaks the language, and could understand perfectly the conversation in the streets of Rome — can scarcely comprehend a word here."

The rich engravings of Naples that he brought back with him show the impressions he received from that enchanting scenery, — the beautiful bay, so like the river-front in Beaufort when the tide was up; the groups of fishermen and *lazzaroni;* the smoking mountain, where the elder Pliny perished by a too rash and curious approach, watching grimly over the ashes of the buried cities at its base; the neighboring grotto, — the fabled *descensus Averno*, or mouth of hell.

As there are no railroads yet, they return by diligence to Rome.

"JUNE 23, 1836. — This morning, at an early hour, we bade adieu to Naples, and took the first steps in our homeward journey. On entering the carriage we found a fellow-passenger in the garb of a monk. His dress bespoke him of the order of St. Francis. His appearance, without hat or stockings, was far from prepossessing; but our gentlemen found him exceedingly shrewd and well-educated. He had travelled in Greece, Turkey, Egypt, and Palestine, spoke French with the elegance of a Parisian, and was familiar with ancient and modern Greek, Latin, Spanish, and Arabic. We lamented the delusion, as we must consider it, that could lead such a man to shut himself up and lead a comparatively useless life, when he had it in his power to contribute so much to the welfare and happiness of society. It was a subject of regret with our party that our clerical friend Mr. Fuller was not sufficiently familiar with French or Italian to enter into a religious discussion with the Franciscan. From the character and attainments of the two gentlemen, such a discussion could not have failed to be interesting, whether productive of any good results or not. At one time, speaking of monastic life, Mr. Fuller advised the brother of St. Francis to renounce it, and marry, telling him at the same time he would give him a dispensation for so doing. The monk, with the utmost readiness, replied in Latin that no man could give what he did not possess."

They are once more at the gates of Rome. They approached on this visit by the same Appian Way over which Paul came as a prisoner before Cæsar. What changes since the apostle walked over that road! Instead of the lion Nero, the man with the triple crown; in place of a gorgeous though declining Paganism, the grafting of that apostasy which was predicted as its successor. What a difference between the Christianity of Paul and the Christianity of Rome! between the cross preached by the one as the symbol of suffering and self-denial, and the cross upheld by the other as the sign of a splendid and accommodating ritualism!

Taylor and his brethren had not yet gone to Rome; so that, whatever sympathy literary taste and personal accomplishments may have secured for our traveller, his position was isolated as a Christian, and especially as a Baptist.

In the city of art and artists a man of culture and refined tastes must be at home. In other places, the creations of genius in prose and poetry may be superior; but nowhere on earth are the noble conceptions of thought painted on canvas, and chiselled into the immortality of marble, as here.

"JULY 4, 1836. — Paid a visit to the studio of Signor Cavaleri, one of the most eminent artists of Rome. He is painting a portrait of our friend Mr. Fuller; and, though he has had but two sittings, the likeness is perfect. We saw at his room a fine painting Mr. Fuller had purchased: it is a crucifixion, with the two Marys portrayed on the same canvas. The figure of our Saviour is a copy from the celebrated painting of Guido in the Church of St. Lorenzo."

Both the likeness and the crucifixion are in the parlor at home. The likeness is more florid in complexion, and with a richer profusion of hair on the ample forehead, than the likeness of later years; but it looks as he did when he stood in the shadow of St. Peter's, and measured with his eye the vast height of four hundred and fifty feet from the basement to the ball and cross, — those vast proportions, which are reduced in effect by the perfect harmony and proportion; that magnificent dome, of which another traveller writes, that, "next to the dome of heaven, there is nothing on earth so grand, except the temple of the humble and contrite heart, which exceeds both." Under that dome, before those masterpieces of Angelo and Guido, the heart of Richard Fuller was gathering fresh power and inspiration with which to tell, not of the wonders of art, but of the greater wonders of the cross.

But it was with the eye and heart of a Christian, more than of a mere artist, that he looked at Rome. His was not a mind to take up lightly the popular objections to Romanism. Trained as a lawyer to sift and weigh evidence, he brought to bear upon this subject a disciplined mind and a mature judgment. McIntosh, a young Scotchman of prom-

ise, who spent some time in Rome, and studied the system closely, wrote the following as the result of his observation: —

"The gospel says, 'Unite yourself to Christ, and through him, and him alone, to one another and the Church.' The Romish Church says, 'Unite yourself to me, and through me, and me alone, to Christ.'" — *Life:* MACLEOD.

This transposition, he says, expresses the cardinal error of Rome, and a most pernicious and fatal one. He proceeds to ask whether the chances are not all against the heart and conscience ever finding Christ, in the sense in which this is understood in the Scriptures, by any processes of repentance and faith, when both heart and conscience are once intrenched behind the forms and ordinances of the Church.

Our clerical friend Fuller had reached this conclusion before he left America. The above formula expresses really not only the sharp difference between Rome and the gospel, but the difference between that gospel and every system which places baptism before faith and an intelligent reception of the gospel.

"Signor G." (continues our guide), "one of the most intelligent men in Rome, and himself a Catholic, assured Mr. Fuller that the people did actually and commonly worship the pictures and images with which their churches are filled. He recommended Mr. Fuller to go to a particular church in Rome. It is one of the numerous churches dedicated to the Virgin, and contains a statue of her which has the reputation of working miracles. When Mr. Fuller visited it, he found great numbers of the lowest order of the people praying before this wonder-working image. The arms, neck, and indeed much of the person, were loaded with the different kinds of ornaments she had received from her votaries. In various parts of the building, rifles, daggers, and various descriptions of deadly arms, were suspended. These, Mr. Fuller was informed, were the offerings of brigands, &c., either made in gratitude to the Virgin for the success she had granted them, or to secure her favor in some contemplated villanies."

The best place to study Romanism is, of course, Rome.

In Protestant lands the system must necessarily be modified by its contact with a purer Christianity. Its true features are either disguised, or but partially developed. But at Rome, especially when Fuller visited it, — when its temporal as well as spiritual power was in full blast, — it was Romanism with little or no modification of any of its peculiarities that offered itself for examination. With his keen powers of observation, Fuller made note of all; and the value and use of this study we shall afterwards see.

Another fragment to Mrs. Fuller: —

"We stopped two days at Genoa, and it greatly merits its title of 'La Superbe.' It is a most beautiful city, and a city of palaces. We, of course, visited these, and found them very gorgeous. But the churches and cathedrals here combine all that elegance and sumptuousness and age can contribute. Never was there so magnificent a superstition as that of Rome, and the whole land of Italy is sunk beneath its influence. At Genoa we witnessed the great ceremony of the Corpus Christi procession." — R. F.

Farewell, sunny Italy! Hail, giant Alps, that echo to the steps of the chamois-hunter and the thunder of the avalanche! Fuller loved the mountain as much as the sea. He could climb the rough sides of the one, as well as patrol the deck of a ship in a storm on the other.

"CHAMOUNI, Aug. 10, 1836.

"We were agreeably surprised" (writes Miss Hall, who had been separated from our party) "to find Rev. Mr. Fuller here. He represents the peasants of Switzerland as the happiest people in the world. They told him in Chamouni that nobody died there. 'In fact,' said he, "if people are to be immortal anywhere upon earth, I should expect to find them so in this country.'"

With the feeling of renewed health as he climbed among the glaciers, and mingled with the simple villagers, he felt something like the touch and throb of immortality in his own frame, and spoke with his usual enthusiasm. There was such an exuberance of life in that strong and beautiful spirit,

that neither in Switzerland, nor anywhere else, could any one well associate decay and death with him. Alas, alas! "my father, my father, the chariot of Israel, and the horsemen thereof."

"We consider ourselves" (continues Miss Hall) "singularly fortunate in having been associated, during so large a part of our tour in these classic lands, with these gentlemen, Messrs. Fuller and Campbell. Their enthusiastic love of the fine arts, and the rich stores of classic learning with which their minds are imbued, have rendered them not only interesting, but highly instructive companions. The combination of piety with great intelligence, kindness of heart, and refinement of manner, is too rare not to be highly appreciated when we meet with it."

Under the skies of Italy, and among the mountains and valleys of Switzerland, our traveller had refreshed his mind and recuperated his strength. He turns his face homeward. A strong mind, while it rules abroad among men, is dependent for its tone and strength on the retirement and quiet of home. Six months' absence abroad made him eager now to be at home and among his dear people once more. He is panting for his work, the "one thing" which was the ruling passion in his mind, whether in Beaufort, or under the shadow of the Vatican, — Jesus and him crucified.

"Oct. 30, 1836.

"Our little company, having in a great measure recovered from their sea-sickness, assembled in the large cabin this afternoon, and had religious services conducted by Rev. Dr. Fuller. There is something peculiarly touching in a service of this kind at sea. The prayer which was offered by our excellent friend was peculiarly appropriate and beautiful, and the heart of every one present seemed touched and softened under the hallowing influence of the devotional exercises. Lamartine, writing at sea, says, 'If prayer was not instinctive to man, it is here it would have been invented by beings left alone with their thoughts and weaknesses.' But prayer was not invented: it was born with the first sigh, or rather man was born to pray."

It will be observed here that Miss Hall notices especiall

the prayers of Dr. Fuller. We have heard from him addresses of peculiar adaptedness to the place and company on the deck of a ship. But the mood of his mind was often, under these circumstances, so much in sympathy with the wild grandeur of the scene, that it would naturally find expression more in prayer to God than in preaching to men. Men talk of his wonderful sermons: his prayers were just as remarkable for their fulness, their scripturalness of thought, and their tender, childlike simplicity of spirit.

To relieve the *ennui* of the voyage, they agreed to have a semi-weekly newspaper. After the first issue, it was voted that "The Roscoe Herald" was a respectable periodical, worthy of the extensive patronage it enjoyed. A court of equity, too, was instituted. Cases were conducted, and witnesses examined, with the utmost gravity. Our quondam lawyer was at home, of course, in that court, and, no doubt, figured conspicuously in its proceedings. He believed in playing while out of school, as in hard work while in; and with gleams of humor, and sallies of wit, he must have contributed largely to the enjoyment of the voyage home.

"I was amused" (writes our guide) "with a comment of one of our passengers on the hundred and seventh Psalm. After reading the verse, 'They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wits' end,' he gravely remarked, that he thought 'David must have had a touch of sea-sickness.'

"For twelve or fourteen hours the waves were breaking against the side and over the deck of the ship with a force that made the noble structure tremble from stem to stern."

We have seen Fuller, when a gale was abroad in the forest, stop in his walk to rejoice in the might of the tempest as it swayed the branches like playthings in its grasp. "This is grand," he would say. In a storm at sea, where wind and wave blend in still wilder grandeur, his spirit would catch a deeper inspiration, and rise to still sublimer conceptions of Him who calmly rose from his sleep when the little open ship

in which they were sailing was in peril on the stormy Galilee, and said, "Peace, be still," commanding all into instant repose as the voice of the keeper controls the wild beasts that crouch at his feet.

On the 23d of November the good ship "Roscoe," with her precious cargo, reached the desired haven, the port of New York. In a few days more our traveller is in the bosom of his family and flock in the little seaboard town of Beaufort, S.C.

CHAPTER XIII.

PASTORATE IN BEAUFORT. — NEW CHURCH.

"Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep."

ABOUT this time an incident occurred which marked an epoch in the history of the Beaufort church. Two gentlemen were one day riding by the church, when one of them noticed a depression in the roof of the building. "Do you observe," he said, "that sinking in the roof?" — "Yes," said the other, "and it is a very dangerous thing." At once they rode to the pastor's, and reported the matter. A carpenter, being sent, reported that some supports of the roof were loosened, and that there was a slight swaying of the walls. The Sunday approaching was the communion season, when hundreds of colored people from the country would have crowded the church, and a fearful tragedy may have been the result. "The Lord is thy keeper" is continually illustrated in a thousand ways, and by the eye and observation of a passing rider this danger was averted. No further services were held in that house, — the dear old house where Cook and Brantly and Graham had labored in the Lord; where the evangelist Baker had thundered; where Fuller, the converted lawyer, had stood as a good soldier of Jesus Christ, while in the morning, under the fervid summer sun, he sowed the precious seed, and in the evening, when the sea-breeze was stirring through the aisles, he withheld not his hand, while a sweeter refreshing was coming from the presence of the Lord.

It is a trial to any congregation to leave an old place of worship. Baptists, who contend for the spirituality of the church, should not lay too much stress on these things. Theirs is a different theory from the Puseyites', whom Hugh Miller, in his "Schools and Schoolmasters," playfully terms "cat-christians," in their attachment to places and pews. But, high or low church, Catholic or Protestant, we are all creatures of association; and many an eye moistened, and bosom heaved with regret, when a short time afterwards the old building was taken down.

The congregation had to use for their sabbath as well as week-day services the small Tabernacle, — a wooden house in the centre of the town. Humble but precious roof! How often have the worshippers there been brought to exclaim, "Surely this is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven!" There they have seen heaven opening over the willow-trees, and caught glimpses of the angels ascending and descending over that roof, and beckoning them to a better world.

With his usual energy, Richard Fuller addressed himself to the work of building a new church-edifice. The discouragements were not a few. The people were generally poor. After seeing that they had done what they could, and subscribing liberally himself, he concluded to visit the neighboring cities, and preach, and ask contributions for the work. The following extract from a letter to a friend in Augusta, Ga., will show his trials at this juncture, but, at the same time, his spirit and faith: —

"At first I gave up in despondency; but, after reading Nehemiah through, I preached on the verse, 'The God of heaven, he will prosper us: therefore we his servants will arise and build.' A subscription was opened, and enough raised to encourage us. I shall have, however (oh, humiliating task! yet whatever humbles me does me good), to visit some places, and get more. For this I look to God; and he will prosper me, I know. I bless God I am instructed to cast all my care upon him, and to repose upon his faithfulness with a calm

trust which once I did not know. People generally speak of our first youth as the season of enjoyment. Is it so? I think not. We then expect too much: the consequences are disappointment and chagrin. So, in religion, people speak of our first blessedness; but I find now at my conversion I was a mere child of heated feelings and excitements and impulses all too vagrant. A growth in grace, while it causes love to burn with a deeper and holier glow, gives to our faith more of patient fixedness, and enables us to cope more steadily and cheerfully with the real, earnest trial of life. Work, work, work! In heaven we shall rest, and yet not in indolence. We shall, however, rest from our labors; for our employments shall not fatigue and exhaust, but refresh us. Here, however, as in literature and every thing else, nothing avails but real, energetic, and plodding hard work. A man's character is not determined by what he says, but by what he does; not words, but hard blows in the right place. How much of my life have I not wasted in the indulgence of reveries! The truth is, that tender sensibilities are precious endowments, and nothing noble can be done without them; but unless they be educated and sanctified, unless to them be added the habit of hardy, painstaking labor, we shall (as in other things, so in religion) degenerate into mere dreamers of day-dreams, and builders of castles in the air, and fritter away life in doing nothing, in a muling and mawkish sentimentality."

In the spirit of this letter he girded himself for the work, the double work of Ezra and Nehemiah, — the expounder of the law, and the superintendent of the building. His plan was to visit and preach in different places, and, before dismission, to make a brief statement of the case. In this way he visited, and secured subscriptions in, most of the larger towns of Carolina and Georgia. The work was a little strange to him, and subjected him to some peculiar trials.

"But what a conceited fool am I" (he writes) "to be minding so much the mortification of my feelings! Much that we call delicacy is, I am sure, sinful. Is there any thing to be ashamed of in any work to which my Lord can call me? Much have I suffered, and must still encounter, in my present work; but it is 'a great work,' and I will go in the strength of the Lord God."

In that strength he prosecuted the work with so much spirit and success as to earn the title of "Prince of Beggars,"

as he has since been called "Prince of Preachers." The good people in the places where he visited used to tell of his famous "calf story," — how he would draw tears from the eyes and many dollars from the pockets of the hearers by his pathetic account of a poor widow of the flock in Beaufort, who, in looking over her little property for a contribution, found that a calf some one had given her was the most valuable thing she had, and, selling it, laid the little sum on the altar as her mite.

The building was soon in progress. "So they stregthened their hands for this good work."

He writes, under date May, 1843, to the same friend in Augusta, Ga., —

"So many engagements waiting for me! — pastor, planter, architect, carpenter, mason, stone-cutter, correspondent, listener to the garrulity of the present, reader of and replier to the absurdities of the absent, peace-maker, receiver of duns, &c. To my other occupations I have now added that of establishing a good choir. I mention this, because I must beg Brother B. to exert himself in that matter. He is himself most competent, and your church would be a different place if there were good singers enough sitting together to give a more compact and commanding energy to the music. In Macon it is really execrable. Do ask W. to give himself to this thing in Augusta, and write to K. about it. Binney has done nothing in Savannah so effectually promoting his work as establishing a choir. In most of our churches the music seems especially got up to freeze devotion, and defeat both the praying and preaching.

"I cannot but hope that God means to bless us here. I see some feeling; and when I visit the unconverted, and talk with them (and I mean to do it more than ever), I find them anxious and attentive. But we are in a miserable little house, — in summer an oven. Even the Pope would scarcely put us into another purgatory after two summers' frying here. By fall, however, we shall have our new house done. Meanwhile I trust God will bless us, and vouchsafe me the joy of seeing him so as I have seen him in the sanctuary."

"For the people had a mind to work;" and the work was approaching its completion. Mr. Beaubien, the Frenchman, lived just over the way, and was watching it with in-

terest. With the quick eye of a man of taste, he noticed some defect in the plan of the tower. "I regret that," said he, pointing it out to Mr. Fuller one day. "How much do you regret it?" asked his old lawyer: "what will you give to remedy it?" The change was made, the tower improved, and the Frenchman's interest secured.

While the hammer of the workman was echoing in the building, the efforts of the minister were redoubled in the work of the spiritual temple. In the spring of 1844 a meeting was held in the Tabernacle. The beloved Wyer came from Savannah, and the two went forth into the vineyard. At sunrise an inquiry and prayer meeting was held, in the evening the usual service. Many of the people were still on the plantations; but they heard of the good work, and the growing interest, and the frequent conversions. "The grace of our Lord was exceeding abundant with faith and love which is in Christ Jesus." The spring of the year was also a spring-time and season of refreshing from above. Around and over the willows and elms near the old Tabernacle the angels of God were ascending and descending on ministrations of mercy; and white-robed candidates went down into the water when the tide was up, and the songs of Zion again mingled with the music of the waves.

It was at this time that he wrote out of a full heart: —

MARCH, 1844.

I have resolved this year to visit regularly and frequently, and pray everywhere with the people. I am satisfied more of this is to be done before people will feel a minister. The other morning, as the bell was about to ring for service, two messages came from persons begging me not to go to church before seeing them. I hastened off. The first case was a most ungodly old man. An abscess had suddenly broken, and I found him nearly gone. As I entered, he caught my hand, and said, "It is come at last." I called on his companion to kneel; and, while I cried to God, he held me with the grasp of one imploring help. He died that afternoon. The other case, a young girl whom I had baptized the year before. She had been well, seemingly, the night before; but hemorrhages prostrated her. She could

only whisper; but her last words were (as I spoke to her of heaven), "There I shall be at rest." Scenes like these are needed by me, and I hope these have taught me much. I have no more doubt as to eternal things than if they were forever before my eyes. Yet can I say my "faith is the substance of things hoped for"? How inadequate the every-day influence of these tremendous realities! In the pulpit I feel ever as if all the solemnities of the judgment were at hand. Oh, how difficult to live always under the pressure of that day! Grace, grace! or else our holiest duties would ruin us forever.

Our church is almost done.

R. FULLER.

It was a blessed day when the new house was opened and dedicated to the worship of God, but happier still that they should compass the newly-built altars on the tide of a religious awakening. Unlike the second temple, which was so inferior to the first that those who remembered the old house wept at the contrast, the new church, in this case, was in every respect so superior to the old, that the feeling was one of unmingled joy and congratulation. And none were happier that morning than Miss Harriet and "Aunt Judy." Who knows what feelings were stirring in the Frenchman's heart?

CHAPTER XIV.

WORK AMONG THE COLORED PEOPLE.

"But our captain counts the image of God, nevertheless, his image, cut in ebony, as if done in ivory."

LORD MACAULAY writes, "Two odious things to me are the slave-driver and the negrophile," — the hard task-master, and the fanatic who asks that the millennium should come in a day. Both ignore those laws of gradual elevation and improvement for our race, which, like the slow physical changes on the surface of the planet, constitute plainly the divine order. Nations, like children, have their periods of birth and development. The moral as well as the civil law must therefore, to some extent, be regulated by these conditions of society. It is a scale of necessary accommodation, growing out of the double facts of human imperfection and human progress. What is innocent with a child may be wrong in a man. What may be innocent, and even necessary, in one stage of a nation's progress, may be wrong, and full of peril, in a more advanced period. The internecine wars of the Israelites with the Canaanites, the practice of polygamy at first among the Jews, were matters, which, in an age of comparative rudeness, involved no necessary sin or conscious guilt; while at a more advanced period these things were stamped as criminal both in the law of God and the consciences of men. It is the law of progress and necessary adaptation which explains many of the moral as well as civil regulations of the Bible.

Of all problems in the history of this country, not one was more critical from the beginning than that of the relations and destiny of the colored people. Introduced as slaves by our common ancestors, and multiplying by natural laws to a greater extent at the South, the race was naturally held in bondage in that section, when, from material as well as moral considerations, slavery was abolished at the North. Situated, then, as the Southern people were before the war, there was not only no violation of the moral law in holding their slaves, but, if they had passed some sudden and violent law of emancipation, that would have been an act of immorality, as involving a denial of their proper responsibilities, and as fatal to a future and more permanent elevation of the race. Now that slavery has been abolished forever as the law of the land, the Southern people have not only accepted the fact, but accepted it with cheerfulness. The two sections are not only brought into closer civil and political relations, but the re-action from previous estrangement must bring Christians of every name into greater sympathy with each other, and so prepare the way for future and more glorious triumphs of the cross.

Before the war, the churches at the South, accepting the charge which God had committed to them in the presence of the colored race, addressed themselves to meet it. There were difficulties and peculiar trials in the relations of the races, as there are now perplexities in adjusting the delicate balances between capital and labor; but, with serious Christians at the South, this but increased the sense of their responsibility, and their efforts to meet it.

The Baptist church in Beaufort was made up largely of the colored people. They enjoyed the regular sabbath services in common with the whites, the instructions of a school immediately after the morning service, and a weekly lecture in their own separate meeting-house. Besides these privileges in the town, by employing the best gifts of the colored

members, meetings for prayer and exhortation were kept up in the country, thus insuring some supervision of the scattered membership. Branch churches were formed at convenient stations, and preaching supplied by the pastor or assistant or deacons of the mother-church.

This feature and department of the work at once commended itself to Richard Fuller on his conversion; and, on his ordination as a minister, it became at once with him a matter of very great solicitude. In a letter to a friend on this subject, he said, "I had resolved, when first called to the ministry, to confine my labors wholly to our colored population. I was prevented by the hand of God."

But, though he did not confine his labors to this class, he was abundant in his labors for their welfare. In the pulpit on Sunday, when dense multitudes of them filled the galleries, during the week at their lecture-room, or at the branch churches on St. Helena Island or at Huspa on the main, he was "instant in season and out of season" in preaching the gospel to the poor. "The common people heard Him gladly," because they felt His sympathy, and could understand Him. So the humblest negro had his share of the feast where Richard Fuller presided, as well as the most refined worshipper. Often would the preacher — as he warmed with his subject, and began to draw the gospel net for some final cast and closing appeal — turn directly to the dense masses in the galleries, and, with all the earnestness and affection of his soul, address himself directly to that portion of the audience.

The communion sabbaths, or "quarterly seasons" as they were called, were great days of the feast with the church. The accessions of colored members were generally large on these occasions. In a long procession, headed by one of the colored deacons, they would file in at one aisle, hear a short address from the pastor, receive the hand of fellowship, and then file out by the other aisle to their seats in the galleries. The service was usually concluded with the hymn, —

"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love."

Sung by those thousands, it was a grander effect than any trained band of vocal or instrumental performers could produce. As preacher and people, master and servant, united in the chorus, sweeter than Haydn's "Oratorio of the Creation" rose the Christian hymn of the new creation, where there is "neither Greek nor Jew, . . . Barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free; but Christ is all, and in all."

Jonas Singleton, "Aunt Judy's" son, was an esteemed member of the church. Not many years ago he moved with his aged mother to Augusta, Ga., where he acted as deacon of the Springfield church, and occasionally as a supply for the pulpit. He was a man of more than ordinary ability, and could speak to edification and with effect as his namesake the prophet did at Nineveh. His impressions of Richard Fuller will show the general feeling of his people. Since writing the following note, he has gone to his reward.

AUGUSTA, GA., February, 1877.

Being a citizen of Beaufort, S.C., I knew him as early as 1828. I am sure he was practising law in 1830. He was then a member of the Episcopal Church, and one of the finest gentlemen and most successful lawyers in the State. Between 1830 and 1832 he was converted to the Baptist faith, and united with the Baptist Church. He began immediately to preach the gospel. He preached with great power, and aid of the Holy Spirit. He was one of the best masters in the State, and much loved by his slaves. His capacity was too great for our town, and so we were deprived of him by his being called to Baltimore.

He had united in him the largest proportion of greatness and goodness of any man I ever knew. Were it possible to gain heaven by merit, he would have been among the number; but he has inherited it by mercy. His favorite hymns were from Watts's selection:—

"Salvation, oh the joyful sound!"

and, —

"How can I sink with such a prop
As my eternal God?"

My mother is still living; but her mind is too feeble to express

any thing but her love for him. She is now a hundred and two years old. She sends much love. Respectfully yours,

JONAS SINGLETON.

But the recollection of Richard Fuller, and his work and labor of love, is cherished by multitudes besides "Aunt Judy" and her son. At the close of the war, it was thought advisable that Chief Justice Chase should visit the seaboard of Carolina on a tour of inspection as to the changed relations of the freedmen, and the bearing of the laws on these. The relations between Dr. Fuller and Mr. Chase were of a friendly if not intimate character. An invitation, accordingly, was sent to Dr. Fuller, and accepted, to make the visit to his old home with Mr. Chase. The trip was made in a revenue cutter. The visit to Beaufort and the adjoining island has been so well described by "Agate," the correspondent of "The Cincinnati Gazette," that we quote it, — the portions referring to the old preaching-station on St. Helena, and the second service in Beaufort. As we read the sketch, we hear the refrain of the old communion-hymn coming up again after the silence of years. We see a touching illustration of the essential unity of the race, that He "hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth," in this Christian fellowship between the soul "carved in the Creator's image in ivory" and the soul cut in the same image "in ebony." In the light of a more recent event, it will look, too, like the scene at Bethany, when Mary anointed her Lord with the precious nard, with a kind of blind instinct and presentiment of his approaching end.

"THE 'MEETIN'."

"While our party stood looking about this scene of the past, a white-woolled deacon came, with the politeness, if not the grace, of an old-world master of ceremonies to summon us: 'De people is gathered, sah, and was ready for the suvvices to begin.' It was a natural sensation when the major-generals, the chief justice, and the ladies of

the party, were led through the crowd to the little platform under the live-oaks; but it was when Rev. Dr. Fuller — 'Massa Richard' — made his appearance that the wondering stare brightened, and eyes grew moist, and ancient negresses could be heard vehemently whispering, 'Bress de Lod, bress de Lod!' 'Hebenly Marster!' 'Gra-a-ate King!' No word had been sent of our coming, and it was but within the last half-hour that the old slaves of Dr. Fuller heard that he was to address them. There was no way of estimating the number of those in attendance (he had owned between two and three hundred); but probably half of them were now at Beaufort. Every adult negro in the assemblage, however, seemed to know him.

"The scene was a striking one. In front of us was the old church; behind, the new schoolhouse. Half a dozen superb live-oaks spread their gnarled branches over us, the silvery, pendulous streamers of Spanish moss floating down, and flecking with the sunlight the upturned faces of the great congregation of negroes; while the breezes made mournful music among the leaves, and the mocking-birds sent back a livelier refrain. The little valley between the platform and the church was finally packed with negroes, all standing, and, as the deacon told us, 'eagah fur de Wud.' They clustered, too, about the platform, leaned over the railing behind and at the sides, and spread away in all directions among the carts and wagons that formed a sort of outer line of defences.

"A quaint old African, clad in cotton checks, and bowed with many years of cotton-hoeing, stepped out on the platform where all this party had been seated. Leaning like a patriarch on his cane, and gently swaying his body to and fro over it as if to keep time, he struck up, in a shrill, cracked voice, a curiously monotonous melody, in which, in a moment, the whole congregation were energetically joining. For the first time, I observed what had often been told me (though I had never before realized it), that the languages of these sea-islanders (and I am told, that, to some extent, the same is true of the majority of plantation-hands in South Carolina) is an almost unintelligible *patois*. Listening carefully to the swaying old leader, I found it almost impossible for a time to make out his meaning; and the vocal contortions to which the simplest words seemed to subject him was a study that would have amazed a phonetic lecturer. The words were those of an old song which our soldiers found them singing shortly after the fall of Bay Point: —

'Ma-a-a-assa Fullah a-sittin' on de tree ob life,
Ma-a-a-assa Fullah a-sittin' on de tree ob life:
Roll, Jordan, roll!
Ma-a-a-assa Fullah a-sittin' on de tree ob life:
Roll, Jordan, roll!'

"And so on, with repetitions that promised to be endless. The grateful negroes had cherished the memory of Dr. Fuller, who had abandoned his large legal practice to preach to them, and, long after his departure to the North, had still kept his name green among them by thus associating it with their ideas of heaven. But as freedom came, and no Dr. Fuller with it, they gradually forgot the old benefactor, and substituted the name of the new one. To them, Gen. Saxton was law and order and right. He secured their plantations; he got them rations till they were able to support themselves; he decided disputes, defended privileges, maintained quiet, and was the embodiment of justice; and so it gradually came to pass that 'Gen. Saxby,' as with a ludicrous persistence they still call him, took the place of 'Ma-a-a-assa Fullah' in the song. The presence of the good doctor recalled their old love, and they gave him the first place: but they could not depose their later favorite and greater benefactor; and so, after interminable repetitions, we came to the second stanza: —

'Gen-e-ul Sa-a-axby a-sittin' on de tree ob life,
Gen-e-ul Sa-a-axby a-sittin' on de tree ob life:
Roll, Jordan, roll!
Gen-e-ul Sa-a-axby a-sittin' on de tree ob life:
Roll, Jordan roll!'

"The patriarchal old African, swaying on his cane before the congregation, threw the whole power of his lungs into the harsh tones with which the concluding 'ro-o-o-oll' was given; and then came the great feat of the African reception to the visitors. Wherever we had been, the negroes seemed to know something of Mr. Chase. Their ideas were very vague; but they thought, that, in some way, he was a great large friend of theirs, who had done something or another for them (what they scarcely knew), and was to be held beside 'Linkum' in their esteem. So now, with a droll look of intelligence toward the crowd, and particularly toward a group of open-faced, enthusiastic young fellows, who seemed to be the main dependence for promptly supplying the volume of sound, the antique leader struck out in harsher tones and more indescribably bewildering difficulties of pronunciation than ever, —

'Me-is-ta-ah Che-a-ase a-sittin' on de tree ob life,
Me-is-ta-ah Che-a-ase a-sittin' on de tree ob life:
Roll, Jordan, roll!
Me-is-ta-ah Che-a-ase a-sittin' on de tree ob life:
Roll, Jordan, roll!'

"The chorus was sung with a vehemence that pierced the ears, and swayed the leaflets of the live-oaks above our heads; while

pickaninnies crowed, and their mothers smiled, and there was a general bustle in the crowd, and all fixed beaming eyes — who has not admired the deep, liquid ox-eye of the Southern negro? — upon the embarrassed chief justice, whom they were establishing in all his avoirdupois on the identical limb where Dr. Fuller and Gen. 'Saxby' were already perched.

"THE PLANTER'S ADDRESS.

"When Dr. Fuller came to speak to them, they evidently understood him, and undoubtedly meant to obey his instructions. When, for example, he told them, that, at the North, their enemies were declaring that they would be idle and dissolute, and asked if they were going thus to bring shame upon those who had befriended them, there was an emphasis of response, and an earnestness in the looks men and women gave each other, that spoke both for their understanding and their intentions. 'I know that new machinery will work a little rough,' said the doctor. 'I am not surprised that at first there were some blunders and faults; but it is time you had got over that. If a man who has been shut up for a long time in a dark room is suddenly brought to light, it dazzles his eyes, and he is apt to stumble. Well, then, what will you do? Put him back in the dark again?' — 'No, no!' energetically exclaimed the crowd, with many an earnest shake of the head. 'What then?'

"'Tell him what to do,' suggested some. 'Lead him a little while,' whispered others. '*Give him more light!*' at last exclaimed the doctor; and it was curious to watch the pleased noddings of the woolly heads, the shakings of the turbans, the sensation, exchange of smiles, and other indications that the doctor's solution of the difficulty was thoroughly understood in its application to their own condition.

"Mr. Chase followed in a few words of calm advice as to the necessity of industry, economy, study, and the like. When he added, that, for his own part, he believed, too, that the best way to teach them to swim in the ocean of suffrage was to throw them in, and let them take care of themselves, the emphatic nods and smiles, and cries of 'Yes, yes!' showed that the figure was not thrown away upon them.

"THE PLANTER AMONG HIS SLAVES.

"But there remained a scene that showed how, if not anxious to return to their old masters, they were still sometimes glad to have

their old masters return to them. Dr. Fuller rose to pronounce the benediction, and all reverently bowed their heads, — the proud mothers and hopeful children, likely plantation-hands, gray-headed and gray-bearded patriarchs like one who stood at my elbow, and, black though he was, looked so like the busts we have of Homer, that I could hardly realize him to be merely a 'worn-out negro,' — bowed altogether before God, — the freedmen and the major-generals, the turbaned young women from the plantations, and the flower of Northern schools and society, the woolly-headed urchins who could just remember that they once 'belonged to' somebody, and the Chief Justice of the United States.

"The few words of blessing were soon said; and then came a rush to the stand 'to speak to Massa Richard.' Men and women pressed forward indiscriminately. The good doctor in a moment found both his hands busy, and stood like a patriarchal shepherd amid his flock. They pushed up against him, kissed his hands, passed their fingers over his hair, crowded about, eager to get a word of recognition. 'Sure you 'member me, Massa Rich'd: I'm Tom.' 'Laws, Massa Rich'd, I mind ye when's ye's a little un.' 'Don't ye mind, Massa Rich'd, when I used to gwine out gunnin' wid ye?' 'How's ye been dis long time?' ''Pears like we's never gwine to see 'ou any more; but, bress de Lord! you'm cum.' 'Oh, we's gitting on cum'table like; but ain't 'ou gwine to cum back and preach to us sometimes?' So the string of interrogations and salutations stretched out. 'I haven't liked him much,' said an officer of our cutter, standing near, whose rough and ready oaths had sometimes provoked the rebuke of the doctor; 'but I take back every harsh thought. I'd give all I'm worth, or ever hope to be worth in the world, to be loved by as many people as love him.'

"ANOTHER STRIKING NEGRO-MEETING.

"In the evening there was another immense meeting of negroes in the outskirts of Beaufort. It was again found that no church would hold them, and so God's first temples — it must have been live-oak groves Bryant thought of when he wrote the well-known lines — were again sought. Crowding through the throng that obstructed all the approaches, and ascending the platform, one was struck with the impressiveness of a scene as peculiar as that in the morning on St. Helena, and yet widely differing from it. Great live-oaks again reared their stately pillars of gray, and spread their glorious canopy of green, beside and above the platform; and negroes, old and young, again spread out in a sea of black humanity before us. But for the

rows of carts, and the old meeting-house, and the moss-grown gravestones, that shut in the view on St. Helena, we had here the serried ranks of two full regiments of negroes. Black urchins clambered up into the live-oak boughs above our heads; black girls adjusted their scarfs, and fidgeted about the front of the platform; white-woolled but black-faced old men leaned up against the railing. The mass of the congregation in front were women; and as for the young men, they were clad in blue, and they stood in ranks outside the rest.

"The sermonizing, singing, and speech-making need hardly be described. Given the occasion and the circumstances, and what weary reader of the papers cannot tell, to the very turn of the climax and the polish of the peroration, the nature of the speeches? But it was worthy of note that the orators found the audience to their liking, and on the point of intelligence your popular orator is exacting. 'I have been in the habit of addressing all sorts of people,' said Dr. Fuller, 'but never felt so intensely the inspiration of a deeply-sympathizing audience.' Two or three humorous little sallies were caught with a quickness and zest that showed how understandingly they were following the speaker; and at times the great audience — greater than Cooper Institute could hold — was swaying to and fro, weeping, then laughing, in the agitation of a common passion the orator had evoked. They seemed to know all about the chief justice, and clamored for him, till, as he stood up for a moment, the thunder of the cheers swayed the Spanish moss that hung in pendent streamers above our heads, and made the leaves of the live-oaks quiver as if a gale were blowing through the branches.

"But it was when the 'exercises' were over that the real interest of the occasion was brought out. Not less than a hundred of Dr. Fuller's former slaves were in the audience. The moment the benediction was pronounced, they made a rush for the platform, and the good doctor found his path blocked up at the steps. 'Lod bress ye, Massa Rich'd! was afeard 'ud never see ye ag'in.' 'Don't you know me, Massa Rich'd? I'm aunt Chloe.' 'Pears like ye wan't never comin' no more.'' And all the while a vigorous hand-shaking and hand-kissing went on, and the former master standing on the steps, and looking benevolently down into upturned faces that fairly shone with joy and excitement.

"Presently one of the aunties, whose happiness was altogether too exuberant for words, struck up a wild chant; and in a moment half a hundred voices had joined her. She strode with clasped hands and beaming face, balancing from one foot to the other in a sort of measured dance, sometimes stopping a moment to shout 'Glory!' and

then resuming with yet more enthusiasm; while the former slaves still kept crowding up, feeling the doctor's hair, passing their hands over his shoulders, clustering lingeringly about him, and joining with deep-throated emphasis in the chant. Soon other women had approached the swaying leader. Two or three clasped hands. There was the same animal, half-hysteric excitement, the same intoxication of the affections, which we had witnessed in the morning on St. Helena: while, meantime, a few middle-aged negroes, who gave no other marks of excitement than a perfectly gratified expression of countenance, quietly engaged the doctor in conversation; told him something of their life since they had become freemen, their hardships, and their final prosperity. The women kept up the singing. More and more negroes were joining the circle about the former planter as we pushed through and left them to themselves. Long lines of soldiers were marching away, their glistening bayonets setting the red rays of the sinking sun to flickering in grotesque lights and shades over the shouting and dancing slaves. On the outskirts stood a group of interested spectators, — officers, traders, agents of different departments of the government. A few ladies wonderingly looked on. The breeze was fluttering the flags over the platform; and the slaves were still singing, and kissing their former master's hand. It was our last sight of Beaufort."

CHAPTER XV.

SCHOOL OF THE PROPHETS.

"And the sons of the prophets that were at Bethel came forth to Elisha."
2 KINGS, II. 3.

AN earnest life is fruitful in influence, as a ship in rapid motion will not only send forth waves on either side, but cause them to rise, and follow swiftly behind. The life of Richard Fuller was productive of other results besides the winning of souls to Christ and the direct building-up of the Church. He soon found himself surrounded by a number of young men anxious to devote themselves to the ministry.

Thomas Hopkins, a young lawyer of strong character, and decidedly sceptical views before his conversion; Marion Sams, a young man of fine talents, and in easy circumstances; A. D. Cohen, a converted Israelite, of good address, and full of zeal; R. W. Fuller, a son of Dr. Thomas Fuller, who, after his graduation at Princeton, had been led to Christ on the occasion of his brother Middleton's death, when he laid his rare gifts at the Saviour's feet; another, also a nephew of the Beaufort pastor, — these constituted this school of the prophets.

Most, if not all, of these young men had recently graduated at some classical school or college. By a course of theological study under the direction of the pastor, they concluded to prepare for the work of the ministry. Said the pastor to one of them, "I will send you, if you wish, at my

expense, to some seminary." — "No," replied the young man: "I can study with you here." It would have saved a great deal of hard intellectual sweating in subsequent years if these students had availed themselves of the systematic training of some good seminary. But, if any one man was able to supply the place of many professors, it was the pastor of the Beaufort church. He had an excellent library; was himself a hard student; while in his preaching, and pastoral work, he was giving the best practical illustration of all. He made out a list of standard works on theology, which the young men added to their stock from time to time.

Taking them into his study, he explained to them the nature and use of their weapons. He showed them his own method, at that time, of preparing his sermons. "This," he said, "is the result of close study as to the best way of presenting truth." After a prayerful and thorough study of the text, the sermon was written in a condensed way on two sheets of paper divided into four columns. It was, no doubt, a suggestion and improvement of the lawyer's brief. It had the advantage of a written discourse, without the disadvantage of close reading from a manuscript. Most of the young men adopted this plan of preparing their sermons at first, but either modified it or dispensed with it afterwards, as circumstances and individual peculiarities demanded the change. Dr. Fuller himself, in the latter period of his ministry, dispensed with his notes altogether in the pulpit.

Soon it was arranged for the young men to lead the prayer-meetings, and then to preach alternately on Sunday afternoon, — the time of the second service. Of all the patient hearers of these fledgling preachers, there was not one more patient and considerate than the great preacher himself. His criticisms were as kind as they were wise and faithful. If he laughed, as he sometimes would, at some

extravagance of matter or manner, and there was a little wincing for a moment, it was a lasting benefit. The relation formed the basis of a life-long sympathy and friendship.

Rev. Mr. Hopkins went to Texas, where he died soon afterwards. Rev. Mr. Sams, on account of delicate health, was obliged to desist from regular preaching. He gave himself to the work of education, and became a successful and popular teacher. Rev. A. D. Cohen is a beloved pastor in North Carolina. Rev. R. W. Fuller was called to succeed his uncle in the Beaufort church on the departure of the latter to Baltimore. On account of delicate health he was soon compelled to stop all public speaking, and retire from a church which had learned to love the nephew almost as much as the uncle. For a short time he was pastor of the First Baptist Church in Atlanta, Ga.; but, his health again failing, he has since given himself to the noble cause of pleading for the orphans in Georgia, and, later still, to an agency in behalf of Mercer University. In originality of thought, unction of spirit, and pathetic tenderness of appeal, his sermons will not suffer by comparison with his uncle's. As evidence of his discrimination of character, and powers of description, as well as the expression of a natural and strong affection, we will introduce a part of the sketch (lately published in "The Index)," of one whom he very tenderly loved: —

"It must be admitted that he had many natural advantages as a pulpit orator. His personal appearance was commanding. In figure he was tall and graceful. His face, though far from being handsome, was capable of expressing with exquisite precision each varying shade of emotion; and his voice possessed both compass and melody. These bodily gifts were assiduously cultivated by him. He well knew, that, for the most effective speaking, there should be a sound mind in a *sound body;* and no article of food, no insnaring but injurious luxury, could tempt him to impair the organs of that frame which he had consecrated to the service of Jesus. His *intellectual powers,* too, were admirably adapted to the pulpit. His mind was

not metaphysical; and, though logical, he had little relish for close and continuous argumentation. He saw with intuitive distinctness and vividness the results to which trains of reasoning would lead; and, seizing upon these results, he would present them with a clearness of statement and a force of delivery which seldom failed to convince the minds of his hearers.

"It was, however, in his powers of imagination and pathos that his great strength lay. Many who have heard him can remember how he has held immense audiences entranced, unconscious of time or place, trembling or weeping, at the will of the enchanter.

"Another cause of his pulpit efficiency, which, though secondary, should not be overlooked, was his cheerfulness of disposition. A minister's work, though the reverse of being gloomy, is a serious work. In his study, in his pulpit, in his visits to the sick, the dying, and the bereaved, his occupation calls into play *only* the serious and oftentimes the saddest emotions of the heart. If these feelings were indulged at the expense of all others, then those lighter qualities of mind and heart, which were designed by God to relieve the weariness resulting from severe labor, would perish through disuse; and the higher powers of the mind, and the profounder emotions of the heart, kept continually upon the stretch, would lose their freshness and vigor from the want of necessary relaxation. Hence we find that the most eminent and successful preachers were remarkable for their cheerfulness in private life. This is true of Whitefield, Dr. Chalmers, and Robert Hall. Like these men, to whom he was akin in genius, Dr. Fuller possessed a rich vein of humor; and in his home, when the labors of the day were over, his entrance into the family-circle was hailed as the incoming of sunshine. The sparkle of his wit, the overflowing fun of his descriptions, the quickness of his repartee, and the contagion of his laugh, were irresistible. No one who ever enjoyed an evening at his house can forget the brilliant and humorous sayings that seemed to come so easily and freshly to his lips. This was the unbending of the strong bow in preparation for more vigorous work.

"Without work there can be no success, and to the close of his life Dr. Fuller was a laborious student. Though the natural powers of his mind were great, he never depended upon their unassisted strength. Whatever he had to do, — whether a sermon was to be preached, or a short address delivered, — it was done with careful preparation. In preparing for the sabbath, he usually selected his text on the Sunday or Monday previous; and to the study of this text the morning of each day was entirely devoted. One who

entered his study at this time of day would have seen a number of books scattered on the floor, or lying open on the table, and enclosing a sheet of foolscap paper, covered with the most singular hieroglyphics, among which a real letter might here and there be discovered, amid scratches and curves, and figures shaped like partially-inflated balloons. This is the sermon for the coming sabbath growing into full maturity. If the visitor should enter, this is what he would see. What he might hear, I do not know. A proper degree of prudence would suggest a postponement of the visit to a later hour; for now the lion is intent upon his prey. So absorbed was Dr. Fuller in his studies during the morning, that he was often unconscious of the apparent rudeness with which he would sometimes repel any interruption of his work. Had the visitor thus repelled selected a more auspicious moment for his call, he would scarcely have recognized the annoyed student in the courteous, gentle, large-hearted Christian who seemed to feel for every fellow-man as a brother. This we do not offer as an excuse. Still it is to be remembered that the preacher whose hours of study have been made empty by the gossip of visitors will, on the sabbath, become only a sounding-board for that emptiness in the pulpit. This is not desirable; and Dr. Fuller was at least right in allowing nothing but cases of urgent necessity to interfere with his hours of preparation.

"To this careful preparation he owed much of his success; but the power which was chiefly felt in his preaching was the result of devotional habits. He seemed to live in the presence of Jesus. Every hour and place was to him an hour and place of prayer. Early in the morning he would retire from all company to be alone with God. I have heard him say that he entered into no work, and engaged in no recreation, without prayer. Though by nature he was eminently social, still his love for 'communion with the skies' led to a life of comparative isolation from his fellow-men. 'None but Jesus' was the motto and guiding principle of his life; 'none but Jesus' was the theme of his ministry; 'none but Jesus' were the words engraved in letters of love upon his great heart. Under the influence of this devotion, his utterances from the pulpit were marked by a living freshness of thought and an overflowing tenderness of holy love. Every listener felt that there was a singular, a mysterious magic in the words of the speaker. The coldest heart would glow under the inspiring warmth; eyes long unused to weeping would become dim with tears; and, in the solemnity of the hushed assembly, one could almost seem to hear the still small voice, saying, 'By my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts.' As we write, the tones of th

holy eloquence come back to memory as in days long since gone. Once again we are sitting in the little church beside which the dear ashes of our dead repose; around, there are faces familiar to us from childhood, there are loved and venerable forms knit to us by ties of close relationship: but among them all who so loved, who so revered, as he whose voice of guidance and of cheer is giving a new impulse, a fresh ardor, a holier longing, to each worshipper hanging upon his lips? How we all loved him!"

Another nephew of the pastor was in this school, — a school where the faithfulness of the teacher was blended with a familiar and affectionate intercourse. In the morning walk, the evening ride, the familiar talk in the study, the weekly gatherings in the church or the old Tabernacle, this intercourse was kept up through the happy years.

The first public address that one of these young men made after joining the church was naturally an embarrassing affair. In that crowd in the old Tabernacle were the faces of relatives, and not a few of those who had been playmates at school. It was a trying thing for a young man to speak for the first time, without notes, to such an audience, about personal religion. He essayed, however, to talk about the dealings of God, and the facts of his recent conversion, when, in that very room, he had been brought to bow in prayer, and in the adjoining yard had seen, or thought that he had seen, the angels of God ascending and descending among the elms and willows.

Years afterwards, in a conversation with Dr. Fuller, the speaker referred to that occasion, and asked him if he remembered it, and the embarrassment and confusion of that address. "The occasion," said Dr. Fuller, "I remember perfectly well. As to the confusion and the address, you never preached any thing as good since." A few broken sentences coming from the heart were better always, in his judgment, than any mere studied, elaborate effort.

Dashing along the river's bank one summer evening on horseback, we held up at a convenient place for a bath. As

we came out, and with difficulty got the sand off that was clinging to our feet, "Never before," said the doctor, "have I seen, as now, the meaning of the Saviour: 'He that is washed needeth not save to wash his feet, but is clean every whit.'" In a ride or walk, as much frequently could be learned from these apt observations and brilliant sallies as from the more formal and extended counsels of the study, pulpit, and lecture-room.

And so, as the years wore on, this school came to its close, as the old, every-day school reached the evening limit.

> And now, through the tears that like blinding rain
> Wrap the years that have crowded by,
> The form of the prophet is seen again,
> And the flash of the eagle-eye:
> Like the century-plant, in a hundred years
> But once, I ween, such a soul appears.

CHAPTER XVI.

EVANGELISM.

"That I might by all means save some." — PAUL.

THERE is uniformity in nature; but it is not a dead uniformity. The tides ebb and flow with perfect regularity; but, by well-understood laws, they are subject to occasional checks or acceleration in the phenomena of neap or spring tides. So with the means of grace in the gospel. The regular preaching of the Word by men called and qualified by the Spirit is the ordinance of God for the salvation of men. But superadded to this is the occasional movement of the Spirit in the use of more extraordinary means; and this is the work of the evangelist. Paul was an evangelist. Luther was a lion-hearted minister of this type. Whitefield was a captain of the Lord's hosts in this line of action. Daniel Baker was a prophet in the same school. It is a calling that demands peculiar gifts outside of the usual equipment of the minister, — tact, self-possession, courage, sympathy, and physical endowments, which belong only to a few.

Richard Fuller was nearly as well fitted for this work as for that of the pastor. This was especially true of him in the earlier portion of his ministry, when his enthusiasm was fresh, and his physical powers in their prime. The work of every pastor is a protracted effort the year round. But it was a theory of Dr. Fuller's that these occasional additional services were important, if not essential, to the well-being of every church.

Of the work in Beaufort, where he was aided by men like Wyer (who baptized him) and the sainted Binney, enough has been said. We speak now of his labors in other fields.

Holcombe, the first Baptist pastor in Savannah, and Judge Clay on his conversion, labored on the adjoining islands, and, as we have seen, in Beaufort. The bread cast on the waters floated back to them. Soon after his ordination, Richard Fuller visited Savannah; and his preaching at once awakened general interest. This was when the beloved Wyer and Binney were pastors in that city. Just before he sailed from New York on his last voyage, Dr. Binney was on a brief visit to Washington, D.C. Looking wistfully at a picture of his old friend and colleague, Richard Fuller, in the parlor of a friend's house, he turned off, saying, "I, too, am near the end of my work;" and with his own sweet, peculiar smile, added, "and I am glad of it." It was the instinct of the traveller in sight of home. Soon afterwards he embarked for Burmah, but died on the voyage out, and was buried in the Indian Ocean: —

> Where the wild monsoon thunders o'er the deep,
> The Karen teacher and another sleep,
> Who in the Burman jungle felt the smart
> Of wounds for Christ, — he of the lion-heart, —
> Both resting now beneath the Indian wave,
> Where God with gleaming pearls has marked their grave.

A short time before sailing for Burmah, Dr. Binney wrote the following letter: —

PHILADELPHIA, May, 1877.

Dr. Fuller was accustomed to visit Savannah once a year, and usually remained about two weeks. These visits were always anticipated with much pleasure, not only by our own people, but by the citizens generally. The deacons and leading members, and the Rev. Mr. Wyer, for ten years the pastor of the church, before I went to Savannah, were in entire sympathy with Dr. Fuller, and gave him their hearty co-operation. In the other congregations, especially

among the Episcopalians and Presbyterians, he had as warm friends and as interested hearers as in our own denomination; and they were always of the higher class of the community. His sermons were eminently faithful to all classes; but my recollection is, that his greatest efforts were addressed to the unconverted. I often felt, that if his hearers did not go home with increased confidence in the divinity of the Bible, and more solicitude about their own souls, it was not because the subjects had not been clearly and forcibly presented. His sermons were addressed to both the reason and the emotions of men. If there was any fault in them, it was that they were too much crowded with thought. To himself the subject seemed incomplete without this; but the capacities of few men could carry with them the amount of thought, all of the greatest concern, which was given in every sermon he preached.

During the discourse, every eye was upon him; and the house, ninety by sixty feet, completely filled below and in the galleries, was so quiet, that the least noise would have been a serious disturbance. By the rules of the church, one gallery was always reserved for the colored people; and, when Dr. Fuller preached, it was well filled by the better class of their preachers and church-members. His texts were chosen, as his sermons were prepared and delivered, to produce the most and the best effect, and to secure that effect with the least delay. It will be a sad event if any of his hearers meet him in the other world without being better prepared for heaven by these efforts. As a pastor, I felt that he not only faithfully sought the conversion and spiritual good of the people, but his visits to Savannah aided me in elevating the position of our denomination in the city. The pastor could always preach easier and more effectively after one of his visits. In our Georgia Convention, which he often visited, he was a strong and good man; and men felt stronger and better from their intercourse with him. He was, I think, in the Baptist denomination, what his cousin, Bishop Elliott, was in the Episcopal denomination; and that is saying much for any man. My own relation to him was eminently satisfactory to myself; and I had reason to feel, from his uniform manner, that the feeling was truly reciprocated on his part.

Affectionately yours,

J. G. Binney.

Bishop Elliott, whose name occurs in this letter, followed Richard Fuller, it will be remembered, in the practice of law in Beaufort. He soon followed him in the ministry, though in another branch of the church. He was the son of the

distinguished botanist, Stephen Elliott, and one of the most gifted and beloved prelates the Episcopal Church ever had in this country. Such was his popularity in Augusta, Ga., that some of his admirers, who loved music as well, would say, in expectation of the annual visit, "We are glad of two things, — the bishop is coming, and the opera." In their deprecation of an undue strictness, there is danger, in some churches, of falling into the other extreme described in that scripture, "If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him." In a letter from Savannah in 1869, Dr. Fuller thus alludes to this distinguished man: —

"We were relatives, fellow-students at Harvard, and intimately united at the bar. When first elected a prelate, he over and over, in conversation with us and from the pulpit, scouted the figments of apostolical succession and of sacramental gifts and graces. But 'ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute;' and he soon became, with all his admirable attributes, as priestly, as canonical, and exclusive, as the highest Churchman could desire.

"'Your cousin the bishop I see every night in the Baptist church when you preach. But wait a little. It cannot last.' So said the venerable Dr. Preston, the Independent pastor; and we had not long to wait before he gave up to a sect learning, refinement, eloquence, zeal, piety, which ought to have been used for the catholic interests of Jesus. We mourned over him then; we mourn over him now; for he was greatly endeared to us."

Another honored name and household word in Savannah was that of the Rev. Henry O. Wyer, a man of devoted spirit and remarkable eloquence. In the communication quoted above, Dr. Fuller writes of him, —

"We acquiesce in a great deal of what is said about the idiosyncrasies of nations and states; but, after all, one touch of the love of Jesus makes all men kin. He to whom we refer was a native of Massachusetts; yet where in our own sunny clime was ever found a sunnier spirit? Where, among our most impassioned orators, was ever heard a more glowing herald of the cross? We enjoyed the closest intimacy with our brother. He was the pastor in Savannah; we, in Beaufort. We were thus near each other; often visited each

other; and at times, in our churches, or ranging the country, it was our delight and refreshment to obey that Wisdom which sent the seventy forth 'two by two.' Blessed were those days and those nights."

Savannah, — city of beautiful groves fragrant with the myrtle and orange! — thunderbolt, whose splendid oaks, draped with tendent moss, form a kind of druidical temple! but more beautiful than the natural scenery were the trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, abounding in the peaceable fruits of righteousness; sweeter than the sea-breeze in the orange and myrtle groves were the gales of "refreshing from the presence of the Lord" in that work of the Spirit.

Next to Savannah, the seaport of Georgia, ranks in population and wealth the beautiful city of Augusta. About half way up the Savannah River, at the head of navigation on the west bank of the river, with streets parallel and at right angles to the stream, and shaded by continuous rows of elms and sycamores, it is one of the most attractive places in the State. The population is from fifteen thousand to twenty thousand; and with several lines of railroad meeting here, and one or more important factories in the neighborhood, it is a business-centre of considerable importance.

The minister whose labors were blessed to the establishment of the Baptist Church in this place was the elder Brantly. While teaching in the academy, he began preaching every Sunday. Soon the nucleus of a church was gathered, and the present building erected, as much through the contributions of friends in other denominations as by the Baptists themselves. At the time of which we speak, the pulpit of this dear church was filled by the son of the first pastor, the Rev. Dr. Brantly, now of Baltimore. The intimacy between Richard Fuller and the father was perpetuated between him and the son; and with this co-worker in Augusta, as with Wyer and Binney in Savannah, Richard Fuller was often associated in evangelical work.

About this time, Dr. Stiles, the able Presbyterian, — converted, like Dr. Fuller, from the law to the gospel, — was preaching with great power in the State. The remark was made in Augusta by a friend of the two, that, after the excitement of a meeting held by Stiles, Fuller was the only man who could not only re-awaken, but deepen, the interest. On the occasion of Dr. Fuller's visit in 1841 the church was thronged night after night to hear the Word from his lips. The only way to secure a good seat was to go early in the afternoon. For miles the people would throng from the country; and, when no room could be found in the pews and aisles, they sat in the windows, anywhere, to catch the words that came fresh and burning, like live coals from off God's altar, from the lips of the preacher. At the invitation at the close of the service to kneel in prayer, it was no unusual sight to see the whole congregation bowed at the mercy-seat.

Dr. Fuller, at this time, was in the prime of his intellectual and physical powers, while his spiritual life was daily gathering strength. His preaching at this time, in power of thought and effectiveness of delivery, was, perhaps, equal to any of his efforts before or since. His plan then was that which he recommended to the young men in Beaufort, — to use full and thoroughly-prepared notes, which were placed in the Bible before him. He dispensed with these notes afterwards. But these were secondary matters. It was the spirit, and not the letter, the faith and earnestness and fire and melting pathos, which won the day, or ruled the night, as the multitudes trembled or wept under those appeals.

Some opposition was, of course, developed, as will always be the case in any work of the kind. "A great door and effectual is opened unto me, and there are many adversaries." One excited individual sent word to the preacher, that, if he attempted to visit or baptize any of his house, he would shoot him. "Tell him," calmly replied our preacher, "fire

away." The lady was baptized, and no firing was done. "The wrath of man shall praise Thee." The Earl of Morton remarked, as he stood over the remains of John Knox, "There lies he who never feared the face of man." Richard Fuller was a man of this stamp. On a visit to Washington, D.C., he was once asked, "What if the President and his cabinet were to come to hear you to-night?"—"I would only endeavor," he promptly replied, "to speak more plainly."

But, if there was a degree of opposition, there was an open door and an abundant blessing. Among the trophies of these and other meetings were some of the best people in the town. Nor was the work limited to the Baptist Church. To this day, some of the most devoted members of the other churches in the place attribute their conversion to those appeals of the Beaufort pastor. As in Beaufort, so in Augusta, the river was the natural baptistery. One sweet sabbath morning, about sunrise, some fifty rejoicing souls went down into the Savannah, and were buried with Christ by baptism. And this was but one of many similar occasions.

Dr. Turpin, a deacon of the church, — one of those faithful stewards of Jesus who love to give of their abundance, and who arrange their contributions without waiting for the appeals of agents, — his heart overflowing with gratitude at the results of the meeting, which had been blessed to his own house, pressed a handsome sum on the servant of Christ at the conclusion of the meeting. "No," said the minister, who was determined that no man should stop him of this boasting in those regions: "give this to the poor, and let me have some book as a souvenir of our friendship." A handsome volume on the centre-table in the parlor in Beaufort bore the honored names of these two servants of Jesus, — "Richard Fuller, from W. H. Turpin."

A still more interesting souvenir of this meeting is the following communication from the esteemed Dr. Rambaut of Brooklyn, N.Y.: —

514 Clinton Street, Brooklyn, N.Y.,
Dec. 5, 1876.

My dear Brother, — I first heard Dr. Fuller preach in the Baptist church, Augusta, Ga. I was at the time conducting the Beach-Island Academy, South Carolina (seven miles distant), and reading law under counsel of Hon. R. M. Charlton of Savannah, Ga. Hearing of Dr. Fuller's eloquence, I went to hear him through curiosity. His first sermon was from Eccles. xi. 9. The exordium was very beautiful; the argument very plain, although fervent; showing, that however satisfied a man might be with opinions on religion, home-education, church relations, habits, or interests, yet, if the soul had not come into life in Christ as the deliverer from judgment, he would find himself lost at the judgment. I have often thought since, "How was it that all I heard speak of that sermon seemed to think it a failure, while it reached *my* conscience?" Recalling it at this date, I attribute its power in my case to its fitness to meet the needs of an Episcopalian, who is generally resting on those accidents of religion rather than on Christ. I am strengthened in this opinion from the fact that there were several of that persuasion who were interested at that time. The next sermon I heard from him was on the crucifixion of Christ. But, meanwhile, I had embraced Christ by faith. His sermon confirmed my assurance by leading me to realize that the cross is a fountain to which we may ever go for the refreshing of our souls.

A few days after my conversion I was baptized by Dr. Brantly, now of Baltimore. On the following Wednesday I conducted the lecture during the pastor's absence, and thence proceeded to preach every Sunday. After a while, I was so often called upon to attend and preach at protracted meetings, that I was licensed in June, 1842.

By the way, I never preached among the Episcopalians. My parents died in my childhood, and my relatives educated me with the design of advancing me in the church through the patronage of our family. I did not care to be a preacher then. From Dr. Fuller I learned Christ, and then to preach became my highest ambition.

Your friend and brother,

Thomas Rambaut.

The following letters, written to a lady and her husband who had joined the Baptist church in Augusta during this meeting, show the permanent interest, and still more the growing spiritual character, of the writer: —

BEAUFORT, S.C., April 12, 1841.

MY DEAR MADAM, — If I have not sooner complied with your kind request, it has been because I wished to wait till after your baptism. I need not tell you that I shall ever feel a deep interest in your husband and self and children. His course was that of a man. The apostle says, "Quit you like men." I beg my dear brother to realize that this will demand firmness, and to show that he can and will be on the Lord's side in the face of a thousand worlds. "Add to your faith virtue." The word "virtue" here means courage. He will find this courage daily necessary. But I have no fear of him. Remember, both of you, the admonition of Jesus: "In me ye shall have peace; in the world ye shall have tribulation." Be, then, happy by abiding in Jesus. I trust you have reared a family-altar, and that your husband prays with you and your children night and morning. The first time I tried this I could not say three words. I burst into tears, and only said, "Lord, bless me, and help my family." He may at first hesitate; but I beg him just to get down to think of Jesus and his wife and children, and he will soon find it easy and sweet to speak to the Lord, and implore his blessing and guidance for the future, and thank him for the past. The stand we take at the outset of our religious life is of the last importance. In religion, the only course which is easy and safe is a decided one. A middle flight seems, at first, safest, and most easily maintained; but it is a mistake. The attractions of earth will insensibly draw us down. High flying is safe flying. The world does not reach us, and the influence of the upper world and invisible things supports and cheers and elevates the soul.

You seemed to intimate that there was something peculiar in your case. I think you had better dismiss the thought. The apostle says, "Think not as though some strange thing happened unto you." We all know our own experiences, and not those of others. But in heaven we shall find that the people of God were all led by the same love and wisdom; and though it was by a way they knew not, yet it was "a right way."

I wish your piety to be cheerful, and it will be so if you only act it out at all times. I do not believe we would be annoyed and cast down by doubts if we made our piety a principle, and lived under its control. Your sex are oftener nervous than ours; and, when this is the case, Satan is very busy, and darkness will creep on the soul. And often there is required a strong exertion of good sense to say, "This is ill health: it is not a want of religion, but of exercise; and I will go and walk it off. These feelings will disappear to-morrow." I have

known such cases where the persons were almost in despair; and I have told them to take exercise every day, and, above all, to find out some way of doing actively something for the Lord; and they have, after a while, been happy, and laughed at their previous gloom. A woman's piety, like her life, is domestic; and, while it is sheltered from those assaults which a man has to encounter in the world, it is on this very account apt to want vigor and sturdiness.

Realize that you are Christ's. Ask in all things, "What is my duty to him?" Recollect that the time is short, and act as one who is going to heaven. Keep your eye upon Jesus. "Let us run with patience the race set before us, looking unto Jesus." There is a course to be maintained, and it is the one "set before us." Let us never think, that, under other circumstances, we would serve God better. The way to be safe and happy is to realize that Providence has assigned us our course, — our trials, our duties, and our difficulties, — and that these are exactly the process of discipline and education which we require, and which will best train us for heaven. But, if we would succeed, we must look ever to Jesus. Looking to him, and remembering all his love and all his tenderness and compassion, will infuse into our hearts peace and joy under every circumstance. All is summed up in one word, "Abide in Jesus."

My affectionate remembrances to your husband and children. Grace be with you.

Your affectionate friend and brother,

R. FULLER.

The next letter is to the husband of the lady addressed in the last: —

BEAUFORT, Oct. 7, 1842.

MY DEAR M——, — I write you from a chamber to which I have been confined for a week, suffering day and night extreme pain. Exposure and excessive preaching brought on an inflammatory fever. I am now enjoying the luxury of a blister. What blessings are pain and sickness to such creatures as we are! Meditating on my life in this room, how short does it appear! and how utterly worthless every hope but that fixed on the merits of Jesus! Is it not strange that beings having such prospects as ours can for a moment care about such a world, and be fascinated by its lying vanities? What attractions can such unreal objects have for him who knows that his treasure is in heaven by the consciousness that his heart is there? I have been trying to improve my sufferings by reading "The Lives of the Martyrs." What did they not endure! and how degenerate my piety,

which cannot lift me above all sense of a little physical torture! Yet "My grace is sufficient for thee;" and better far to derive lessons of patience from our affliction than to be endowed with a faith which elevates the soul above suffering. Their torments were for the benefit of others, therefore they could exult over them; ours for our own sanctification, and this can only be secured by our being left to know their sharpness and bitterness. Nor do I question but the same grace which armed their souls would, under like trials, enable the feeblest of God's children to climb with holy joy the flaming mount of sacrifice. How are you getting on? Let me entreat you, as I have often done, to surmount your scruples and pleas, and take in the church the place which your talents, and station in society, demand. Rest assured, my brother, that, for you as for me, a middle course will never do. You know that my religion has in it nothing gloomy. But if you would be happy in life, and fortified against all those temptations which come to all, if you would have the peace of God reigning in your bosom, there is but one line of conduct to be pursued. We must enter into that noble declaration, "None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself. For whether we live, we live unto the Lord; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord." How few of us daily live under the severe but sublime admonition of that truth! As to most, what is religion but a cunning form of selfism? But of you I expect far different things. I know you love Jesus, and feel the soft but powerful constraints of his love. Yield to these constraints, and let the earnest importunity of your heart and hand be, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"

"We want joy," we say. But God gives joy only as "strength." If I am idle, why should he give me strength? I am satisfied of one thing: the only happy course is one of unwearied industry for Christ Jesus. While thus employed, my days and nights are all serene, my temper cheerful, my hope without a cloud. I rejoice that the universe contains such a God. How rich is creation in such a treasure! How happy he who has such a portion!

I long to see you all, and to rejoice "beholding your order, and the steadfastness of your faith in Christ."

Your affectionate friend and brother,

R. FULLER.

Charleston, the chief city and commercial mart of the Palmetto State, is distant from Augusta a hundred and thirty-six miles. The First Baptist Church of Charleston is one of the oldest church-organizations in the country, founded about

the middle of the seventeenth century. The Episcopal Church was and still is the dominant religious sect; the bells of St. Michael's sounding the keynote for generations. The prejudices in the mother-country against dissenters were brought over to the colony, and, like some exotics, strengthened by the change. Still, under the ministry of Scriven and Hart, the wise Furman, and those honored names which are tenderly and reverently remembered in the "City by the Sea," — Manly and Brantly, — these prejudices were in a measure removed, and the Baptist denomination placed on a firm and respectable footing. With the two last-named ministers, as with Wyer and Binney in Savannah, the labors of Richard Fuller were frequent and abundant.

In the spring of 1846 Dr. Fuller and Rev. Mr. Wyer visited Charleston to hold a meeting with the two churches, — the old First, and its daughter, the dear Wentworth-street. The First Church was then under the pastoral care of the excellent Crawford. Dr. Curtis, one of the best Bible expositors in the land, had recently resigned the pastorate of the Second Church. The meetings were conducted by Dr. Fuller and Mr. Wyer, with the advice of Dr. Crawford. For more than a week there seemed to be no impression either in the churches or in the community. "For nearly a whole night," said Dr. Fuller, speaking of this discouragement, "Wyer and I walked the market" (a long, low, covered shed in Market Street) "anxious and prayerful." But a night of wrestling with the angel secured for Jacob the blessing. Multitudes began to throng the services, the meetings being held alternately in the two churches.

The order of exercises was, a meeting for inquirers at sunrise, and the usual service at night. This was carried on, with little or no intermission, for over a month. The work of preaching was done mainly by Dr. Fuller, besides his constant interviews and conversations with the people, — a work often more exhausting than preaching. But with unflagging

energy he ceased not day and night to warn the people with tears, declaring unto them the whole counsel of God.

It was not yet the fashion to have a Sankey as a musical accompaniment to the preacher; but, with one or two good leaders, the singing was, what it always ought to be in revivals and at all times, simple and congregational. The preaching was the same presentation of "the truth as it is in Jesus," which in Savannah, Augusta, and other places, had been the burden of his ministrations. It was what James W. Alexander (*clarum et venerabile nomen*) happily calls "logic on fire," — truth in earnest. The same effects followed as in other places. Before the appointed hour the house was thronged with eager multitudes. After the more strictly devotional exercises came the sermon; the vast audience held by some strong argument (where the training of the lawyer shows itself in the manner and method of the preacher); then moved with a ripple of pleasurable surprise at some pointed exposure of error; then melted to tears, if not loud sobs, under some outburst of overflowing tenderness. Wonderful enchanter, with the wand of truth! good soldier of Jesus Christ, with "the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God"! After a short pause, and a verse or two of the hymn,

"Blow ye the trumpet, blow,"

Mr. Wyer, his heart all aglow with the theme, would come down to the stand in front of the pulpit, and, in one of those fervent, effective addresses for which he was famous, carry home the great truths of the discourse. Loving and beloved Wyer, with the gentleness of a woman, and the strength and beauty of a captain among the hosts of Israel!

As the result of this meeting, the two churches were brought closer together, their memberships revived, and between one hundred and two hundred souls added to their roll. Many of these have since fallen asleep; many, alas! drifted

back again to the world. No revival on this side of heaven is a work of unmixed good. Even Pentecost must have had its drawbacks. But, to this day, some of the most useful men in our denomination are the fruits of that meeting that have remained. Hon. B. C. Pressley, a prominent lawyer of Charleston, writes of this meeting, "My first knowledge of Dr. Fuller was in Charleston in 1846; from which time I date the beginning of a very happy life."

The Rev. Dr. Boyce, President of the Southern Baptist Convention, Rev. Dr. Tupper, successor of the beloved Taylor in the foreign-mission office in Richmond, and many more, useful in the ministry and other departments of the church, are the living witnesses of the grace and power of that meeting. As an echo of that meeting, we quote from a letter of Dr. Tupper:—

RICHMOND, January, 1877.

You know how he embedded himself in my mind and heart during that grand revival of 1846, when so many of us who became preachers were baptized by him. I shall never forget his startling and effective words to me then, when I was on the verge of despair: "If you go to hell, I shall go with you, and we will preach Jesus there, and they will turn us out; and where then?" This idea of preaching Jesus was burned into the very core of his existence, and permeated his whole being as light and heat pervade the surroundings of fire. I certainly heard the doctor preach fifty times, and I think I never heard a sermon from him which was not directly on the great salvation by Jesus Christ.

Just before I went to Madison University, he preached before the Society for Inquiry. The text was, "The poor have the gospel preached unto them." It was in the day of abolition excitement, and there was no little objection manifested in the village to the appointment of the South-Carolina preacher. I think a letter requesting him not to come was written to him; to which he replied, that they needed the gospel. After the sermon, as I was informed by Dr. Maginnis, the crowd actually desired to carry him home to Dr. Maginnis's house, I believe, on their shoulders. Since then the name of Dr. Fuller has been a household word in Hamilton and Madison University. I never saw his like, and I never expect to see it in this world. Affectionately,

H. A. TUPPER.

Dr. Crawford, who was then pastor of the First Church in Charleston, and a beloved associate in this work, in a sketch in "The Baptist," Memphis, 1867, thus writes: —

"When a boy of sixteen, and a sophomore in college, I heard Stephen Olin preach. The impression made upon me was such as I have never forgotten, and shall never forget. I felt as I imagined Mr. Jefferson felt, when, a law-student, he heard Patrick Henry speak: 'He seemed to me to speak as Homer wrote.' When Olin rose in the pulpit, his huge, ungainly, but feeble form made you think of a sick blacksmith. He began to speak; but his words were hesitating, his gestures few and awkward, and his whole manner sheepish. But presently the divine *afflatus* kindled his soul. Then his words poured forth, now as a flowing stream, now as a bounding torrent; his leaden eye flashed with fire, or melted in tenderness; his gestures became so grand, that one never thought of gracefulness; his vast frame lost all trace of awkwardness and debility, and he stood and moved with the strength of a giant. It was Paul and Barnabas combined, the majesty of Jupiter with the eloquence of Mercurius. While thus he preached, the hearer not unfrequently felt as if his soul (to use his own plain but expressive words) were stark naked in the presence of his Maker. Such is Stephen Olin as he appears in my mind's vision after the lapse of forty years. Strange to human thought that God should so soon silence forever so great a preacher!

"Nineteen years after I last heard Olin I found myself in a situation where I saw much of Dr. Fuller, and heard him preach often in circumstances well calculated to call into full exercise his great powers. In these intervening years I had heard many of the most distinguished speakers of the country; but it was only when I heard Fuller that my memory of Olin was recalled. Not that the men were alike; but the effect was the same. The men were very unlike. Fuller, indeed, was tall; but at that time his figure had not assumed those rotund proportions which it now displays. Unlike Olin, his whole mien was imposing. When he rose to address a congregation, his very attitude was that of a man conscious at once that he had a most important message to deliver, and that he had the capacity to deliver it worthily. This, so far from repelling or displeasing the hearer, really conciliated him. You felt, 'That man has something to say, and I will hear it.' Such is the difference between a bold impudence and a commanding presence. His voice was singularly sweet and of great compass, and managed with such exquisite skill, that his softest whispers were distinctly heard in the remotest parts of a

crowded congregation; while his loudest tones did not jar upon the ears of those nearest the speaker. His gestures were always graceful. No vehemence of passion ever produced violence of action, and the strength really became stronger by being held in control. He subdued others, because, in the loftiest flights of his imagination and the deepest feelings of his heart, he was master of himself.

"He was then in the prime of his mental and physical existence; for, though time has not impaired his mind, it has not strengthened its powers, though it has enriched its acquirements. I regretted then, and I regret now, that I have to compare my boyish impressions of Olin with those which Fuller made upon a mature man. It may be that the *mind* of Olin had more genius; though Fuller's is equal to any subject which logic can master: add to this the advantages of his person by nature and cultivation, and a heart unsurpassed for tender feeling, generous impulse, and a noble sympathy for all that is good and great, suffering and weak, in human nature.

"The circumstances in which I heard Dr. Fuller preach were calculated, as before said, to call into full exercise all his great powers. I heard him preach a number of the sermons which had already given him a national reputation. One was his sermon on the prodigal son: with which, however, I was less pleased than with many others; for though the whole congregation was melted to tears, yet it appeared to me that it was rather human sympathy than a divine influence that stirred the heart.

"One passage in another sermon I remember, superior to any thing I ever witnessed, and equal to any thing I ever read in the history of oratory. A sermon had been announced in the papers, on the issue, I think, between Christians and unbelievers. The church was crowded to its utmost capacity. The text was announced: 'If they believe not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead.' The preacher first laid down the proposition, that to a Jew in Jerusalem, at the time of Christ and the apostles, there was stronger evidence for believing than could be furnished by one rising from the dead. He confirmed this proposition by a close, earnest course of reasoning, which compelled the undivided attention of the congregation. There was not the slightest effort to arouse the passions. He then laid down a second proposition, that, to the persons then present, there was stronger evidence for believing than was possessed by the Jew in the times of Christ. This was established by a similar course of reasoning. The preacher now pressed home upon his hearers the obligation to believe, and their feelings began to move; when suddenly he exclaimed, 'But you still

demand the testimony of the dead? Have, then, your wish! I vacate the pulpit!' And, suiting the action to the word, he stepped back to the remotest corner, as if to give place to a new speaker. He continued, 'Come forth, thou man from the pit;' and again he stooped forward, and stretched forth his arm, slowly raising it as if to help the new-comer to his place. In the mean time, with words of fire, he described the blazing Dives, breathing flames, and uttering at once lamentations of despair, and exhortations to flee from the wrath of hell. Never have I beheld such a scene as the congregation then presented. Every one's hair stood on end, and terror petrified every countenance. That no one shrieked was because every one's voice was lost; that no one fled was because every one's limbs were paralyzed. Said more than one gentleman to me the next day, 'I would have run out of the house if I could have moved.' How the speaker closed the passage I cannot tell; but when, at the conclusion, he proposed prayer, every form in the house bowed for relief, if not in worship.

"If this was acting, never was there more consummate acting. But it was not acting, but the true inspiration of the orator; or, better still, the divine inspiration of the preacher. Last year, when I met Dr. Fuller at Russellville, and afterwards as we journeyed together to Louisville, I referred to this incident; but he had forgotten it. The words, of course, could never be recalled, and, even if strictly reported, could never bring back the mutual sympathetic enthusiasm of the speaker and his hearers.

"About the same time an incident occurred illustrating the power of the preacher. Dr. Thornwell (whom the Presbyterians called their 'Ecclesiastical Calhoun') and Dr. Fuller were to preach the same night. Rev. C. W. Howard, pastor of the Huguenot Church in Charleston, had never heard the former. Rev. John B. Pinney, former missionary to Liberia, and once governor of the colony, had never heard the latter. An arrangement was made, that, after hearing the preachers, they should meet, and compare notes. On meeting, Howard gave us an elaborate criticism, full of interest, in which he most admirably delineated Dr. Thornwell's characteristics as a preacher. When he finished, we turned to Pinney for a similar description of Fuller. In response to our demand, he said, 'I have nothing to say. I went prepared to criticise, and determined to keep my mind free that I might do it; but the man had not been preaching five minutes before I was completely in his power, and he did with me whatever he pleased. How he did it I don't know: I only know the fact.' My impression is, that the sermon that night was on Jesus Christ and him crucified."

It was the one theme of his ministry, the centre and circumference of every circle of thought and emotion and public ministration. It was this sound of the gospel-trumpet that stirred and shook the "City by the Sea." Beautiful city! — the sea which the preacher loved is still washing thy shores; the breezes that cooled his brow are still playing over the Battery.

"Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me."

CHAPTER XVII.

CONTROVERSY. — CATHOLIC.

"Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
Bear it, that the opposer may beware of thee."

THAT there are good and true Christians in the Catholic as in the Protestant communion, none, perhaps, except Cromwell's Ironsides, might question. Luther himself was indebted, under God, for much of his evangelical knowledge, to the piety and counsels of the Augustine monk Staupitz.

But some men are good and useful, not by virtue of their systems, but in spite of them. Dr. Arnold of Rugby studied Romanism at Rome, and defines the system as virtually Judaism under a Christian name. In the failure of the effort made at a very early age to ingraft circumcision and the doctrine of meats upon the gospel, the attempt was made, which proved successful, to introduce the same or similar errors under a Christian name. For circumcision we have baptismal regeneration; and instead of purifying or defiling meats, the doctrine of transubstantiation. This confusion of a spiritual religion with bodily acts and material elements, administered by a priesthood which virtually displaces the one mediatorship of Christ, he terms the "essence of Popery" (*Life* by STANLEY). Infant-baptism, we may add, with or without the theory of regeneration, is a kindred error in the same line of departure from the gospel.

From his own observation in Catholic countries, and at Rome itself, Richard Fuller, like Thomas Arnold, was better able to discuss this question; and the occasion soon offered itself.

At a meeting about this time (1839) of the Prince William Temperance Society, resolutions were passed, and a memorial prepared by Rev. Mr. Fuller and Albert Rhett, Esq., praying the South-Carolina legislature to take action as to the matter of granting licenses. In this memorial, which was printed, allusion was made, by way of illustration, to the tax-book of the Roman chancery. This drew a note, published in "The Charleston Courier," from John England, then Catholic bishop of Charleston, a prelate of popular manners and distinguished ability. This note of the bishop was addressed to Albert Rhett, Esq., one of the gifted family of that name; but, as Mr. Fuller was the author of the address, he at once replied, and a war of giants commenced.

As this controversy may not be so familiar to some readers of these pages, we will quote one of Dr. Fuller's letters. It is the next to the last of his in the series. It may be taken as a fair specimen of his talent and style as a controversialist; while, from its position, it shows the drift and substance of the discussion.

[From "The Courier" of Sept. 14, 1839.]

TO THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP ENGLAND.

Reverend Sir, — I have read your last five letters with all the attention in my power. I, with deference, conceive that the proofs and arguments in my communications remain not only unscathed, but quite untouched as to any material point, and that I could easily show this.

The controversy has, however, been already protracted to such a weary length, that it would be unreasonable, if not impossible, to trespass further on the patience of our readers. I am sure the greatest favor I can confer upon the public is to terminate the discussion; and I submit the case, therefore, cheerfully to the verdict of

all who seek only truth, making but the following observations, which they will see indispensable: —

1. You must feel that expurgated copies of tax-books and other documents in your possession are worth less than nothing in the case before us.

2. When Abbé Richard admits the tax-book, it is the work "Jurieu produced," — viz., the tariff of sin, — which, he says, "*the Church*"[1] suppressed, and of which "the guilt belongs only to the court of Rome." Your attempt to identify this with the cut-and-dry copy in your possession, and to confound a tax-book for Papal revenue with a fee-bill of officers, is too bad. The picture you give, however, of John XXII. "*citing Scripture for his purpose*," is admirable. How the blood-sucker must have chuckled as he concocted his infernal scheme for replenishing his needy coffers, and "gave as a cause (your own words) that verse of the Psalmist, 'Blessed is he who understandeth concerning the needy and the poor'!" Well done, Pope John XXII.!

3. Your "Judices Prohibitorum" and "Nisi Corriganturs" clearly prove nothing, but that the press was and is abused shamefully in order to conceal truth, and keep the people in ignorance and superstition. As you are so anxious for an exhibition, I beg you will only go as far back as 1826, and let the community see "The Index" then published, and the books it forbids, and the conditions on which alone even the Bible is to be allowed.

4. In respect to the chancery, you say you "have other dodging-places," and I have not got you there. I think I have, and I am satisfied of it even by your last letters. The preparing a tax-book would be only a "ministerial act," and not "judicial." The popes themselves were the authorities which issued indulgences. *They* palmed them upon the people as absolutions and dispensations from censures and sins, and the "ministerial" business of preparing the tariff would belong to the chancery. As to the refinements of the Church and Bellarmine I care nothing. The distinction may be very clear in your articles of faith between absolutions and dispensations and indulgences; but the word of God condemns them all without any distinction: and what would popes like John and Sixtus and Leo care about the subtleties and maxims of Dr. Tom Aquinas? They had but one orthodox maxim: —

[1] If I repeat often and in Italics these words, you will forgive me. I am an unworthy member of a poor and humble body of Dissenters, and I cannot quite forget that witty but wicked sarcasm of South's, — "The Papists have a church, but no religion: the Dissenters a religion, but no church." You will, sir, sympathize with me, no doubt, and participate in my indignation.

"O cives, cives, quærenda pecunia primum est,
Virtus post nummos."
"Get moneys, moneys; fleece our flock of these;
And *then* — old Tom of Aquin, if you please."

As, however, you might go on dodging forever in these courts, let a single plain but decisive question suffice. Is it even possible that you can be correct, and all the Protestant princes and the multiplied European authorities cited — Reformed and Romanist — be in error? Sir, Lingard has betrayed you into adopting for argument what he only meant as a spiteful retort upon Mesurier, Faber, and the other archers who galled and shot him without mercy.

5. You acknowledge one error as to Parrhasius, and commit others. That "Protestant translation" of Bayle which you use must labor sadly under the "peculiar disease;" and, were Whittaker living, it could hardly escape him. Leave it, sir, and go to the honest original "kindly offered" you. The case was incest from first to last. The popes did sell a dispensation: "*l'argent a quoi la dispense était taxée.*" That it was not an indulgence, but a dispensation from sin, makes my argument stronger, since the datary had to do with a dispensation from incest; and I maintain, that, though separate now, the datary and chancery were *then* the same court. In a note to Mosheim (vol. iii. p. 93) the learned Schlegel gives an account of the courts, and says, "*The chancery is called dataria.*" This was as late as 1770. Parrhasius died two centuries before, in 1533. Even now, you admit, that, while the datary inquires into cases of incest, the chancery "prepares the papers, and gives the documents," — viz., the datary is *judicial*, the chancery *ministerial*; and preparing the tax-book would be ministerial. But, sir, without further jugglery, why not put the thing in its true light at once? Indulgences, absolutions, &c., were granted by no tribunals at all, but by the Pope himself. As to these, the courts of Rome deserve not the name of tribunals. They were and are mere creatures of the pontiff; and, to whatever department he might choose to refer certain matters for investigation or report, the chancery, an office derived from the Cæsars (see Blackstone's Commentaries) was and would be the ministerial bureau to issue his tariff of taxes. I am willing, however, to rest this on the simple, plain question put above.

6. You are "astonished at my inaccuracy as to the date of the protest of the princes." I am astonished at yours. The Council of Trent was called as early as 1542. Even before 1546 the princes presented their memorial. In January, 1546, Robertson says (p. 147), "They published a long manifesto, containing a renewal of the

protest against its" (the Council of Trent's) "meeting together, *with the reasons* which induced them to decline its jurisdiction." The meeting in 1562 was only a re-assembling of the same council; and the address of the princes, a representation of their protest. Even this, however, was two years before Pinet's work. Your confession, that "as to Pinet's being the original fabricator, you are not *so* positive," (indeed!) and your suggestion, that perhaps the whole body of princes were the forgers in a document publicly presented to a Catholic council!—these are a specimen of the parts of your letters I had noted, as they came out, for comment, but as to which, in sparing the public, I spare you. Would it not be safer and better to admit the tax-book among "the enormous and criminal abuses you grant did exist" than to hazard this charge? But so it is in these things: one step ever leads to worse,—"Ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute."

7. I said that "the *enforcement* of the tariff would have been a shelter in the days of Luther and Calvin." Here again, too, how exact the Prince William illustration! The license laws exist now; but do they remedy the evil? Are they, or will they ever be, enforced, while they recognize the principle that the manufacture of drunkards is an honest business, and, sir, a proper subject for taxation?

8. As to the Lateran Council I will give the words. The editors of "The Courier" threaten to put us on the advertising columns. I am not surprised at it. I return them my sincere acknowledgments for their courtesy, extended thus far to one who is a stranger, and whose name is not even on the list of their subscribers (an omission which I beg they will supply). But, sir, this threat must sound ominously in your ears; and, as I would fain save you from insolvency,[1]—for printing is rather harder and dearer work than pardoning sins, and the tax-bill of "The Courier" might not be quite so "extremely moderate" as that of the Pope appeared to honest Lingard,—I will state to our readers that I give the canon as quoted by Faber. His book, however, will satisfy any who consult it that he drank not from troubled streams, but ascended to fountain-heads; and G. S. Faber's reputation defies any assault: "Non enim dicenda sunt juramenta, sed potius perjuria, quæ contra utilitatem ecclesiasticam et sanctorum patrum venient instituta" (*Concil. Lateran. tert. Can. xvi., Labb. Concil. Sacrosanct.*, vol. x. p. 1517). "For they" (oaths) "are not to be esteemed oaths, but rather perjury

[1] Dr. Fuller alludes, not to the bishop's exchequer, but to the number and length of his letters.

which are against ecclesiastical utility and the decision of the holy fathers" (see FABER'S *Difficulties*, p. 48). I find that Mr. Maclain, in his "Mosheim," is at a loss how can this be called the third Lateran Council, when there had been eight previously. He confounds provincial with general councils. This was only the third general Lateran Council, and is acknowledged as the eleventh of those called œcumenical, or universal.

9. The prohibition of the tariff in 1570, and pretence of corruption, amounts, as Bayle well observes, only to this, "that the Pope wished to conceal a document with which at that time the reformers were beginning to goad the Church." The Jesuits were then the very soul of Inquisitions and Romanism. Pascal was, indeed, "not of your church," if by "your church" you mean "the monastic order of the Jesuits." But he was a professor of the Roman-Catholic religion; and, after my mention of his inimitable Letters, I should have supposed you would hardly, however pressed, have brought forward the Jesuit Bellarmine. How largely, too, do you calculate on the ignorance of the community, when you quote a furious controversial tract of Lingard, that virulent Roman-Catholic priest, whose prejudices make even his "History of England" unworthy of credit, full of "*dexterity of interpolation*," "*wonderful talent for quoting as much as suits his purpose, and omitting whatever makes against him*," "*hardihood of assertion*," "*borrowing from his fancy what is necessary to the support of his system*," &c.! (*Edinburgh Review*, No. 83, 87.) It seems to be only against pretended Protestant forgeries that your zeal, like veracious Whittaker's, is ungovernable. Lingard is, I believe, now living; and you might as well have given a passage out of one of your former letters. As you cite these works, however (although the extracts are nothing at all to the purpose), permit me to select one or two authorities out of others before me which bear directly on the "precise question," and which even you will not venture to combat. Their words of themselves ought to settle this dispute.

10. I adduced before the "Nouveau Dictionnaire Historique" (Caen, 1786), whose editors, though violent Catholics, mention Pinet's notes and the tariff without the least pretence of forgery. These same editors speak in the highest terms of De Thou (also a Roman Catholic); and what does he testify? "Leo X. gathered huge sums of money by sending his breves abroad, everywhere promising *expiation of all sins, and life everlasting, upon a certain price*, which any should give, according to the heinousness of his offence" (THUANUS: *Hist. Sui Temp. ad Ann.* 1515).

Planck, than whom there is no better authority in Europe, and

whose work the "Conversations Lexicon" pronounces distinguished "by profound research and by thorough and free examination," thus writes: "In Rome itself the trade in indulgences was prosecuted even in small and individual things, and carried on with a regularity which would have done honor to the most reputable business in the world. *There was drawn up a formal statute, regulating the prices of all kinds of sins*, even of those the very existence and names of which had perhaps been conceived of only in the imagination of some idle casuist; in which statute the price of each pardon was fixed on the most singular principles of estimation. This almost incredible monument of the most audacious oppression and blindest superstition is still extant." — See *Taxa Sacræ Penitentiariæ*, by HORTLEDER, on the *Causes of the German War*, bk. i., chap. 47, p. 564 (PLANCK: *Prot. Theol.*).

I remarked in my last letter on your many random assertions. There is one I overlooked. It is this: "*Neither Mosheim nor any other respectable historian of the period alludes to such a document.*" Now, here (as in your affirmations about Luther, — "stricken out of Protestant books," "no gentleman," &c.) a plain man would take it for granted that you could hardly be speaking at a venture; and at first I really did not think to examine. Having grown a little wiser, however, I have turned to Mosheim, and, lo! his words at p. 430, vol. ii.: "The popes not only sold indulgences to the people more frequently than formerly, to the great indignation of kings and princes, but they required enormous prices to be paid for their letters or bulls of every kind. In this thing John XXII. showed himself peculiarly adroit and shrewd; *for though he did not first invent the 'Regulations and Fees of the Apostolic Chancery,'* yet the Romish writers admit that he enlarged and reduced them to a more convenient form."

I have already referred to the note of his celebrated commentator Schlegel, *who was a contemporary*, giving a full account of the book of sin. Here is another decisive note by Schlegel: "There were rich merchants of Geneva, Milan, Venice, and Augsburg, who purchased the indulgences for a particular province, and paid to *the Papal chancery* handsome sums for them" (vol. iii. p. 18). These wholesale importations, he says, they retailed at great profit.

As I am unwilling to multiply quotations unnecessarily, I give but one more. The "Biographie Universelle" (the best biographical dictionary in the world) says, *speaking of the tariff of sin* (art. "Pinet"), "La Taxe Chancellerie fut imprimée pour la première fois à Rome en 1474, par l'ordre du Pape Sixtus IV." John XXII. then enlarged and digested the tariff of iniquity in 1320, and Sixtus IV.

first ordered it printed in 1474. This is just in keeping with the character of his Holiness Sixtus IV., who established brothels in Rome in order to put a tax upon them. His other acts, and his consummate infamy, are they not written in the Book of Agrippa "De Vanit. Scient.," and in every authentic history?

Now, sir, with these remarks, I acquiesce cheerfully in the decision of the public.

Others crowd upon me; but I sacrifice them, though reluctantly: and, while "I do not ask a concession of victory. — about that I care nothing, — I do ask a concession of truth. Let any man examine the proofs advanced, which are the best possible from the nature of the case. Let him then look at the confessions of eminent Catholics. If further corroboration be needed, let him inquire into the character of the popes who are accused, and consider the notorious traffic in indulgences, which involves necessarily a fixed rate of prices; and if, after all this, he doubts the existence of the tax-book of sin, I humbly submit that his scepticism must be ascribed, not to any defect of testimony, but to some other cause.

I know nothing about the "mutual friend" in Charleston who offered you the use of a copy of Bayle in the original (an offer which I wish you had accepted), nor of any other "friend who had access to it;" but I cannot conclude without expressing my sincere thanks to a gentleman and distinguished scholar, whose name you have mentioned, and whose acquaintance I enjoyed in former days, and amid scenes and pursuits oh how different from those in which my soul rejoices now! I allude to the Hon. H. S. Legaré, who, while in Europe, purchased for the Beaufort College not only Bayle, but by far the most choice collection of modern and ancient classics I have seen for a long time.

Allow me also, reverend sir, now that this controversy is over, to repeat to you and the members of your community my regret that I have been forced into it; and that, in order to defend the Prince William committee and show the striking accuracy of their comparison, I have been compelled to disinter and expose the enormities which I had hitherto been willing to leave buried in oblivion, and for doing which I can only say, as I remarked in my first letter, deprecating this discussion, that "upon yourself must rest the blame."

I despatch the above before your promised explanations and confessions have reached me. After the premonitory of "The Courier," I am unwilling to expose you to temptation by entering on a subject, which, by the by, you carefully evaded while the press was open, and the public patience not exhausted. Reverend sir, I anticipate fully

your course of argument as to absolutions, indulgences, &c.; but all ingenuity here is expended in vain. The word of God levels against the whole system its distinct and unequivocal denunciations; and it is notorious, that the popes care no more for your theories than I do, when they want money. That there were men who lifted an unavailing cry against the existing abuses I well know; although poor Jerome and Huss teach us what was their reward. But if your confessions shall merit the title; if they prove not a mere confirmation of Massillon's remark, that "the confessions of most persons are only a studious arrangement of words, to soften and embellish," &c., "l'arrangement étudie des expressions qui adoucissent l'horreur," &c.; if, in short, you acknowledge one thousandth part of what all history attests, — then you must admit abominations so ineffably and infinitesimally enormous, that our judges will be amazed at your indignation about the tax-book; and, while they look in horror at the character of your clients, — priests, abbots, bishops, cardinals, popes, councils, and the whole Church, century after century, — they will unanimously turn to me, and exclaim, in the language of an old acquaintance of yours at school, —

"Solventur risu tabulæ, — tu missus abibis."

Hoping, then, we may now "part in mutual respect and amity," I have the honor to be, reverend sir,

Your most obedient, humble servant,

RICHARD FULLER.

The allusion to the decree of the Lateran Council as to the nature and value of oaths, as quoted in Faber's "Difficulties of Romanism," led to a discussion of the subject. It is interesting, not only as showing the different conscientious views of two superior minds on a question of casuistry, but as showing still more the force of education and training in shaping those views. This whole question of oaths, in connection with secret intentions and mental reservations, was never, perhaps, more ably treated than by Pascal in his celebrated "Provincial Letters" against the Jesuits. It was the famous Jesuit doctrine of expediency pushed to its frightful extremes, the perversion of loyalty to Christ and his Church into a criminal depreciation of every other rela

tion, — the doctrine, condemned in terms of such severe reprobation in the Scripture, of doing evil that good may come. It was this that naturally made the Jesuits objects of suspicion, and occasionally of severe repressive measures, in Europe.

We do not mean to say that Bishop England sympathized with this order, either in political or moral views. He was, no doubt, sincerely attached to American institutions, and, in all respects, a high-minded and honorable man. But his position on this question shows in a very striking way what the force of circumstances and association will do with men and minds of the highest order.

The following extract is from the last letter of Dr. Fuller in "The Charleston Courier," dated Sept. 23, 1839: —

"You ask me this general question: —

"'Would an oath taken by a citizen of our State against the public welfare be considered obligatory? Would the court which should decide that the citizen who took it, and continued to adhere to it, was not bound by that oath, upon the ground that it was not an oath, but perjury, be justly accused of teaching that perjury was lawful?' Here is a general question put; and I have read it again and again, and submitted it to two gentlemen of the bar, as I could scarcely believe my own eyes. What! if South Carolina and Georgia were engaged in a suit before the United-States court, and I were a witness sworn to speak the whole truth, and my testimony would decide the cause against the State, do you ask whether I would be bound to reveal the truth? Sir, you tell me what is 'perjury among Catholics:' but I tell you, that if, in such a case, a witness should wilfully suppress any thing, Protestants would punish and brand him as a perjurer; and a Protestant judge and jury would regard his knavery as only surpassed by his folly, were he to plead 'that an oath taken by a citizen of our State against its public welfare is not obligatory.'"

This is enough to show the nature and drift of this controversy. It soon turned, as matters of the kind generally do, on the character and value of the witnesses. The two disputants treated each other with the utmost courtesy; but it was a different thing when they began with the witnesses.

Besides their own libraries, they had access to the large and valuable Charleston Library and the smaller but excellent one in Beaufort for which Legaré had made such excellent selections in Europe. With these resources at hand, and their own ability, scholarship, and skill to make them available, it was Greek meeting Greek in the intellectual arena.

The reasoning of the bishop is strong, his style clear, and his temper and bearing uniformly courteous and gentlemanly. By close logic and technical precision he aims to disprove the original assertion; and all his great ability and learning are brought into requisition to set aside the credibility of the witnesses, the accuracy and authority of the alleged tax-book, and the jurisdiction of the particular Roman court as to the matters in hand.

But even admitting that alterations may have been made in the original tax-book, that the chancery court was not strictly relevant to every particular offence, and that the character of the witnesses was not in every case unexceptionable, the question will at last be decided and the verdict rendered on the broader ground of the acknowledged abuses in the Catholic Church in the middle ages, whether as shown by some scandalous tax-book, or by Tetzel's sale of indulgences, or by the general testimony of history.

In this particular issue, witnesses like Mosheim, D'Aubigné, Saurin, and Robertson, cannot be easily set aside. De Thou, Pascal, and others, are Catholics; while, with authorities like Bayle's famous Dictionary and the "Americana Encyclopædia," the very objection that may be urged as to the religion or irreligion of the authors may give greater weight to their testimony in a question like this, as securing, possibly, greater impartiality. The plea that these taxes were police-regulations, and necessary features of government, only furnishes a conclusive argument against all Church and State establishments, which, by this unholy

fusion of things which Christ decreed should be forever kept apart, — his kingdom and the kingdom of the world, — leads inevitably to the corruption and degradation both of religion and the State.

It has been said that the spread of the gospel in the first three centuries, in the face of Paganism, can only be accounted for on the supposition of the fact of the resurrection of Jesus Christ. But, if his resurrection was the cause, the moral abyss of infamy which Paganism had opened was the occasion. With equal emphasis it may be asserted that the spread of the Reformation in the sixteenth century can only be explained as an historical phenomenon on the supposition of some actual gigantic evil in Christendom, from which the movement under Luther was the natural and necessary reaction.

These letters were not only read in the communities where their authors resided, but were reported in Europe, and read with interest at Rome itself.

A part of the summer of 1839 Dr. Fuller spent at Bay Point, the summer-retreat of the Beaufort people, on the coast where Broad River empties into the sea. He was in the midst of this controversy. On a fishing-excursion one day, the doctor, who was as good with the line as he was with the gun or pen, hooked, and, after some playing, brought to the surface, a strange-looking denizen of the deep. It was a broad, spotted fish, with a formidable tail, — a species of the ray tribe. "There!" he said as we got him into the boat, "we will call him the bishop fish." The good bishop, no doubt, would have objected to this, if it implied that he had been caught or tackled in any way.

Soon after this, John England passed away to that bar where all controversies are forever settled. He was very popular in Charleston; and the body, as it lay in state at the cathedral, was visited by large multitudes of people. Among these was Richard Fuller. For some time, with folded arms

and thoughtful countenance, he stood near the body of the distinguished man whom he had recently met in controversy. Under the light of the candles, with strains of music floating through the cathedral, and the crowds ebbing and flowing through the aisles, one of the giants in that debate was sleeping in death, while the other was there watching by his side. It was a scene for some great artist to have caught and immortalized on canvas.

When the survivor was laid low, few kinder notices were taken of the event than that which appeared in "The Catholic Mirror" of Baltimore. Referring to the controversy, it remarks, —

"Both gentlemen were known and respected; and, being fast friends in all matters outside of religion, their letters were devoured with the greatest interest by persons in all parts of the country. Portions appeared in many papers here and across the Atlantic.

"These two eminent men were fast friends until death removed Bishop England; and, when his works were about to be published, Dr. Fuller was one of the very first to subscribe."

CHAPTER XVIII.

CONTROVERSY. — SLAVERY.

"Speaking the truth in love."

A FEW men, by sheer force of personal character, may make circumstances, — shape the opinions of others, and change the very current of history. But, as a general rule, circumstances make men: the customs of society, and laws and institutions of the land, determine our character almost as certainly as the form and color of the tree determine the appearance of certain parasites. If the author of the "Moral Science" had lived at the South, who doubts that his views of American slavery would have been modified by that fact? If the preacher of the sermon on the power of "the Cross" had filled a professor's chair at Brown University, the circumstance, no doubt, would have given a different coloring to his system of polemics.

But God, who "made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation," their places of residence, as well as their order in history, has disposed of the lots of his people for the edification of his Church and the best interests of the world. He not only made Francis Wayland and Richard Fuller what they were, but placed them where they were, to teach the church and the world at least one lesson, — the meaning and value of Christian moderation, courtesy, and love in

the midst of difference and debate. The world has seldom seen a nobler illustration of the excellence of those passive virtues which Dr. Bushnell, in one of his most philosophical discourses, affirms to be the true greatness both of God and man, than in the history and temper of this controversy.

The two civilizations of the North and South, like two antagonistic elements in chemistry, necessitated some explosion. If any thing could have averted it, and calmed the passions of the hour, it was the spirit of this discussion between these two representative men of the North and the South. If it failed to allay the storm that had been gathering for half a century, it served, at least, the beneficent purpose of showing how, in the midst of conflicting views and interests, good men can differ, and differ in love.

First came, in the more sensitive religious elements, the division of the great denominations; then, as a natural corollary, the political conflict. The storm has come and gone like all storms, necessarily and mercifully, as God has ordained, of short duration. "Except those days should be shortened, there should no flesh be saved; but for the elect's sake those days shall be shortened." And now there is but one feeling with Christians at the South, — a sense of relief that this question has been settled in the providence of God, thus removing a great burden of personal responsibility; and, besides this, an earnest and honest desire to do every thing in their power for the improvement and salvation of the colored people.

The readers of this book are so familiar with this controversy, that it will be better to transcribe no entire letter, but simply to give a brief summary of the argument. The subject of discussion was, slavery considered as a scriptural institution. Other writers had considered it in its political and historical features. The British essayists and reformers, and, in this country, Channing, Hammond, Bishop England, and others, had lectured and written on these phases of the

institution. The question now between the Northern philosopher and the Southern preacher was as to its scriptural aspect and relations.

The first letter was Dr. Fuller's to the editor of "The Christian Chronicle," Philadelphia, in deprecation of the growing excitement in the country. After remarking how trivial other differences were compared with this, he adds, —

> "These are but bonfires; Ucalegon burns next; and God forbid that Christians should be the first to throw the firebrands!"

This letter drew out Dr. Wayland, whose name occurs in it. Then follow the six admirable letters of the author of the "Moral Science," — letters which, for force of reasoning, perspicuity of style, and uniform Christian courtesy, are models of controversial writing.

The first letter is in deprecation of the growing sensitiveness of the South, as different from the feeling just after the Revolution.

The second is an argument from the right to any thing to the right of holding it at any and at all hazards, from the right to the labor of the slave to the right to enforce it at every cost, social, moral, and intellectual, — a *reductio ad extremum*. He then glances at the distinction in moral evil between the original wrong and the actual guilt of him who is in error; remarking, that, as to slavery, the extremists in one section had looked too exclusively in the one direction, and the extremists in the other section too exclusively in the other.

The third letter resumes this in the way of illustration.

Then follows the statement of the doctrine of expediency.

Then the explanation of the Old-Testament regulation of the evils of slavery and polygamy.

In the sixth letter is given the New-Testament phase of the institution, where the most, he argues, that can be said in its favor is, that it is not at once prohibited; insisting that

principles, at the same time, were inculcated which would necessitate its extinction.

The seventh letter is a continuation of this argument, showing why the matter was left to the gradual working of principle, and not at once forbidden in precept.

The eighth and closing letter is an application of the foregoing principles to American slavery, with an *a fortiori* argument, that, if the institution is wrong in its mildest forms, it is emphatically so in its necessarily aggravated features.

The six letters of Dr. Fuller in reply are marked by the same ability as characterized the Catholic controversy.

He begins with a graceful recognition of the high and distinguished character of his opponent: —

> "If my arguments are refuted, I shall at least fall by no weak hand, and shall enjoy whatever of consolation Abimelech coveted, when he called hastily unto his armor-bearer, and said unto him, 'Draw thy sword, and slay me, that men say not of me, A woman slew him.'"

He then refers to the different method and spirit of British Christians, — their resort rather to law in Parliament than to denunciation in popular assemblies; and to the fact, as a general rule, of their conservative tendencies on coming to this country. In this connection he introduces the revivalist Whitefield rejoicing as a master over the reported conversion of his slaves.

The second letter is a denial of any necessary disability as to the moral and religious relations of the slave, arguing from the analogy of other relations, as with a child or apprentice.

The third letter resumes the argument, claiming that, if the objection holds against slavery as a system of restraint, it must hold against all government on the same ground. If, instead of the compensation for labor resting with the master, it were fixed by law, it would only be a different

form of restraint. Each state and country, he argues, must determine for itself the best form of this necessary restraint.

Apart from the question of statutes, he then refers to the facts of the relation as existing with Christians; referring, in illustration, to the provision of the Beaufort church for the religious instruction of the colored people.

He then meets the doctrine of expediency — that a thing wrong *per se* may be permitted for a time, with the understanding of its correction by the discovery of the right principle in the future — by saying, that, in that case, every enthusiast would start forward with the assertion that he had found the principle to stop the permission, "imitating one of the early fathers, who, when hard pressed by an antagonist, was accustomed to cut the debate short by declaring that God had lately vouchsafed to him a fresh revelation."

In a characteristic note he adds, —

"While writing, a number of my servants have come into my study to tell me what God has done for their souls. 'It rejoiced my soul,' said Whitefield, 'to hear that one of my poor negroes in Carolina was made a brother in Christ.' How would his heart have overflowed, if, like many masters in these days, he had seen almost all his slaves brothers, and happy in the Lord!"

His sixth and last letter is dated January, 1845. After lamenting the increasing agitation, he continues, —

"But you urge, 'The most effectual way of forbidding sin is, not by express precept and prohibition, but by inculcating moral principles at variance with it.' To which opinion I can only reply, that neither human nor divine wisdom appears to me to concur with you: not human wisdom, since all nations find it necessary to enact laws; and I dare say, even in Brown University a code has been established for the students.

"'Lord Eldon,' you write, 'used to say that no man in England could extract an act of Parliament through which he could not drive a coach and four.' Suffer me, however, as a lawyer, to assure you, that, both in England and America, statutes have been constructed

through which all the subtlety of Lord Eldon could not have driven a single culprit; and, if that nobleman had committed forgery or treason, he would inevitably have found himself, not driving through an act of Parliament, but driven by it into the Tower, and thence upon the scaffold."

The closing passages show the Christian spirit of the writer: —

"In a familiar correspondence like this I may be pardoned for saying, that, during twelve years, I have devoted the salary given me, whenever at my disposal, to the spiritual instruction of the slaves."

He then adds: —

"Will my brother, or any man at the North, undertake to remove them" (speaking of his own slaves), "and give me bond and security that their condition shall be improved? If so, let him speak, and I will then make a proposition which shall at once, and by a test more sure than all the writing in the world, determine who is the friend of the slave, and who is willing to make sacrifices for his good."

Towards the close he expresses his warm personal friendship for Dr. Wayland: —

"May you ever be animated in your pious labors by the multitudes who love and admire you, among whom I shall always be found when conscience permits it! For me, I have been schooled to say, 'My soul, wait thou only upon God; for my expectation is from him.' I expect no enthusiasm from the North, and little even from the South. Nor can I approve of the fanaticism of the South any more than of that of the North. Farewell! Grace and peace be multiplied unto you through the knowledge of God and of Jesus our Lord! That knowledge, we are assured, shall fill this guilty and polluted earth as the waters cover the face of the deep. And it is with that knowledge, too, as with those waters when the sea is rolling in, — wave after wave breaks, and is driven back. But the ocean is advancing, and before its majesty and strength impotent must every barrier prove. Dear brother, most affectionately,

"R. FULLER."

In the closing letter Dr. Wayland writes: —

"MY DEAR BROTHER, — It is needless to assure you that I have read your letters with profound attention and unfeigned admiration.

Nor is the singular ability displayed by any means the highest recommendation. The warm spirit of philanthropy which pervades every part of your argument must melt away every prejudice by which it could be resisted; while the love to God, and reverence for his Word, which are everywhere so apparent, must, I am sure, give you a place in the affections of every true disciple of our common Lord. If slavery cannot be defended by such an advocate, I shall believe that the defence of it is hopeless.

'Si Pergama dextra
Defendi possent, etiam hac defensa fuissent.'"

Noble souls! They battled, both of them, for a nobler cause than the siege or the defence of Troy, — the cause of their common Lord and Master; and, after the well-fought conflict, they are seeing "face to face."

As to the merits of this controversy, it confirmed only what was well established before, — the reputation of these two great men for learning, skill, and high Christian character. Dr. Wayland, in our judgment, pushed his doctrine of expediency too far as a scheme of Christian ethics. Dr. Fuller, we are free to admit, did not give sufficient weight to some principle of accommodation at least. "The time of this ignorance God winked at, but now commandeth men everywhere to repent," must mean *some* necessary scale of the kind. Thomas Arnold, in his admirable essay on "The Interpretation of the Scriptures," in the first volume of his Rugby Sermons, has conclusively shown that some law, if not of expediency, yet of accommodation and gradual revelation, is the only principle on which the education of a sinful and imperfect race by a holy and perfect Being can proceed.

Like all controversies, the result was rather to confirm the previous views and prejudices of the respective partisans than to effect any change in their relations. What Miss Hall said of the discussion they were anxious to bring about between Fuller and the Franciscan in the diligence from Naples to Rome is true of this and every controversy, —

"Such a discussion could not fail to be interesting, whether productive of any good results or not." But this discussion was productive of at least one good result: it showed how good and great men can differ, like Saul and Barnabas, and yet differ without the sudden and sharp termination that marked the Antioch controversy. It could not stop or divert the current that was fast drifting into the rough sea of war; but it exorcised, for a time and to some extent, the more denunciatory spirit of the parties, and among thoughtful and pious minds, North and South, promoted that feeling of mutual respect, which, now that the harsh interlude of strife is over, will be strengthened without any further irreconcilable interests and policy.

The winter of 1844–45 Dr. Fuller spent at his place at Sheldon, where he wrote most of these letters. One day a party from his house started, with guns and dogs, on a tramp over the fields. "Stop!" cried the doctor as they were looking for the game: "let me rest my gun on your shoulder." And, laying the stock of the gun on the shoulder of one of the party as a kind of improvised writing-desk, with pencil and paper he dotted down something that then and there occurred to him. "Here," he said, as he folded up the little missive, put it in his pocket, and strode on, — "here is a shot at my friend Dr. Wayland."

Noble souls! — Francis Wayland, prince of American philosophers, or twin-star with Jonathan Edwards in that firmament; Richard Fuller, prince of American preachers, who reigned with a power so supreme in the pulpit, that Dr. Wayland once remarked to Dr. Chapin, that he would give all his learning and philosophy to be able to preach as Richard Fuller did.

CHAPTER XIX.

REMOVAL TO BALTIMORE.

"I see a hand you cannot see,
Which beckons me away;
I hear a voice you cannot hear,
Which says I may not stay."

HISTORICALLY and commercially, Baltimore is one of the first cities on the continent. In religious matters it has claimed the honor of having first advocated the doctrine of religious liberty. The facts seem to show that it was rather religious toleration which Calvert and his associates granted to the early settlers in Maryland than the full religious liberty which Roger Williams made the corner-stone of the Rhode-Island Commonwealth. Toleration is not liberty, but implies inferiority. But "honor to whom honor is due." Lord Baltimore and his associates, smarting under the persecution to which they had been subjected by the high-church Episcopacy of the old country, founded this asylum on the banks of the Chesapeake, to which settlers were invited on liberal terms; and Baltimore soon became, what it has always been, one of the most important centres and emporiums of the country.

The prejudices of early religious training leave their mark upon communities as well as upon individuals. The Baptists, whose theory of religion and the church is most distinctly antagonistic to the Catholic, had all this prestige and prejudice arrayed against them from the beginning. While strong to the North and South, in this middle belt they

were for years, as they are still, comparatively weak. Men like Davis (the Baptist pioneer in this section in the last century), after him Lemon and Richards, then the devoted Adams, and Stephen P. Hill (poet as well as preacher), had all done battle manfully for the truth; but it was against fearful odds, and with the additional burden of frequent internal dissensions.

Such was the field and city to which Dr. Fuller was called in 1846. Influence, like happiness, comes, not from making it a prime object of pursuit, but from a simple devotion to duty. And Richard Fuller, from his consecration to his work, his rare abilities, and the fame of his controversial writings, had been placed prominently before the denomination in the whole country: indeed, his name was at this time well known among all denominations. Robert C. Winthrop writes of a sermon he heard him preach about this time at Saratoga, by which he was much impressed both as to the matter and delivery. But the one sermon, which, more than any other, gave him a national reputation, was the famous sermon "On the Cross," before the Triennial Convention in Baltimore, in the spring of 1841.

"When but a youth" (writes Dr. Franklin Wilson of Baltimore) 'I heard him preach his memorable sermon before the Baptist Triennial Convention in Baltimore, April 28, 1841. It gave me, as it did multitudes of others, higher views of the glory of the cross, and of the true way to preach it. From that moment I honored and loved the preacher."

The sermon is in the first volume of the printed discourses. As with Whitefield's sermons, of which it has been said that you can no more print them than you can print thunder and lightning, the full impression of this discourse can hardly be gathered from reading it. It has more than thunder and lightning: it has some passages of exquisite pathos. In the language of McLaurin, — whose equally famous sermon, "On Glorying in the Cross," it equals in power, and sur-

passes in pathos, — it is "beyond the force of thunder, and more mild than the dew on the tender grass." Such was the effect of its delivery, that strong men were seen to weep like children; and, as the preacher sat down, some of these embraced each other in the fulness of the emotions excited by the closing appeal to memories of the sainted dead and the constraining influence of the love of Christ. This was one of the links in the chain that led to his settlement in Baltimore.

He had received numerous and flattering calls to churches of wealth and position; but all had been steadily declined. He was once approached on the subject of the presidency of Columbian College. "I would not exchange my pulpit, where I can preach Christ, for all the chairs of all the colleges in the world," was his reply.

The history of this call to Baltimore, and its acceptance, is explained in the following correspondence: —

BEAUFORT, 4th February, 1846.

DEAR BRETHREN, — Here is a strange thing. Over and over have I received calls from large and flourishing churches, and this when we were here in a most cramped and uncomfortable house; yet all these calls have occasioned no debate in my bosom. Now we have just finished a large and beautiful chapel, and revivals have filled it, and every thing conspires to make me happy, when a call from you fills me with perplexity. It is, however, as it should be. Your wants and afflictions move me when your prosperity would not. I am now (and have been for a month or more) painfully engrossed in trying to save the Second Baptist Church in Charleston, and to restore harmony there. God, I trust, has prospered his work. Your communication found me thus absorbed; yet I confess it has pressed me day and night to a degree strange and unaccountable, unless God be meaning something.

The sacrifice of breaking up here would be to me and my family such as you little conceive. This, however, would, of course, not interfere. To be Christians is to feel practically, that, "living or dying, we are the Lord's;" and all sacrifices were, I humbly hope, comprehended in the act by which, years ago, I became the Lord's. The salary (to which you allude, or I would not have mentioned it)

could easily be arranged. Twelve years ago I gave up a profession yielding me annually about six thousand dollars, and have never received a dollar since for my labors. I would employ most of it, should I come, wholly for the good of the church. But now there seems to me insuperable difficulties to which you do not refer.

First, you say nothing of a house. Surely you do not mean me to come, and both preacher and people do so suicidal a thing as to occupy that shell in Calvert Street. If you have bought it, I submit to you that you made a mistake; and whoever becomes your pastor, unless you rectify that mistake, I feel certain that your position will be the prophecy or anticipation of utter defeat.

I love Baltimore: I love you. I confess, too, that, if I should move, it would be just into a latitude like yours, as I wish to look at slavery and other agitating topics with a calm and impartial judgment, and see what is our duty to our poor, distracted country. But I cannot come to Baltimore to do nothing. I am a practical man, caring nothing about what men talk, and regarding works as the only criterion of character. If I make sacrifices, I must have men to be with me in them. For example, out of the salary suppose I subscribe five hundred dollars for five years, — twenty-five hundred, — what will you all do? Will you get a lot, and right away begin a large house? Now is the time. Begin afresh, and at once take a high stand.

Write me on this point. I only wish we could meet, as writing is to me a most wretched medium of communication.

God bless you!

Your affectionate brother in the Lord,

R. FULLER.

P. S. — I repeat that you will regard my entertaining the correspondence at all as simply the result of my conscientious solicitude about duty. I am informed that already you have called brethren Wyer and Magoon, and that both declined. Some say you are the noblest body of Baptists in the land: others have some grains of scruple as to that, and doubt if any pastor could please you. All this to me is moonshine. If you are Christians, and feel that you and yours are Christ's, we could easily adjust minor things. We have the truth, and it is a shame that the advocates of truth should be as depressed and down-trodden as the Baptists have been in your city. Do, I implore you all, make noble sacrifices; resolve upon great and noble things. Affectionately, R. F.

This letter has the true ring about it. A minister who says to his brethren, not "Go and do this," but, with the

spirit of a true captain, "Come, follow me, and do this," has the right to speak of sacrifices. The trumpet gave no uncertain note, and the response was worthy of the occasion.

BALTIMORE, Feb. 13, 1846.

DEAR BROTHER FULLER, — Your very cheering and welcome letter of the 4th inst. was received yesterday. On reviewing its contents, we are constrained to thank our God, and take courage. We have long been laboring and praying for the much-loved Baptist cause in our city, and on no subject having reference to that object have our hearts been more unitedly and earnestly engaged than in that of obtaining a pastor sufficient for the great and important work before us. Our trust, we humbly hope, has been in the Lord; and we now feel that our prayers have not been in vain. We believe we see the dawning of a bright day for the down-trodden and depressed Baptist cause in Baltimore. In your letter we recognize the spirit of a zealous brother in Christ, jealous and anxious to promote the glory of our Master and his cause. Our doubts, and feelings of despondency, vanish before the encouragements you give us that the Lord in his goodness and mercy may direct you here.

We note your remarks on our present location in Calvert Street. We never regarded that as a permanent establishment for our church.

We are all deeply affected by the practical, liberal, and self-devoted spirit with which you enter into a plan for erecting a new house; and we do assure you that such is also the spirit and feelings of this church, which, with the gracious smiles of our heavenly Father, will be carried out by corresponding action. Only assure us, dear Brother Fuller, that your lot will be cast among us, and a new, elegant, and appropriate edifice will be commenced forthwith. We are able and willing of ourselves to accomplish this work; and we risk nothing in saying, that, in the event of your taking charge of our church, we may calculate upon aid from many Baptists in sentiment who are now wandering about, and seldom attend any of our churches.

A meeting of the church was called last evening, at which your letter was read, and the following among other proceedings adopted unanimously: —

"*Resolved*, That we, the members of the Seventh Baptist Church of Baltimore, the blessing of God attending our efforts, pledge ourselves to erect a house for the worship of Almighty God that shall be creditable to the denomination, in the event of Brother Richard Fuller coming in our midst to labor as our pastor.

"*Resolved,* That the Board of Deacons be directed to correspond with Brother Fuller in reference to the action of this meeting, and tender him an invitation to visit us at his earliest convenience."

In the bonds of Christian love, your brethren, the deacons of the Seventh Baptist Church.

This was the vision of the man of Macedonia saying to him, "Come over and help us;" and he assuredly gathered that the Lord had called him to preach the gospel to them.

It was a day of trouble with the dear flock in Beaufort when the purpose of their honored pastor was made known. All — rich and poor, white and colored — gathered about him, and sought to divert him from it. But Dr. Wayland knew him when he said of him, he was "a man, who, as far as he knew the will of God, submitted to it without reserve;" and with high resolve, and in a spirit of self-sacrifice, pastor and people brought themselves at last to the severance of a relation which had been as tender in its nature as it had been fruitful and blessed in its results.

The farewell services are held in the dear house built amid prayers and tears. The lesson from the Scriptures is the twentieth chapter of Acts, — Paul's farewell to the elders of the church at Ephesus, — the text from the next chapter: "What mean ye to weep, and to break my heart? for I am ready not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus. And, when he would not be persuaded, we ceased, saying, The will of the Lord be done."

In the spring of 1847 he turns his face towards Baltimore. He had expected to reach that city, and enter on his work, in May; but, feeling it would be better to wait for the completion of the new building, he lingers on the way to preach the gospel in Richmond and Petersburg. From the last city he writes with the spirit of the soldier eager and panting for the battle: —

PETERSBURG, VA., June 17, 1847.

MY DEAR BROTHER NORRIS, — God willing, I shall be with you on Monday. My time, and any poor talents I may have, yea, my life, are at your service. Only uphold me, and be true to the truth (as I know you will be), and I will work with you all, and God will not be wanting to us.

You speak of expecting too much from me. You will soon see enough to cure you of dependence on me. My brother, let us all go at once to God, and cry to him to revive his work. On him is all my trust, in him all my joy; my soul waits only on him; and from him is my expectation.

My love to Sister Norris and the brethren.

Your affectionate brother,

R. FULLER.

In a few days more he is in his new field, the city of his adoption.

The opening services in Baltimore were based on the account of Paul's entrance into Rome as recorded in Acts xxviii.: "When the brethren heard of us, they came to meet us as far as Appii Forum and the Three Taverns; whom when Paul saw, he thanked God, and took courage." The Rev. Mr. Wyer of Warrenton, Va., the son of the beloved Henry O. Wyer, writes of this service, which he attended, as one of unusual interest. It must have been a vivid realization in the preacher's mind of the apostle's feelings at Appii Forum, as he stood at the entering-in of his own work in Baltimore. In his visit to Europe and Italy he had stood in the very tracks of Paul. As the apostle once stood in the shadow of Nero's throne, he had been in the shadow of St. Peter's, and now, in Baltimore, was standing in one of the strongholds of Romanism in this country. Next to the love of Christ, the heart of the apostle had found its greatest solace in Christian sympathy and fellowship. This was his (the preacher's) strength and comfort, — "the love of Christ," and the prayers and co-operation of his brethren. Such was the keynote of a blessed ministry of nearly thirty years in Baltimore, — the love of Christ and the power of Christian sympathy.

Leaning, as Richard Fuller once did, with a tendency, strengthened by a cultivated taste, to ritualism in religion, he had been brought, in conversion, into the fulness of that liberty wherewith Christ makes his people free, and had united with the Baptist Church as most nearly representing the New-Testament ideal of a spiritual church in its opposition to the Catholic and semi-Catholic systems of hereditary membership. But he was too true a man and good a Baptist to forget, not the teaching of Calvert as to religious toleration, but the broader principle of the Rhode-Island legislator as to full soul-liberty, — liberty for others as well as for himself. This, however, only intensified his opposition to every form of superstition and error, and strengthened his purpose to preach that gospel of the grace of God, which he felt everywhere, and especially in Baltimore, to be the one and only hope of the world. Paul entered Rome as a prisoner guarded by soldiers; he, in the possession of civil as well as religious freedom: but both Paul and Richard Fuller were cheered by Christian sympathy, and supported by that "peace of God which passeth all understanding," and which the apostle, in his affectionate Letter to the Philippians from Rome, speaks of as a sentinel who shall "*keep*" — that is, guard as a Roman soldier watching over the camp, — "your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus."

CHAPTER XX.

WORK IN BALTIMORE.

"Acta, non dicta apostolorum."

THIS was a favorite quotation with Richard Fuller: indeed, it was the motto of his life. He was pre-eminently an earnest, practical man: so that we are not surprised to find, as the condition of his entertaining the call to Baltimore, the prompt erection of a suitable house of worship.

A great evil in modern church-history is the extravagance often shown in the matter of church-building. A noble art has been perverted to a bad end; and architecture, instead of being a simple handmaid to religion, has been made to minister to a spirit of extravagance and pride among the followers of the meek and lowly Jesus. How many millions expended in gorgeous churches could have been put to better use in sending the gospel to the heathen, or in relieving some of the horrors of that pauperism that often festers in the very shadow of these magnificent temples! It is time for Christians of all denominations to correct this evil.

But the taste, the sense of beauty, which God has given us, and which expresses itself in the love of music and architecture, like every gift of God, must be sanctified with the Christian; and the erection of houses of worship, which, while they are commodious and comfortable, shall do violence to no æsthetic principles of our nature, is a valuable aid, if

not a positive necessity, in religious work in our large cities. Dr. Fuller had seen, from personal observation in Italy, that the gorgeous creations of Raphael and Michael Angelo had depressed, rather than aided, the religious spirit. But, while he was no art or image worshipper, he was as far from the iconoclastic spirit which despises the advantages of good music and a chastened architecture in worship. As the result of this practical wisdom and foresight, the present fine building of the Seventh Baptist Church was erected at the corner of Paca and Saratoga Streets, and occupied ever since as a convenient candlestick for the light and diffusion of the gospel.

But this was but a preliminary arrangement. The real work then began, — a work which, for nearly thirty years, he prosecuted with unabated interest and devotion. The work of a conscientious minister in a large city is no sinecure. It is related of the famous Ambrose, who flourished in the fourth century, that, when the people of Milan insisted on making him their bishop, such was his sense of the magnitude of the office, that, to escape their importunity, he fled from the city, until, arrested and led back, he reluctantly yielded to their wishes. With a minister like Dr. Fuller, who realized the sacredness of his calling, it was often an overwhelming sense of its responsibilities.

Then the contact of so many sects and systems in large cities renders controversy, in some cases, unavoidable. Dr. Jeter, who visited Italy some years ago, reported, that, with not a few thoughtful minds, the impression obtained, that, when the change shall come in the religious sentiments of the people, it will be in the direction of Baptist principles as the most distinct alternative and offset of Romanism. But, in opposition to the great body of Protestants as well as Catholics, Baptists have always held the original New-Testament theory of the ordinances and the church. This, when fully presented, and to any extent accepted by the

members of other communions, will provoke controversy. It is said that Dr. Fuller, after his Catholic and slavery controversies, was averse to such conflicts. But there was a measure of this which he could not avoid. He held it to be a sacred duty to declare the whole truth, controverted or uncontroverted, "as it is in Jesus."

His labors in Baltimore soon began to bear fruit. The church was aroused to greater zeal; sinners were awakened and converted; while, as a natural concomitant of the work, members of different communions were led to look more closely into the scriptural theory of baptism and church-membership. Newspaper articles and pulpit addresses began to question and sharply criticise the position of the hitherto obscure Baptists. This led to occasional lectures by Dr. Fuller on baptism and the terms of communion. These were afterwards published by the Southern Baptist Publication Society, Charleston, S.C. The argument on baptism, if not as learned and exhaustive as Carson's work, will be read where Carson, for his voluminousness and severity, will be neglected. His argument for what is called "close communion," which he shifts to the proper question and preliminary of close baptism, will always maintain a respectable stand among works of the kind, not only from the fame of its author, but from the intrinsic force and perspicuity of the reasoning.

But if ever minister lived and acted up to the apostolic rule, "I determined not to know any thing among you save Jesus Christ and him crucified," it was Richard Fuller. And the Lord blessed him in the preaching of his gospel. As he seldom, if ever, preached a sermon where "Christ and him crucified" was not the prominent theme, so we have never known a preacher who held such audiences with such unflagging interest on that single theme to the end. He had found that "the old, old story" was always the fresh and welcome story to poor, lost humanity. This had been the burden of

his ministry in Beaufort; this was the burden of his ministry in Baltimore.

Perhaps no living minister in Baltimore was more intimate with him than Dr. Franklin Wilson. The following extracts from some reminiscences furnished by Dr. Wilson will show the estimate of this period of Dr. Fuller's ministry as taken by a close and sagacious observer: —

"It was to me a great privilege, when he removed to Baltimore in 1847, to be his frequent associate in the social circle and in Christian work. I was then a young and inexperienced pastor of the High-street Baptist Church, and derived much profit and enjoyment from his sympathy, counsel, and assistance.

"One sermon that he preached for me, on the barren fig-tree, was remarkable for its great power. On another occasion, at the close of a most impressive discourse, he asked all Christians present to kneel in prayer. Then, tenderly addressing the many impenitent who had remained seated, he invited all who desired the prayers of Christians to kneel also. A few at first complied; but, as he stood looking kindly but sadly upon the rest, they gave way before him, one by one, until every soul in the house was bowed before God. It was a most solemn moment, and quite a number there bowed their hearts to Jesus. One hardened sinner told me afterwards that Dr. Fuller that night brought him to his knees for the first time in many years.

"It would be impossible to recount the numerous occasions in which I, in common with most of his hearers, have been melted to tears, and deeply affected, by his thrilling appeals. I recall especially his sermon in Washington, at the meeting of the Maryland Union Association in 1850, on the text, 'Behold the Lamb of God!' (John i. 36.) After a vivid description of the spotlessness of the Lamb and the sufferings of the victim, his feelings overcame him: he ceased to speak, laid his head on the open Bible, and gave way to sobs. The effect on his audience was overwhelming. We all wept with him. Near me were old gray-headed men, deacons and preachers, weeping like children. At the funeral of an aged 'mother in Israel,' held in the First Baptist Church, and attended by a large concourse, a similar effect was observed during a prayer made by Brother Fuller. As he prayed for the family, commencing with the touching words, — uttered in broken, tender tones, evidently from his very heart, — 'O God, we can lose a mother but once!' the whole assembly was moved as the trees of a forest shaken by a mighty wind."

But as the corollaries of a problem expand and enforce the main proposition, so there are elements of a pastor's work which must supplement the labors of the pulpit to give them efficiency and success. He was at first, in Beaufort, more of the preacher than pastor. This was probably due to his training as a lawyer. But he soon corrected this; and when he came to Baltimore, and to the close of his ministry, he was most scrupulous and devoted in this department of pastoral visitation. Napoleon, while he planned and fought his great battles, is said to have supervised every detail of the campaign: so this good soldier of the cross, while he fought the battles of the Lord in the pulpit, "in demonstration of the Spirit and of power," followed these up with the work of personal contact and sympathy with every member of his flock. This was secured by constant and judicious visitation. A gossip is one of the burdens of society, and an ecclesiastical gossip is the worst evil of all. But no man knew better than he how to recommend religion from house to house, as well as in formal discourses from the pulpit.

We continue Dr. Wilson's account: —

"His great success in winning souls was due as much to his faithfulness in private as in public labor. The inquiry-meeting, which he held with the greatest punctuality every Monday, was the means, under God, of making permanent the impressions of the day before. He seldom failed to have some burdened souls attend, and joyfully pointed them to Jesus. His church was thus blessed with a quiet but steady accession of converts, without resorting to extraordinary measures. He was a friend, however, to revivals, and occasionally was aided in special meetings by evangelists such as Knapp and Earle. Once, when I was conversing with the young pastor of a mission-station in Maryland, a very hard field, he remarked, 'I shall never succeed there without frequent visiting.' Dr. Fuller, who was standing near, overheard the remark, and, turning quickly, exclaimed almost sternly, 'Young man, don't you know that you can't succeed anywhere without visiting? If the apostle Paul were here, he would spend most of his time on his knees, praying from house to house.'

Dr. Fuller did not depend on his great eloquence, but was a most diligent pastor. His bereaved people now mourn his absence from their homes in their hours of affliction more, perhaps, than they do his vacant pulpit.

"He had wonderful tact in introducing religious conversation. Out of many instances I select one or two. I was with him in the house of a gentleman who was not a Christian. We three were looking together at some pictures which adorned the walls. One of them represented a man knocking at a door. Brother Fuller turned to the gentleman, and solemnly asked him, 'Does that remind you of any thing?' A little confused, he answered, 'No.' Brother Fuller replied, 'Christ has been knocking these many years at the door of your heart. Won't you let him in?' The question made a deep impression on me, as I think it must have done on the gentleman addressed.

"At another time I was with him at tea in the house of an ungodly man who was not likely to invite his guests to hold family worship; but Brother Fuller easily accomplished the object at the close of the meal by saying, 'Let us spend a moment in prayer,' and immediately kneeling at his seat, in which he was followed by all at the table.

"I once heard him administer a delicate but pointed reproof to a lady, who, like Martha, was 'cumbered with much serving.' The occasion was a dedication of a meeting-house in another city. Dr. Fuller had preached in the morning one of his most fervent sermons, full of Christ. When we returned to our temporary home, we were surprised to find a most sumptuous dinner awaiting us. Our hostess had loaded her table with every delicacy of the season, prepared in the most elegant manner, Sunday though it was. Dr. Fuller said no more than this, 'What would the apostle Paul have thought of such a feast as this on Sunday?' and partook very sparingly of the entertainment.

"I once drove him to a neighboring village to visit a dying infidel, —a man of culture with whom he had been acquainted in his college-days. I remained in the carriage during his call. When he returned, his countenance wore a very sad expression as he recounted his interview with the dying man. Among other things which pained him greatly was a remark made by the infidel concerning an eminent preacher with whom he had been very intimate. Said he, 'Do you know Dr. ——? Isn't he a jolly fellow?' What a description for an infidel to give of his intimate friend, a Christian minister! Instead of warning him, and pleading and praying with him, he was a 'jolly

fellow.' This remark made a deep impression on Dr. Fuller's mind; and I heard him afterwards narrate it in an ordination charge which he gave, when, shaking his fore-finger solemnly at the young brother, he added, 'Don't you be a jolly fellow.'

"Brother Fuller was himself of a highly genial temperament, gifted with a keen sense of the ludicrous, and, at proper times, indulging in sparkling sallies of wit. He was the life of the social circle, and at the dinner-table or in the parlor could and often did charm the whole company with his bright sayings, and bursts of humor. He loved sunshine; and often when walking with him, even in warm weather, would he choose the sunny side of the street. And, like sunshine, he radiated on every side, among his family and friends, the light of a cheerful spirit as well as of a brilliant intellect, but always as a dignified, consistent Christian minister.

"The following interesting narrative was written by Dr. Fuller himself for 'The True Union,' — a religious paper of which I was for several years the editor. The dying infidel is the one referred to in the foregoing 'Reminiscences.'

"'It was in the year 1832 that a stranger passed a few days in Baltimore. Nought recked he of God, or the things of God. The only sabbath during his stay was spent at the hospitable mansion of Mr. O., about a mile from the city; and its hours were consumed in mirth and conviviality with a party as gay and thoughtless as himself.

"'Time rolled on, and effaced from the memory of that traveller all recollections of the wine-party and the desecrated sabbath. His home was in sunnier climes. Thither hied he, little dreaming that ever his abode should be in this city, and that one day God would bring his sin to remembrance, and cause it to flash in bitterly upon him.

"'Yet so it was. The mercy which had been so patient, which had never ceased to pursue that wanderer wherever his restless spirit bore him, — that mercy was at last triumphant. With a gushing heart our traveller fell at the feet of Jesus, bathing them with the tears of penitential love.

"'In the year 1847 a carriage drove up to the door of one of the pastors of Baltimore, with a note requesting him at once to attend a gentleman dangerously ill at the village of P., some eight miles from the city. On entering the chamber, he saw a man still young, — probably not more than forty. But how wan and withered that form and face! What deep traces of thought and passion graven on that countenance! Often had that pastor sat at the couch of death, but

never at a couch so sad and desolate. The sick man extended his pale, wasted hand, and thanked him for the visit, but soon dashed all hopes by the principles he avowed. He had been a child of wild and fiery impulses; had wandered in distant lands, and drained to satiety the bitter cup of pleasure, so misnamed: and now he was prepared to die calmly and fearlessly in the wretched delusion of the infidel.

"'The interview was to the minister of religion most painful. Here was a conscience which seemed seared, a heart inaccessible to all the appeals of the gospel; and the pastor was about to leave in utter despair. Suddenly the dying man turned to him those eyes which hitherto had burned as if fire had glowed beneath them, but which were now moistened, and said, "Sir, my sister;" and at these words he covered his face, and tears choked his utterance. To one who has had a pious sister no interpretation of such a spectacle is needed. This unhappy man had had a sister, then, whose affection had never forsaken him, whose gentle remonstrances had still followed him; and, all lost to God as he seemed, the tones of that sister's voice were still vibrating upon his heart, the echoes of that sister's tender accents still lingered amid the ruins.

"'He confessed that it was even so. When young he had left his home, and bidden farewell to an only sister. He had forgotten God, and flung the reins upon the neck of his headlong passions, and braved death in many and fearful shapes. But that sister had never lost sight of him. Still her prayers were interposing between him and the vengeance his sins attracted. "Often," said he, "have her letters reached me when my soul was dark with guilt and gloom, and for a time rescued me from guilt." It was the memory of that sister which now softened and subdued that haughty spirit.

"'He died. Slowly, on a calm autumnal afternoon, wound the funeral procession along the road, and entered at length the gloomy portals of that Necropolis whose silent population is fast rivalling in numbers the living masses of our city. In the first carriage rode the pastor above mentioned, who had lately removed to Baltimore. As he passed beneath the archway, and looked around, a flood of recollection poured in upon his soul. "What place is this?" — "Greenmount, sir." — "It was once the residence of Mr. O.?" — "It was, sir." Need I say more? That minister of God was the traveller; and for the first time was he now revisiting the spot, where, with wine and mirth, the sabbath had been profaned. There stood the same old mansion; there waved the same trees; above him bent the

same skies: but all else how changed! Where was now the sound of festivity and joy? where were the laugh, the gibe, the jest? where the eyes radiant with beauty, and the lips whose wit had set the table in a roar? Of all those gay revellers, how few left! how many gathered to the tomb, summoned to the dread tribunal with the sins of that sabbath upon their souls!

"'And why was he here? Why had he been spared? Why had grace singled him out, and not only pardoned his guilt, and filled his bosom with peace, but confided to him the inestimable treasure of the ministry of Christ? The coffin was placed in one of the vaults at the eastern part of the cemetery. Of that funeral group few seemed to feel. But there were two who sobbed aloud. One was the only son of the deceased, a boy about twelve. He moaned and cried as if his heart would break. He had lost a father, who, whatever his faults, had doated upon his child. The other was the officiating minister. Floods rolled down his cheeks; and why? Did he weep in sorrow for the dead, and in sympathy with the boy? He did. But there was another, a deeper, a hidden fountain, which had been opened by the admonitions of the place. His profusest tears were tears of contrition, of penitence, of gratitude, of love, as he recalled the past, and wondered and adored.'"

Such is a fair outline of his work in its different departments, as he prosecuted it through years of constant, untiring effort. The church at Saratoga and Paca Streets became not only a stronghold and rallying-point for the Baptists, but a place of attraction to strangers visiting the city. The church was greatly increased in its membership: "The Lord added to the church daily such as should be saved." Scarcely a fortnight passed without the administration of the ordinance of baptism: often, for months, it was a weekly service. Many of these, alas! fell away. Even the apostle had to lament these defections: "Demas hath forsaken me, having loved this present world." But the permanent additions were large and valuable, and continue to this day as the seals of that ministry. Another blessing crowned these ministrations. In the perverseness of our nature, we are apt to distort and abuse the gifts of God. The independence of the churches is the scriptural

idea and plan; but how often is this perverted into isolation and estrangement! The churches of Baltimore had suffered not a little from this cause; but the labors of this servant of Jesus, by the catholic spirit they manifested and the generous enthusiasm they excited, corrected this tendency, and shaped and fostered a better spirit and policy.

It is said to have been the watchword of the famous Henry of Navarre, when going into battle, "Rally around my white plume!" and that plume was ever seen, as a banner, in the thickest of the fight. In a better and nobler cause Richard Fuller's watchword was, "Behold the Lamb of God!" and "in season and out of season," as a shining captain in the hosts of God's elect, he gave the word, and led the way, and fought the good fight of faith. But there is a limit to human endurance. These eloquent sermons, and earnest counsels, and unremitting efforts, exhausted and consumed, while they ennobled and blessed him as a man and minister. His health gave way, and the great leader was well-nigh lost to the cause.

As with his work in Beaufort he was laid aside for a season, so in Baltimore he was well-nigh consumed by the fire of his own devotion; and in the winter of 1848 he was obliged to seek the milder climate of his native State. When he arrived in Beaufort, and met his brothers and sisters at the old family mansion, it was such a wreck and skeleton of himself, that they burst into sobs: "Is this Richard, our brother!" so changed was the wan face and thin figure from the strong and manly form that left them a few years before for his new field of labor. It was the soldier coming back, after a hard-fought campaign, covered with the marks and scars of battle. A likeness of him taken at that time looked more like a spectre than a man, with the sunken cheeks, and hollow eyes, and gaunt frame. But the iron will, and kindling genius, and undying faith, were there; and on a diet of "hard tack," and with rough exercise among the fields

and woods of dear old Sheldon, he sprang back to life and health again, like one of the hickory bows with which Henry and himself used, as boys, to shoot the squirrels and woodpeckers among the magnolias, regaining its elasticity and strength after being unstrung and laid aside for a while.

CHAPTER XXI.

CONVENTION-WORK.

"And Abram said unto Lot, Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee; for we be brethren. Is not the whole land before thee?"

THE three leading denominations — Methodist, Presbyterian, and Baptist — had acted on the advice of Abraham to Lot, and formed separate organizations, — bodies which, though the main cause that created them has ceased to act, are still perpetuated from the simple fact and momentum of their existence. It was a judicious division of labor, when, in the foreign-mission department, China, Italy, and Africa were assigned to the South, — China, with its conservatism of ages; Italy, with its sunny skies and imaginative population; and Africa, with its dusky myriads, stretching out its hands to God, and with a special appeal to those who had grown up with its children in this country. The home department embraced the territory of the South and South-West, — the region that has been desolated by the late war; while the red men on the frontier were made the objects of its special care. In addition to these main objects, the collateral interests of education and Sunday-school work were understood as topics claiming the attention of every annual gathering. Dr. Wayland, in his admirable notes on Baptist principles and practices, takes exception to the earlier general societies, as calculated to trench on the independence and efficiency of the churches. Whatever ground of apprehension may have existed at first, in both

the Northern and Southern conventions, as now organized, there is not only no peril of any centralized ecclesiastical power, but an obvious advantage, if not necessity, in these societies for the promotion of the life and efficiency of the churches.

In such work Richard Fuller could not fail to be an active co-laborer, and few had the peculiar gift and training to give the same effectiveness to their sympathy. In the old Triennial Convention he was associated with such men as Wayland and Bolles and Cone, and Rice and Knowles and Peck, and others, — names "of whom the world was not worthy." At this time he was known and loved more as a preacher of the gospel than as a counsellor shaping the deliberations of the body; but when the Southern Baptist Convention was formed, in 1845, in Augusta, Ga., he was at once acknowledged as a trusted leader in all matters of grave deliberation, as well as a popular preacher of the gospel.

Both in the old convention and the more recent Southern organization, it was understood that Dr. Fuller, when present, would preach before the body. On these occasions he delivered some of those masterly discourses which produced great impressions at the time, and established his reputation as one of the foremost of American preachers. Such was the famous sermon "On the Cross," — "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me," — preached before the Triennial Convention in Baltimore April 28, 1841. Though the preacher speaks of it as an argument, it is less strictly logical in its arrangement than many of his published discourses; but in grandeur of theme, vividness of conception, and continuous, impassioned earnestness of style and delivery, it is unsurpassed, if equalled, by any effort of this or any other preacher of modern times. With less severe logic than Saurin, less philosophical speculation than Vinet, less exquisite finish of style than Robert Hall, it had more of that mingled force, fire, and tenderness, which, more

than all philosophy, and all mere beauty of sentiment and expression, move and sway the minds and passions of men. The fountains of the great deep of Christian feeling were broken up, and "the heart of his people moved as the trees of the wood are moved with the wind." Dr. Williams of Baltimore, in a reminiscence of this sermon, says, —

"After the preaching of that sermon I saw an ultra man from the North go up to Dr. Fuller, throw his arms around him, and say, 'Brother Fuller, I love you.' As they stood there, weeping, and embracing each other, it was as if Jesus had come in and said, 'Peace, be still.'"

The next and last meeting of the Triennial Convention was at Philadelphia, in 1844. Mr. Warren Merrill of Cambridge, Mass., writes of this sermon, —

"Dr. Fuller preached on that occasion. It produced a profound impression on my mind. I class it among the few great sermons that I have listened to during my life."

Dr. Williams of Baltimore, who was present at this meeting, says, —

"Dr. Fuller preached on Sunday morning. I stopped at the same house with a distinguished minister from the North. He went to hear the doctor. We were all anxious to hear his criticism. When asked, he replied, 'The man is contagious. In a few moments after he commenced preaching, I was one with him in his sympathy with Jesus. I was disarmed as a critic, and have nothing to say, except that his power consists in his vivid conception of the truth he utters.'"

In the subsequent meetings of the Southern Baptist Convention, it was generally understood that Dr. Fuller was to occupy on Sunday morning the pulpit of the church with which the body met. There were many able and devoted men present equal to any occasion; but they, as well as the community, were anxious to hear Richard Fuller. It was not unusual in this way for him to preach in the evening as well as in the morning of the great day of the feast.

Dr. Crawford, writing of the meeting at Memphis, Tenn., in 1867, says, —

"A distinguished minister who has known him for many years, and has often heard him, at Memphis declined an invitation to the country, saying, 'I should like very much to go; but I must stay to hear Fuller preach once more.' Another minister, of Northern extraction, from Missouri, declined a similar invitation in almost the same words; adding, 'I came from Missouri here just to hear Dr. Fuller preach.' In his case, however, it was the reputation of the preacher that attracted; for he had never heard him."

The sermon on this occasion was from Pilate's question to the Jews, "What shall I do, then, with Jesus, which is called Christ?" Dr. Brantly of Baltimore, who was present, says that the sermon, about three-fourths of it, was hardly up to the average efforts of the preacher, but that the last portion was of surpassing power. After the preparation of the minds and hearts of his audience by the preliminary discussion, it was brought home to the people by a personal appeal, which was wonderful in its delivery and effect. Leaning over the pulpit after an impressive pause, the preacher turned the question of Pilate into a matter of present, personal experience with his hearers. "Not," said he, "so much now, what shall I do with him? but what shall a poor, dying, lost sinner like myself do *without* him?" The stillness of deep emotion that fell on the vast concourse was broken by the preacher quietly saying, "Sing something;" when, as by a spontaneous outburst, mingled with tears and sobs, came the grand hymn, —

"All hail the power of Jesus' name!"

It was the skirmishing of a great captain in the battle, in the first part of the fight, followed by one of those decisive movements later in the day which win the victory with a clap of thunder.

Rev. Dr. Curry of Richmond relates in his own impressive

way an incident connected with a mass meeting held on this occasion. It was a short time after the war; and Dr. Fuller, who was speaking, had dwelt on the peculiar trials and sufferings of Christians at the South. With graphic power he pictured the march of Gen. Sherman through Georgia and Carolina. Gen. Sherman himself had told him (Dr. Fuller) how all the strictness of military discipline could hardly restrain the soldiers from the most violent demonstrations, as they regarded South Carolina especially as the promised land for reprisal and retribution. Right in their path, as they crossed the Savannah on their way to Columbia, lay the farm of a well-known aged deacon of the Baptist church at Robertville: it was left a smouldering ruin. The numerous friends of the old man visited him in his desolation, and tried in every way to comfort him. He had again and again comforted others in distress, and they reminded him in loud and earnest tones (for he was old and very deaf) of those sources of consolation to which he had often directed them in similar circumstances. "But," said the old man, with a slight outcropping of the old nature, "I don't remember ever supposing a case like this; and I am tempted to think Providence went a little too far this time."

As Dr. Fuller said this, he leaned over, and repeated it loudly in the ears of Dr. Poindexter, who was very deaf, and who was sitting near him. "It was the most graphic, touching, humorous picture that I ever witnessed in my life," said Dr. Curry. "The vast audience was at one moment filled with emotion, and the next shaken with irresistible laughter." The deaf old man, sitting, like Job, in the ashes of his mighty grief, and suffering a momentary eclipse of his faith, was a striking illustration of the extremity to which good men are sometimes brought in the blinding storm of some sudden, overwhelming sorrow.

At Macon, Ga., in 1869, Dr. Fuller's subject in the morning was the nature and strength of Simeon's faith: "Lord,

now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation" (Luke ii. 29, 30). Before the sermon the preacher had indulged in a little pleasant passage-at-arms with the choir, remarking, with deference to them, that he would not give one of the old-fashioned tunes their grandmothers used to sing for piles of the music they had up in the gallery, and begging as a special favor for one of those simple melodies in which all could unite. It touched plainly a cord of sympathy in the congregation, made up largely of people from the surrounding country, in whose judgment choirs are, if not downright inventions of the Evil One, yet at best very doubtful arrangements. The singing was general and hearty, and the sermon that followed an able and touching exposition of the trials and triumphs of faith. A lawyer who was in the audience, and who, at the beginning of the service, showed but little reverence or attention, was held more and more by the preacher, until, at the conclusion, with a sigh of relief, and tears in his eyes, he said aloud, in momentary forgetfulness of the place, "What a grand old man!"

At the meeting in Raleigh, N.C., in 1872, Dr. Fuller preached from Heb. i. 9: "Thou hast loved righteousness, and hated iniquity: therefore God, even thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows." The sermon and its impression is thus described by a correspondent of "The Herald:" —

"Dr. Fuller made one of his happiest efforts, producing a most profound impression on the immense congregation. Tears flowed freely all over the house. When, at the close of the sermon, the choir struck up,

'All hail the power of Jesus' name!'

to the tune of Old Coronation, and the congregation joined in with a will, it rang out as a shout of victory, and produced an impression such as we have rarely witnessed."

Tears and joy mingling in one tide of religious feeling,

as at the laying of the foundation of the second temple, "the people could not discern the noise of the shout of joy from the noise of the weeping of the people."

But beside these noble discourses, by which leading minds in all parts of the land were quickened and refreshed, there was other and equally important work to be done; and here Dr. Fuller rendered effective service. It was always considered a matter of importance to secure his advocacy of one or more of the special orders of the day. And the value and effect of these addresses were not due so much to their fulness and elaboration as to the tact, wisdom, and manner of the speaker. It is said that Whitefield could pronounce the monosyllable O in such a way as to move an audience instantly to tears. John A. Stuart, a former gifted editor of the famous "Charleston (S.C.) Mercury," used to say that he (Stuart) could make people laugh, but that Richard Fuller could make them both laugh and cry. Some little incident he could tell in such a manner as to make it a lever of power in moving the whole assembly.

The following incident was published in "The Louisville Courier" of May, 1866. It was the first meeting after the war.

"Dr. Fuller said that he was afraid to trust his feelings to speak to his brethren. His heart was like water. Thank God! all wars are now over, all embargoes and restrictions broken down, and our hearts again beat close one to another. You do not know what we in Maryland and Kentucky have suffered for you, — what an anguish of spirit, whilst deprived of your sweet fraternal counsel. There was one member of the convention, Dr. Mell, the president, whom he had long yearned to meet. In the midst of the strife he received a letter from Dr. Mell, inquiring for his son, who was a soldier in the Confederate army. He made the inquiries, and discovered that the dear young brother Mell had been wounded and captured at Crampton's Gap, Va., and afterward died. He secured his effects, — watch, Bible, memorandum-book, — and now had the happiness, the happiness mixed with pain, of transferring them to the bereaved father.

"We dare not attempt to report either the manner or matter of

Dr. Fuller's brief address. Did we, it would be our duty to record more tears than smiles; for every eye was suffused, and every heart throbbing with sympathy."

At the meeting of the convention in Macon, Ga., in May, 1869, Dr. Fuller followed Dr. Boyce in behalf of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary. Every thing — the subject-matter under discussion, the mood of both speaker and audience — was favorable for a fine impression. Dr. Fuller once remarked of the elder Basil Manly, that when his digestion was good, and the wind to the north-west, he was as effective a preacher as he ever heard in his life. Of course he did not undervalue other and more essential conditions; but he knew the influence of those little things which often decide the battle. We affirm nothing as to the direction of the wind that morning at Macon, or the digestion of the speaker; but, *benigno numine*, all things were favorable, — the theme, an educated ministry, and the noble sacrifices of the Greenville professors, the mention of which the year before at Baltimore had stirred the whole convention with sympathy. We give an outline of this address from "The Herald" of May 20, 1869: —

"Dr. Fuller's own heart would have prompted him to speak, even if he had not been invited to do so; but his friend Boyce reminded him of what Charles II. said of Sherlock: 'He is not a fair man, sir: he never leaves any thing for anybody else to say.' And as for Boyce's *heart*, it is so big that the Lord had to make that great, big body to put it in. If there be any thing in the conceit that monuments should be erected at the sources of rivers, how much more appropriate to do so at the fountain of rivers of spiritual knowledge! He would erect a monument at Greenville. If it were a question whether we should have education, or the simple truths of the gospel, he would unhesitatingly say, 'Away with education, and give him the man who breaks hearts, even though he break grammar!' It is true of many a highly-educated man, that, if in his sermon he should happen to touch on religion, he would have touched on every thing under the sun. But surely *ignorance* is not necessary to enable a man to preach the saving truths of the gospel. He loved the

seminary, because they there teach the students to preach Jesus. The Bible is written in other languages; and we Baptists should see to it that we have men able to interpret them, and to state and defend our peculiar views. The preacher stands in a peculiar relation to the people. The fewer times you call on doctors or lawyers, the better; but the pastor's relations are more intimate. He has to do with the soul. How important that these mighty interests should not be committed to ignoramuses! The preacher must rule by love. Learning and intellect are already a power in the land, and they are becoming more so every day. Men are turning searching glances into the old standards of our faith; and we need men thoroughly furnished, that they may be able to meet them. The people will have preachers of some kind: how important that we give them educated men! He then ably argued the importance of a general theological seminary for the denomination in the South. The theological departments of our colleges are necessarily very incomplete, and we cannot depend upon the State; for, unfortunately, whenever *the State* has the disbursement of educational funds, Baptists are quietly ignored. Nor will it do to leave our young men to get their theology after they go into their work. The young lawyer or doctor hangs out his shingle, and is frequently left for years with no calls to interrupt the progress of his studies; but the preacher enters at once upon his life-long work, and has but little time for study.

"We must provide the means of sending our young preachers to the seminary; for they are generally poor themselves, have poor parents, and have no prospectively lucrative profession upon which they can borrow money. Our young men had nobly sacrificed their time, their money, and their lives, for the 'lost cause.' Give our young preachers an opportunity to stand up boldly for a cause that shall *never* be lost. He could not speak in their presence, as he could wish, of the professors at Greenville; but this he would say: When either one of them might have commanded elsewhere a salary of from five to ten thousand dollars, they had stood at their posts, and toiled on amid poverty and actual want. They were heroic men, and deserved all honor at our hands. The dead speak to us to-day in behalf of this noble cause. The late Dr. Basil Manly — of whom he could not trust himself to speak — had said that he 'had rather have borne some part in establishing this seminary than to have been President of the United States.' Manly speaks to us to-day. Dr. Fuller closed with an eloquent and touching appeal, which produced a profound impression. The above is a very imperfect sketch of this speech, which was universally regarded as one of the finest efforts ever made by the distinguished orator."

Such was this remarkable address. In that part of it where the speaker was urging the need of an educated ministry to meet the learned scepticism of the age, he referred to the elaborate attack of Strauss on the gospel, and the more sentimental but insidious speculations of Renan, and asked how were these to be met but by some acquaintance with the methods and weapons of the enemy. The closing allusion to Basil Manly — *clarum et venerabile nomen* — was full of tenderness and power. It was very much the sentiment and language in a letter written about this time to "The Herald:" "O ever-loving, lovely, and beloved Manly, our precious friend, counsellor, brother, father! we shall see thee no more until we embrace in heaven." As the speaker sat down amid the mingled tears and scarcely suppressed murmurs of approbation, a stranger turned to one sitting by his side, and, with a sigh of relief from strong emotion, said, "That is the best speech I ever heard from Richard Fuller." The subsequent pledges to the seminary-fund showed its practical value and effectiveness.

Towards the close of this session a very earnest debate took place as to the relation of the convention to the colored people. Dr. Poindexter and Dr. Fuller were the principal debaters. Few men were better known and loved in the convention, and among the Baptists of the South, than A. M. Poindexter. He was one of God's noblemen, — a man of rather plain address, but of a high order of mental endowment. With the keen logic of able consecutive reasoning he united the simplicity of a child and the tenderness of a woman. As a debater on any of the great questions of the day, he was the peer of Jeter, Fuller, or any other leader in the convention. His enthusiasm, when fairly aroused, swept him on, and every thing with him, like the mountain-torrent when the floods are high. On this occasion Poindexter had warmed up to the subject, and in a most impassioned manner was walking from one side of the platform to the other

like a chafed lion. Now he would appeal to Dr. Fuller, who had differed from him, with an overwhelming *argumentum ad hominem;* then, turning, he would stride to the other end, addressing the audience. After one of these approaches to Dr. Fuller, as the orator turned and marched in the opposite direction, Dr. Fuller quickly took his hat, and slipped through the door in the rear. What was the surprise of his antagonist, on turning, and this time with the climax of his argument, to confront the doctor, to find that he had vanished in some mysterious manner! The audience took in the situation at a glance; for Dr. Fuller had given a significant shake of the head as he moved off, as if to say he was afraid of the next charge. A murmur of suppressed merriment ran through the house.

At the convention that met at Raleigh, N.C., in 1872, Dr. Fuller made one of the addresses on domestic missions. Dr. T. G. Jones had insisted on the apostolic method of securing good salient points in the great centres, — the large cities; and his appeal had stirred the hearts of the people. Dr. Fuller, on rising, found the interest of his audience already aroused by the previous address; so that he had no outworks of indifference to carry.

"After some pleasantry" (says "The Herald" of May 16, 1872), "he passed to speak very tenderly of Crawford, the friend of his youth; of Taylor, the dear brother whom he always had to pray for him when he had to preach at these meetings; of Poindexter, who had stood by him in those days that tried men's souls. He vividly sketched the desolations of the South, especially of dear little South Carolina, the most oppressed State on the globe. The home-work has the highest claims upon us. He urged the work among the colored people. Jesus was a home missionary. Home missions are economical. The missionaries have not to learn a new language. They are not at the expense of going to their fields. The South is our own country, and the people our own people. As he stood yesterday by the side of his old friend Gen. Hampton, and saw the garlands cast upon the graves of the soldiers, his heart was deeply touched.

"Will we not send the gospel to their widows and orphans? He closed with an eloquent appeal for present and liberal help for these."

But a more thrilling episode occurred, either in this address, or in another delivered about the same time. The convention had just heard of the death of the loved and honored Poindexter. Few men were better known and more loved in the convention than he. For years the nature of his work as secretary or agent of some one of the societies had brought him into intimate relations with members of the convention. As a preacher, while, to some extent, awkward in manner, and monotonous in tone, there was a clearness of method, a force of reasoning, and an impassioned momentum of delivery, which soon swept out of sight all minor imperfections. As a debater, he had powers that would have commanded respect in any assembly — legal, political, or ecclesiastical — in the land. Crowning all was a sterling integrity and a lofty courage of soul, tempered by the meekness and gentleness of Christ.

When the news came of the death of such a man, it was felt by all as a great loss to the denomination. No one appreciated this more than Dr. Fuller. With the feeling of a kindred spirit, he had known and honored the genius, the fiery eloquence, of Poindexter. He had thrilled and melted with him in sympathetic ardor at the foot of the cross. The following apostrophe, therefore, — though, as the reporter says, a bold conception, — was stamped, by the feeling of the hour and the enthusiasm of the speaker, with true sublimity: —

"The convention" (says the reporter) "had just heard of the death of Dr. A. M. Poindexter, and Dr. Fuller's bold and touching allusion was like an electric shock. No one but Dr. Fuller could have said it, and said it as he said it.

"'I love the foreign-mission work; and, whenever I think of what is being done by the Baptists of the South, I stand erect, and glorify

God. I almost think sometimes that I would not exchange places with an angel in heaven: if I did, it would not be with Gabriel, but rather with that angel whom John saw flying in the midst of heaven, carrying the everlasting gospel "to every nation and kindred and tongue and people, saying with a loud voice, Fear God, and give glory to him." Fly faster, O angel! on thy mission; and, if thou canst not quicken thy flight, go back and give thy message to Poindexter's spirit. He knows a love you can never know: he is now singing a song you can never learn, — the song of a redeemed soul bought by the precious blood of Christ. Give him thy message, and let his spirit bear it to the uttermost part of the earth.'"

O angel, fly fast!
The gleam of thy wing in the heavenly train
The shepherds beheld that night on the plain
Of Bethlehem, where, 'neath the feathery palm,
They caught the first note of the advent psalm.
Now wider thy flight o'er the land and the sea,
And louder the heavenly minstrelsy;
And a banner of light to a dying world
Is the sight of that glorious wing unfurled.

O angel, fly fast!
It may be that one, who, as he was dying,
Cried, "Who'll preach Jesus?" at thy side is now flying
More swiftly than Gabriel cleaving the air
When he touched the rapt seer on the plain of Shinar.
From the land of the palm and the wild Galilee
Let the sweep of thy wing fan the isles of the sea:
Thy mission once ended, then fold thy bright wing;
For the ransomed shall stand by the throne of the King.

CHAPTER XXII.

GENERAL CHRISTIAN WORK.

"I have loved to hear my Lord spoken of; and, wherever I have seen the print of his shoe in the earth, there I have coveted to set my foot too."

IT is a common metaphor, but, like most figures of speech, an exaggeration, to speak, in illustration of character, of the depth of narrow channels and the shallowness of wider surfaces. This may be true neither as to the fact nor as to the thing signified. The narrow channels are often the shallowest; while the ocean combines depth and fulness with vastness of expanse. The noblest natures are broad and generous in their sympathies, while marked by the profoundest convictions.

Richard Fuller was warmly attached to his own denomination. Coming once to the conclusion that he had found in the Baptist churches the nearest approach to the simple faith and scriptural ordinances of the New Testament, he was the firm advocate of these principles to the end. At the same time, his instinct for truth, and love for his Saviour, made him quick to detect their presence everywhere; and, wherever he saw their footprints, he was willing to follow: hence his intimacy with men like Bishop Elliott, Chief Justice Chase, and James W. Alexander, — men whose views of church polity differed so widely from his own; hence, outside of religious associations, his friendly relations with men like Calhoun, Clay, and Edward Everett.

In addition, therefore, to his work in his own denomina-

tion, was the collateral service he rendered for the cause of humanity and truth everywhere. No one was more quick to detect, and sure to despise, every false, new-fangled scheme of philanthropy. But, his judgment once convinced as to the soundness of any claim, he was at once and always its enthusiastic advocate; and this will be best shown by his relation to some of the principal benevolent institutions outside of the churches, — organizations which Dean Alford explains to be the banks of the New Testament, where we are advised by our Lord to put out our money to usury; to invest our means and influence in the way of development and usefulness.

One of these institutions is the American Colonization Society. The ultimate destiny of the colored people in this country is a problem as to which the best and wisest are in doubt. In the march of events, it was certain from the beginning that slavery had a limited existence in this country. But speculation as to the nature and history of the institution was one thing, and the wants of four or five millions of human beings was another matter, and a matter of practical interest to every Christian and philanthropist in the land. Taking the facts of the case as to the condition of the freedmen among the colored people, the society addressed itself to the work, and provided in the colonization scheme the only practical relief and remedy that the question seemed to admit of.

One of the most important meetings of this society was that of January, 1851, held in Washington, D.C., in the First Presbyterian Church. Henry Clay was president. Mr. Fillmore, President of the United States, and other distinguished men, were on the platform.

The opening address was by Mr. Clay. Like every thing from the great statesman, it was graceful and forcible. His argument aimed at a solution of the slavery problem. He believed, as most thinkers in the country then believed, in the gradual extinction of slavery. He suggested various methods

by which this could be effected, — by State laws, by natural causes, or by the sword. "As to the sword," he said, "nobody, I trust, would think of the employment of that to put an end to slavery. As to law, I believe that no safe mode of gradual emancipation by law can terminate in any one of the States the existence of slavery much, if any, sooner than it will be terminated by the operation of natural causes." This he then explains to be the increase of population to such an extent as would make slave labor unprofitable, and free labor cheaper everywhere. Mr. Clay was always the orator and statesman; but in this matter he was no prophet.

Dr. Fuller followed in an address which attracted no little attention in all parts of the country. He began with a graceful compliment to the distinguished presiding officer, and also to President Fillmore. He then passed *in medias res* to the substance of his argument. The first part was to show the relation of the society to the freedmen among the colored people. He then explained its possible mission and advantage to the slave population.

Here he deprecated two things, — the impatience of the North, and the over-sensitiveness of the South. He insisted that the question was fast becoming more a matter of religious feeling than of political compromise, and that this was the growing peril of the hour. After an appeal to the two sections, marked by great fairness of judgment, he submitted a proposition looking to a possible solution of the problem: —

"And now, looking upon this subject in a religious light, permit me to say that there are some things upon which our brethren at the North ought seriously to ponder. In the first place, they ought to reflect that we of the South are not responsible for the introduction of Africans into this country: they were introduced here in spite of the protests of many of the colonists. In the next place, they ought to reflect that the African has been vastly improved by his transportation to these shores. The African here is a superior animal to the African on his native continent. In point of comfort (I speak from personal observation when I say this), with a kind master he is far better

cared for, more comfortable, more happy, than most of the peasantry of Europe. It was only the other morning that I had to go out some time before the rising of the sun to start from Baltimore to Washington. I left my servants in comfortable beds, without the slightest or remotest idea of rising before the sun, and then to dress as warmly as I dress, and eat the same food that I eat. Near the railroad-track I met an Irishman; and, though the morning was bitter, the poor fellow, thinly clad, stood shivering in the cold. Upon inquiry, I found that he regarded himself as exceedingly fortunate in having secured the place which he held on the road. He told me he was able to furnish his family with fuel and with food, and to pay his monthly rent regularly: to do this, he had to rise every morning about three o'clock (winter and summer), and labor until dark, Sundays not excepted. An overcoat was a luxury of which he never dreamed. Now, looking to what is merely physical, what friend of the slave would wish him to change places with that laborer? But it is the religious blessings which the African has enjoyed in this country which are his greatest advantage. And here let me tell a singular and most important fact. In all our missionary stations, there are at this day all together fifty-six thousand converts from heathenism. In the Methodist, Presbyterian, and Baptist churches at the South there are two hundred and fifty-six thousand professed African believers in Jesus Christ. If these Africans had not come to this country, probably not one of them would ever have heard the gospel. By being brought here, there are now five times as many members of those churches as are to be found in all the missionary churches put together.

"I think the North ought to ponder these questions.

"But there are certain concessions which we of the South ought also to be prepared to make as honest men. We ought candidly to admit, — as every Southern statesman who has travelled at the North, I think, will confess, — that, while slavery enriches the individual, it impoverishes the State, fostering indolence and luxury, which have always been the bane of governments. I think I may well appeal to every Christian, whether, when God says, "Search the scriptures," the human mind ought to be shut out from reading the scriptures; whether, when Jesus Christ says, "What, therefore, God hath joined together, let not man put asunder," husbands and wives ought to be separated; whether labor ought to be received without compensation.

"In a conversation with the late Mr. Calhoun, he said to me that he thought we did pay fair wages for the labor of our slaves. I do not go into the calculation; I do not go into the dollars and cents: it

is the principle for which I am contending. Above all, to a generous mind, perfect dependence is ever an irresistible plea for protection.

"Hence we will die for a woman. She is dependent upon us, and she has a claim which no brave and generous man can resist. I know no men more generous than our Southern planters. They are quick of resentment, and very justly indignant at the gross assaults of the abolitionists; but, left to their own free and generous impulses, they are the very men to admire and to imitate Antoninus and other Roman emperors who became guardians of the slaves, and extended over them a paternal government.

"But I will not dwell on these concessions which the South ought to make. There is one concession which I made some four years ago, when writing to Dr. Wayland from South Carolina, and to which I have heard scarcely a single objection.

"It is, that slavery is not a good thing, and a thing to be perpetuated. I believe there are few at the South who are not willing to admit that. And, if that be admitted, I ask, May not this great country come to understand itself? Would it not be oil upon the surface of the troubled waters, and a rainbow in our troubled sky? Might we not hope that at length an equilibrium would be restored in our moral atmosphere, if these concessions were made? A common platform, and a middle ground of love and brotherly feeling, might be found, upon which all good men might stand, and, in a spirit of love and generous philanthropy, consult as to the duty of the race towards this other race, which, in the providence of God, is placed in our power.

"We think that the time has come — as this resolution says, and as your president has most eloquently said — when we ought not in vain to invoke the attention of this government and the interposition of Congress in behalf of this great enterprise. It seems to me there can be no sort of doubt that Congress possesses the power to make appropriations for this object. And shall millions be spent about a plot of a few square miles, while truth and mercy and justice and philanthropy and benevolence apply in vain? Congress, I suppose, has hitherto been unwilling to commit this nation to a cause which was regarded as an experiment, and by many as a Utopian experiment. But this is no longer an experiment. There stands Liberia; and, if so much has been done by individual benevolence, what cannot be achieved if the wisdom and power and resources of this great republic were devoted to this great object.

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"If Congress were willing to do what I humbly think Congress

ought to do, there are multitudes, like myself, willing to impoverish themselves, if they can only see that they can do any thing for the minds and the souls of those beings committed to their charge. And I say, if these appropriations are due to such citizens, we have a right to demand them. Year after year, thousands and tens of thousands are voted in yonder halls to encourage improvements in the arts and sciences, — for inventions, not only to benefit, but to destroy, our race. Every project to explode gunpowder, and hurl the missiles of death, seeks and finds favor. Is it not time that some portion of the resources of this government should be applied to the greatest of all improvements, — the improvement of the human race? It is due to Africa. God calls upon us to make some atonement for wrongs which have been done by our forefathers to that continent. I say there are multitudes this day who are willing to impoverish themselves and their children, if they can see how they can benefit these human beings; and Congress ought to meet such cases promptly. Let us improve man: that is the highest aim.

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"I am no statesman, no politician; I am a humble minister of God; and what I am now about to say will, perhaps, seem like insanity to some people: but, if it be insanity, it has come upon me as insanity never came upon man, — by the painful, prayerful, calm, protracted contemplation of a great subject. Let not what I say, then, be scouted: let it be weighed and pondered calmly. I am supposing now that there are many at the South who are anxious to do something for the African, but see not what they can do; and I am supposing that the multitude at the North feel, as I know they feel, a willingness to make sacrifices for this purpose; but they see how valueless are harangues and books and pictures and prints, because the destiny of the African is in the hands of his master. Supposing this state of things to exist (and I believe it exists to an extent of which few have any conception), cannot the legislation of this Union be wisely adjusted so as to meet such an emergency? I am not given to circumlocution when I have any thing to say. What I wish to say is this: Does not a sacred duty to Africa, and the salvation of this country, truth, love, justice, require that Congress should be ready to interpose, not merely to deport, but to redeem, to purchase, the slaves of those who are willing to engage in an arduous, tedious, but most sublime undertaking? 'Why,' says the abolitionist, 'we never will consent to that in the world: it is acknowledging the right of the master.' But is that man a friend to the African? The right exists, the power exists; no earthly authority can destroy it: and is not the

elevation of a human being better than the maintenance of these absurd abstractions? I put out of view the fact that we of the South obtained a great part of these slaves from the North, who imported them into our Southern harbors. I wish to mention a very singular fact; and, if Dr. Wayland were here, I have no doubt he would not object to my mentioning it. At the time he was writing letters to me against slavery, and I putting it on the true ground on which it stood, he was situated in Providence, R.I., and I in Beaufort, S.C. Some of my ancestors recollected the time, when, out of Providence, the slave-ships brought slaves into Beaufort, S.C.; and my forefathers bought them from the very people who built up Providence. But I put out of view that fact; and I say to those abolitionists, 'Admit, for argument's sake, a calumny, which I deny and detest, that we are robbers. Suppose your child is in the hands of a robber: will you redeem that child, and set him free? or will you say it would be admitting the right of the robber, and I will not redeem him?' Such a man is not the friend of the slave.

"I feel that I owe a sort of apology for the length to which I have been carried, unconsciously to myself, but, I fear, not without the very distinct consciousness of this assembly. Mr. President, you have well touched upon the commerce and great resources of Africa. You have said all that can be said, and better than we can say it, in relation to that subject. You have spoken, too, of the slave-trade, which can be more effectually suppressed by colonization than by all the combined fleets of England, France, and the United States. You mentioned, too, the line of steamers to Africa. The days of miracles are passed: but God can still open the sea to achieve his purposes; and I trust that he is saying to you as he said to Moses, 'Stretch out thy hand, and the sea shall be opened.'

"If I could only gain the attention of my friends here to-night, and especially if I could fix your mind, sir, and the minds of others here before me, to the subject which I have been presenting, I should thank God, and take courage. I know that what I have proposed will seem to many, at first, as the dream of a visionary. In the vocabulary of this world, wisdom and folly too often mean, not the compliance of our views with truth or falsehood, but their compliance with public opinion: hence the first insurrection of the human mind against the usurpations of society is always regarded as a sort of insanity. People say, 'He is a strange man uttering strange things;' but, if the strange things uttered by that strange man be true things, they will not be lost. No testimony, however feeble, in favor of great principles, can ever be lost: it will awaken an echo somewhere.

I speak with great humility, but with perfect confidence, when I say, that what I have proposed to-night, with perhaps only a few sympathizing with me, will one day be regarded, not as the chimera of an enthusiast, but as the language of truth and soberness. And, if it demands time and money, what are time and money to this nation, when undertaking such a great and sublime work? The mere interest on the national debt of England for ten years would buy every slave in this country. And as to the time, chronic evils always demand chronic remedies. Look at God in the creation, in the deliverance of his people from Egypt, in the redemption. God tells men that nothing great can be done without patience and time. It is only little, weak, and contracted minds who hope to do any great thing in a hurry.

"Whatever we do, Mr. President and members of the Colonization Society, let us do it with faith, — faith in God, faith in ourselves, faith in our great cause. Nothing contributes so much, no element in human conduct contributes half so much, to success, as the confidence of succeeding. By faith Leonidas fought and fell at Thermopylæ, and his noble devotion rendered Greece invincible. By faith Columbus saw an unknown land, and resolved to reach it. It was faith that sustained him as he travelled from court to court, seeking sympathy and aid. Alexander wept for another world to conquer. Columbus revealed that other world, and he resolved to conquer it; and when, at midnight upon the tempestuous ocean, his whole crew and all the officers demanded of him the abandonment of the voyage, so utterly hopeless were they, what but an unextinguishable faith cheered him, and assured him that in three days his toil should be crowned with success? What would have become of this nation if faith had not sustained our forefathers in the struggles of the Revolution? Faith must ever be the strength and consolation of all who will do great things. In all great enterprises we may say with perfect truth, that a great deal depends upon faith. "Blessed is he that hath not seen, and yet believeth."

"As patriots, ought one of you, my hearers, to leave this house without a deep interest in this matter? But, my dear fellow-citizens, God knows I love you, and I love this dear country, and I love this Union, from the bottom of my heart. If such a scheme as I have suggested could be adopted, if, instead of strife and sectional animosity, the members of this Union could all engage in such an enterprise, not only would all the selectest blessings of God descend upon this nation, but the very co-operation would bind us together by bonds most delightful and most indissoluble. And how pleasant a sight,

instead of sectional strife and bickering and animosity, to see the members from the different portions of this Union consenting to make generous sacrifices, and consulting together as to the best means of making some reparation to Africa for the injury which has been done her! Across the very highway which was once vexed and crossed by the keel of the slave-ship, our stars and stripes would be returning to injured Africa her long-lost children, and returning them, not imbruted as they came, but, by the blessing of God overruling the avarice of man, civilized, elevated, converted, and prepared to regenerate that degraded continent.

"Sir, such a scheme, and our country is safe. Not *esto perpetua* ('it may be perpetual'), but *erit perpetua* ('it shall be perpetual'), would then be written upon that column which is rearing itself upon yonder common. But, if something practical and effectual cannot be done, vainly do we cry 'Peace, peace!' when there is no peace.

"Born at the South, educated at the North, intimately acquainted with the sentiments of the North and South as I am, in daily contact with Northern and Southern feeling, I utter my most solemn conviction to-night when I say (may God avert the prophecy!) that the elements of mischief, the *ignes suppositi*, the concealed fires of a volcano, are gathering under our feet. If something cannot be done, nothing will save this country from the agitation of the slavery question and from the civil — I put my finger to my lips; I cannot go on; I cannot look at it; I cannot speak it; but I see it, I see it, — that nothing will save this country from the agitation of the slavery question, and civil conflict. Your venerable head, Mr. President, — for your days, I fear, are almost numbered, and the place which you fill you will soon see no more (may God Almighty prepare for you a blessed place in heaven!) — your venerable head will soon be reposing in the tomb, and the shout and discord of a fratricidal war will not disturb your sleep. But some of us may be young enough to see that dismal hour.

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"I love my country with my whole heart. I can say with the Roman, 'Would that I had a hundred lives to give to my country!' I love this Union with my whole heart. May God spread over it the banner of his protection! But, much as I love my country, I love *man* even more; and it is as the highest achievement of philanthropy that colonization has my devoutest prayers for its success. In this light it has dignity, it has grandeur transcending the language of thought. Its end is the noblest which can be proposed by any human mind."

We have quoted the larger part of this address. It abounds with the characteristic excellences of the speaker, — sallies of wit, close reasoning, vivid description, all lighted up with flashes of imagination. It had, too, more of the prophetic element in its forecast of the future than the speech of the Kentucky statesman. Clay, Calhoun, and Webster had gone before the shock came; but the preacher lived to see the bursting of the storm, which, like a rapt seer, he here predicted.

The address met with but little favor at the South. The fever of excitement was running so high, that extremists at once took exception to these concessions of a Southern man and slaveholder, and commented with some severity on his propositions. The project was not entirely new, as bills had been introduced into Congress before, looking to some such appropriation; but Dr. Fuller was held to a stricter defence of the institution.

So deep was the feeling on the subject, that, on a visit to Beaufort which Dr. Fuller made a short time afterwards, it was even suggested that his appearance in his old pulpit might not be a matter of pleasure to the people. But wiser counsels prevailed; the excitement subsided; and he was heard and welcomed as before.

If the concessions pleaded for in this address had been made by the country, and the policy advocated adopted by the government, a way might have been opened over the sea for the exodus of the children of Ham, like that through the Red Sea for the children of Israel, and without those dreadful thunders of Egypt which are still echoing through the land.

Another catholic institution of the country is the American Tract Society. If not the angel of the Apocalypse, flying through the midst of heaven with the everlasting gospel, it follows close in the track of that angel. Next to the Bible

Society and the ministry of the Word, it scatters over the earth the precious leaves that are "for the healing of the nations." It is said that Legh Richmond was converted from formalism by reading Wilberforce's treatise on "Practical Christianity," written to promote evangelical religion among the higher classes in Great Britain. Legh Richmond wrote "The Dairyman's Daughter," — a tract that has come like a messenger of God to multitudes in quickening the currents of religious thought and feeling. A society diffusing a literature like this, in an age of great intellectual activity and general habits of reading, is an invaluable auxiliary to the Church, especially in its defence of the outposts of Christianity against an infidel or licentious press.

Such an agency could not fail to find in Richard Fuller a warm and earnest advocate. We find him, accordingly, making one of the addresses at the anniversary in New York in 1860. His heart is aglow with the fire of Christian love. His mind grasps the full measure of the blessing of a sanctified press.

"*Resolved*, That the national and catholic spirit of the American Tract Society, and its influence upon the literature of the land, ought to make it dear to every Christian and patriot.

"It is Seneca who says that the sources of large rivers are sacred, and altars should be built there. If such reverence ought to be given to fountains from which fertilizing streams issue, how ought we to venerate those great institutions which enrich and bless the earth with heavenly truth and spiritual influences!

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"I have travelled from Baltimore to this city, simply that I might enjoy the pleasure and honor of being with you to-night. But you do not wish me, I am sure, to pronounce any eulogium on the American Tract Society. The time has passed when that could be needed. There are, however, one or two traits in its character which ought to make it dearer and dearer to us every year. Upon these I would say something.

"And, first, this society is *national*, — national, not sectional. It is more: it is one of the few grand conservators and bonds of union

which are left us. Once all our influential religious denominations were accustomed to have their respective anniversaries, when from every part of the land Christians came together, glowing with love for each other, and with a common loyalty to Jesus. And I need not say by what ties of love our national Union was thus compacted. This harmony of feeling and action has been forever destroyed in the two largest religious bodies; and, unless God interposes, it will soon be violently broken up in all our religious communions. And these deplorable disruptions have been for what? Utopian abstractions; since I venture to affirm, that, practically, there is little difference between good men on any of the questions which have produced these fatal mischiefs. Nor have these separations of those who once embraced each other been caused by any alienation in the great masses of the denominations. They have been commenced and precipitated by the fanaticism of a few restless spirits; by men who are conscientious, but whose consciences are unenlightened (and Lord Bacon has said, that, 'without *science*, there can be no *con-science*'); by men sincere, but who are the victims of an unchristian zeal (for, unless to our virtue we 'add knowledge,' it ceases to be virtue; and, if knowledge be added, temperance will follow: 'Add to your faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge, and to knowledge temperance'); by men who will still carry strife and dissension wherever they go, will still cause fresh divisions where all should be, and all, but for them, would be, fraternal kindness and affection.

"I love and honor this society because it has stood nobly aloof from these unworthy bickerings and disputings; because it has shut out from its bosom those baneful strifes which have been so pernicious to the churches, and which threaten to be so disastrous to the nation. For my own part, when I draw within the circle of my contemplation all the blessings of our American Union, I want words in which to express my sense of the folly, infatuation, and guilt of disunion. I should be at a loss for a term by which to designate the man who wantonly seeks to involve us and our children in such a ruin. The man who at this day, amidst universal prosperity and happiness, can wish for such a catastrophe, — I should not know what to call him (whether idiot or madman or incendiary or traitor), but that the crisis which has produced such an enemy to our country has also furnished his name. He is a *politician;* a man who lives by intrigue, to whom patriotism is a mockery, who has faith only in one single virtue, — unmitigated selfishness, — and who, to gratify an inordinate ambition or cupidity, seeks to bandage the eyes of the multitude, and lead them on to a precipice. I do not condemn a proper pref-

erence for our own State: I go as far in this attachment as anybody. We have Mr. Webster's authority for the sentiment once ascribed to a worthy citizen of Boston. He was a man of expansive benevolence; he wished well to the whole world; and, that the whole world might be happy and prosperous, he sincerely wished that the United States governed the whole world, that New England governed the United States, that Massachusetts governed New England, and that Boston governed Massachusetts. For himself he had no sort of ambition: he would be satisfied to govern the little town of Boston. I believe that was a good man, a sincerely benevolent man. I understand him perfectly. I smile at his candor. I may not sympathize with his aspirations: still I can respect and honor him. But he who cannot extend his love of country beyond his own State is not worthy to be an American citizen. And, if we deserve to be American citizens, this society will engage our warmest interest, because it is superior to all sectional feeling; because it recognizes no North, no South, no East, no West, but is, in its entire character, in all its objects, wholly American, embracing with the same tender solicitude every portion of the land.

"He knows little of man who can make light of the religious sentiment implanted in our nature. It is the deepest and most uncontrollable element in society; and, like those central fires which cause earthquakes and convulsions, it can subvert the foundations of any government. There is no danger to this land, there is no principle at work, so threatening to the permanency of our civil institutions, as a misguided, fanatical spirit. This wide-spread and portentous evil can be counteracted only by a sound, healthy religious influence; by the diffusion of the gospel, God's remedy, working slowly, — not as some men wish to do things; for as, the smaller the insect, the more rapidly it multiplies, so, the smaller the man, the greater the haste in which every thing must be done, — working slowly, as God ever works, but working surely, to cure all the maladies which afflict our fallen race.

"Another characteristic of this association endears it to my heart. It is CATHOLIC, — catholic, not sectarian. Its motto is: 'Unity in things essential, liberty in things indifferent, and charity in all things.'

"Here, again, I repeat, in effect, what I said as to the proper love of one's native State. If we are sincere, we of course prefer our own communion. Macaulay and others have laughed at simple Parson Adams, who, after exhorting his hearers to become religious, added, 'And, when I say religion, I mean the Christian religion; and, by the

Christian religion, I mean the Protestant; and, by the Protestant, I mean our own.' The proverb says, that, if the faults of the best men were written on their foreheads, they would all pull their hats over their eyes. It may be that some of us only conceal what this good man was frank enough to proclaim. However that may be, we can all comprehend and respect his sincerity. But when a man loves only his own church; if he cannot love the image of Christ in his brother, wherever he finds it, and on whatever metal stamped, — why, then I question whether that man's heart has ever been changed by the Holy Spirit. A man who loves his sect more than the image of Christ in his brother really loves his sect more than Christ, and loves himself more than all.

"Those who refuse to co-operate with Christians of other denominations because there is some difference of opinion as to forms and rites and sacraments are no doubt quite sincere; and sincerity is so rare a virtue, that I honor it wherever I see it. But, when such persons call themselves Protestants, they are guilty of palpable self-contradiction: they might as well pretend to be in Rome and Geneva at the same time. On this subject there can be only two consistent courses, — that of Rome, which forbids all co-operation with others, because there is an infallible church; and that of Protestants, who allow co-operation, not because the points of difference are unimportant (for nothing is unimportant in religion), but because they do not recognize an infallible church.

"I wish this principle of co-operation were more distinctly understood. It is impossible for those who have the spirit of Christ not to love each other. I appeal to all such, whether, at the period of their conversion, they did not enter into the apostle's language, and say, 'Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity.' But a scrupulous conscience may afterwards be perplexed by the suggestion, that to unite with others is a compromise of the truth. Let it ever be borne in mind that there is no surrender, no letting down, of any truth. We were Christians before we were identified with any denomination, and our union in this society is not a union of denominations. It is something higher and nobler: it is a Christian union. We meet to carry forward the great enterprise of salvation, to diffuse the great essential doctrines, in which we all agree. A man, and that man my brother, is sinking in your river. I hear his bubbling cry; and, leaping into a boat, I look around for some one to take the other oar. In an instant a noble form is at my side, ready to bend to his work. But I first catechise him: 'Are you a Baptist? Do you believe in immersion, in close communion?' With tears he

looks up to me: 'See, see!' he cries, 'your brother is perishing: let us save him before it is too late.' But I refuse. He does not agree with me on the doctrines of my church, and I prefer that my brother should sink rather than co-operate with him.

"The melancholy re-actions of Protestantism described by Ranke are to be ascribed mainly to these baleful animosities; and the great solvent of our sectarian prejudices — that which can melt and fuse them into love, can cement us and make us cohesive — is co-operation. I am weary of hearing homilies on brotherly love. Let us work together, let us fight together, and we shall be one. — one in counsel, one in heart, one in sacrifice for our common Redeemer. The parting prayer of Jesus will be answered: 'That they may all be one; that the world may believe that Thou hast sent me.' At the battle of the Peiho, in China, about a year ago, Commodore Tatnall looked on for a while; but, as the war waxed more fierce, he could stand it no longer. 'It is no use!' he exclaimed; 'blood is thicker than water!' and dashed into the fight. And you remember the effect of his conduct upon England. 'Well done, Americans!' they cried: 'this act will do more to bind us to you than all the treaties of diplomatists.' We Baptists are sometimes thought to be rather fond of water; somewhat amphibious in our creed. But, friends, once for all, understand us: we really do not believe that the pure milk of the Word is water. We feel that blood is thicker than water. It is blood which draws and unites us to you. And this hour, when we stand here side by side, and the coming campaigns (in which, wherever the conflict shall be closest, and the sword of the Spirit shall flash fastest and brightest, we pledge ourselves not to fail you), — these, these will do more to unite us than all essays and plans of Christian union which the whole college of apostles could devise if they were now on earth.

"One other excellence of this society is mentioned in the resolution. I refer to its influence upon THE LITERATURE OF OUR COUNTRY. May I be permitted to say a word as to this?

"The living ministry is God's ordinance to save them that believe: therefore I have no sympathy with those who give the press precedence over the pulpit. Still, who can measure the power which the press exerts? An ounce of lead moulded into a bullet, and put in a Minié rifle, with a little black powder under it, will, if it meet no obstruction, go some two miles, and do its errand very sufficiently upon a man. But that same piece of lead cast into types, and put into one of Hoe's lightning-presses, with a little black liquid over it, will mock at obstacles, and do its mission, not on one man, but on millions, and though mountains, continents, and oceans intervene.

"A steam printing-press! I feel something like awe as I stand before one of these wonderful engines. It seems to me almost as if it were a living thing, — one of Ezekiel's living creatures, 'with the hands of a man, and the noise of many waters, and the spirit of the living creature, in its wheels.' How it strips itself for its work! It requires no nourishment, knows no weariness; but on it toils, with a strength which would mock to scorn the might of a giant, with a clamor as if it would shiver in pieces any substance within its grasp. And yet, with a precision and delicacy unattainable by human muscles, it receives a fabric which any rude touch would rend, and, impressing upon it in the twinkling of an eye thoughts which it cost the most active mind hours to compose, flings off page after page to instruct, delight, regenerate, and bless the world.

"None of us appreciate the potency of the press as an agent for the diffusion of knowledge over the land, in heavy tomes, in journals; above all, in the daily newspaper, — that wonderful modern institution which has revolutionized not only the literary, but the commercial and the political world. Constitutionally there are only two estates in Congress: but a third estate has sprung up, occupying a higher seat than members either of the Senate or House while Congress is in session; for it presides in the galleries, and after Congress has adjourned, continuing in session all the year, and all over the country. It is composed of the representatives of the press. They form and shape public sentiment; and at this day, when the world is, as never before, under the influence of public opinion, they wield a power transcending that of both the constitutional bodies combined.

"I wish I had time to say something of the singular power with which the press has invested the public speaker. We talk of the grandeur of ancient oratory; but how far did its influence extend? Demosthenes ascends the *bema*. He delivers one of those masterpieces of eloquence which are logic on fire. He ceases. How many has he reached by his appeals? Athens was a little place, with about one hundred and forty thousand inhabitants: not more than ten thousand have felt the burning words of that prince of orators. Nor can he send his thoughts abroad through the land. There are no reporters, no telegraphs, by which we may '*fulmine* over Greece.' How different the potency of speech now! In Congress or in Parliament, the audience really occupies but little of the speaker's concern. He addresses the millions, who, in a few hours, will be reading and pondering the words which he has uttered.

"Think of the power which the press gives to written words,

especially the word of God! Niebuhr and others maintain that the ancient writers wrote only for a circle of friends, to whom their books were read: indeed, if you think of the materials for writing which they possessed, you will feel that their readers could only have been a select few. As to the Scriptures, we find more than one epistle ending with a charge that they 'be read to the churches.' Contrast with all this the facility now furnished by printing, when the compositions of a writer are in a few days distributed over all the land, and when the word of God is in the hands of the poorest child on the mountain-top, of the savage in the depth of the forest.

"I need not tell you how diligently the enemies of God have availed themselves of these facilities; and, if the press were left to them, we might well, with the German legend, ascribe the art of printing to the devil. Even our most respectable booksellers have to cater to the diseased taste for pernicious novels, and the press groans incessantly (Sunday giving it no rest) with works either openly or secretly assailing the gospel. It would be an unheard-of delinquency if the Church did not make this powerful engine tributary to the cause of the Redeemer. And I do not hesitate to say that the vehicles we employ for the circulation of truth are the most effectual, are indeed the only effectual, antidote to the poison which I have just mentioned. But I have already detained you too long, and may not dwell upon this topic.

"Let me only remind you, that, when Eternal Wisdom devised a plan to counteract the evil in the world, it selected the publication of tracts as the most effective expedient. The Bible is a collection of tracts written and distributed by God. When the period had come for the great Reformation, God disclosed the art of printing, without which Luther would have failed. And when Baxter, Bunyan, and Rutherford were shut up in prison for the truth, with what sway did they not employ the press! A man may not preach: he is not properly ordained to preach. Very well; but he may write a book. For this no priestly manipulation is necessary. If God have laid his hand on a man's head and heart, he may write a book. And a man who writes a good book is a priest, a bishop, an archbishop, though he he may never have been to Rome or Geneva, or Lambeth or Princeton, or Andover or Brown University. What would the Sunday school do without a religious press, without a library? In our families we can not and would not keep our children from reading. What a blessing it is that we can fill our houses with works in which the noblest intellect and most refined taste have been consecrated to Jesus! The individual Christian is now endowed with a talent to do

good which cannot be over-estimated. He may be ignorant; he may not be able to say a word; he may be a deaf-mute: but he has the gift of tongues; he can speak with the learning and eloquence of the most illustrious saints who have adorned the church and pulpit; for he can distribute their best productions.

"In a word, and not to weary you with details, look at the masses of busy, restless life around you, — the multitude whose steps 'beat the murmuring walks like autumn rain.' Who are they? Where are their homes? How fatal are the influences which encircle them! How can they be visited by the ministries of salvation, except through your agency? There is no accommodation for them in the churches, and thousands would not enter the house of God if there were. What is to become of them? God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son for its salvation. Yet they will perish, unless you go to their rescue.

"But they must not perish. 'Let them alone?' No, no! God forbids that. Jesus does not say, 'Let them alone: wait till they come to you.' He says, 'Go, — go preach the gospel.' In faith let us obey that command. Men and brethren, it is impossible for us to look back without thanking God and taking courage. Those who prayed and wept over the cradle of the American Tract Society never anticipated such results from its maturest vigor as we have already witnessed. They never even hoped that it would scatter such blessings over this country; that it would be such an ally to the ministry; that it would infuse such strength into the churches; that it would so penetrate the dark places of our land, and shed light there; that it would take the emigrant as he lands upon our shores, and lead him to the cross; that it would plant Sunday schools and churches in wildernesses and desert places; that it would so powerfully re-enforce the cause of temperance, the Bible, the missionary enterprise; that from Maine to Mexico, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, in the valleys, by the rivers, all along the mountain-ranges, it would comfort the afflicted, enlighten the blind, restore the fallen, and lead the erring in the paths of salvation.

"Hitherto hath the Lord helped us. Because he hath been our help, therefore under the shadow of his wings will we rejoice. No weapon formed against us shall prosper. It is the cause of Him in whose hands are the resources of the universe. Let us but have faith, and a glorious future beckons us on.

'Faith, mighty faith, the promise eyes,
And looks to that alone;
Laughs at impossibilities,
And says, "It shall be done!"'"

Another decade of years had rolled on. The storm the prophet's eye had seen had gathered, and burst over the land. What men like Clay and Webster, if they had foreseen, had so eloquently deprecated, — the appeal to the sword, — had come, and cut with a dreadful but decisive blow the Gordian knot of the disputed question. The issue as to which great and good men in all sections had conscientiously differed had been met, and forever settled.

Another and yet more catholic society is about to meet in New York. In cars and ships, from every clime and continent, men are hurrying to the American metropolis, under the power of some great attraction. A Protestant ecumenical council is about to meet, to give expression, through its ablest representatives, to the great truths that lie close to the heart and mind of the Church. The converted Brahmin, the swarthy Ethiopian, the cultivated European, all have come to sit in council with their brethren in America, to recount the wonderful works of God. It was a grand assemblage, — grand in its object, its spirit, and the character and talents of the men who composed it. No such august body had ever before met on the American continent. It was a sign of the times, and a wonderful thing, to witness the throngs knocking daily for admission at the doors of this council as eagerly as at the gates of the Great Exhibition in Philadelphia. The discussion of what had been regarded as dry, uninteresting dogmas, had excited as much interest in the popular mind as the subsequent display of the material products and wealth of the nations.

It was not surprising that Richard Fuller should be called to this conference; and it showed the estimate its managers had formed of his high character and ability, to assign him, as the topic of his address, the subject of personal religion. It was the foundation of his own character, the theme and inspiration of his whole ministry.

PERSONAL RELIGION.

ITS AIDS AND HINDERANCES.

"Religion (from *re ligo*) means the re-attachment to God of the soul which had estranged itself from him. By the very force of the term we are reminded of our dismal apostasy, and of that amazing anomaly in the divine jurisprudence by which guilt is pardoned, the pinings of despoiled humanity for reconciliation with the Father are satisfied, and our entire nature — senses, intellect, conscience, passions — is re-adjusted.

"The subject assigned me is 'Personal Religion, its Aids and Hinderances.' Nor was there ever a period when this topic claimed more serious and prayerful contemplation; for while, in theory, all admit that there can be no substitute for holiness, yet, in reality, specious counterfeits and nostrums are on every side corrupting and superseding the doctrines of the cross.

"There is, for example, an artificial orthodoxy, a dry light in the mind, which sheds no influence on the life. D'Aubigné tells us, that, after hearing Haldane reason upon human depravity, he said to him, 'Now I see that doctrine in the Bible.' — 'Yes,' replied the Scottish divine; 'but do you see it in your heart?' It was this artless yet profound question which led to the conversion of the great historian. And this is now the inquiry to be pressed as to all evangelical truth: Do we see it, feel it, in our hearts? 'I am the way, and the truth, and the life.' It is one thing to admit this imperial self-assertion of our Lord, and a very different thing to realize it. But nothing is saving faith which stops short of a full, controlling reception of it, — a reception that thrones Jesus personally over the mind, the heart, the life. This is the religion of the gospel. It is as simple as it is severe and sublime. There is, however, too much reason to fear, that for this *personal* following Christ, and adhering to him, multitudes adopt a loyalty to creeds, confessions, systems; faith in which is important, but faith in which (yea, a general faith in the written Word) may be fatally mistaken for faith in that personal Saviour, whose life, example, death, resurrection, are, objectively and subjectively, the grand, informing, controlling rule of faith to his disciples. 'Follow me.' When Jesus was upon earth, this was the abridgment of all his doctrines, the epitome of all his sermons, his whole body of divinity; and this is still his strict demand, refusing to obey which we 'lack one thing,' and are fatally defective in every thing. 'Follow me,' — me, not a religion; Jesus came not to teach, but to be, our religion.

— me, not a dogma, — me, not a doctrine, — me, not linen decencies, apocryphal successions, mystical, cabalistic virtues, — me, not a creed nor a confession, — me, not even faith in the Bible, — me, me; come follow me. That is what the Saviour requires of all; and he who neglects to comply takes up the whole matter amiss: he misunderstands or neglects the very gospel by which he hopes to be saved.

"Then, again, instead of personal consecration, we detect all around us the religion of imposing formalisms, of fascinating ritualisms, of externalisms, which may be as graceful as the exquisite statuary in the Greek temples, but are just as destitute of real life; which lull the conscience, regale the taste and fancy, but leave the heart unchanged. We are surprised, that, in the midst of the noontide illumination of the gospel, men can still be bewitched by the superstitions, impostures, and pageantry of the Church of Rome. We forget two things: first, that, in our fallen condition, imagination is stronger than reason. We see this in our child. You take your little boy into a toy-shop, and purchase an ugly mask. He knows you are his father, and the mask nothing but a piece of painted pasteboard; yet, when you put on the hideous false face, he is terrified. How do you explain this? It is a proof, that, in the child, imagination is stronger than reason. Nor is it otherwise with children of a larger growth. A lady weeps over 'The Sorrows of Werther,' or some other sentimental novel. Does she believe it to be true? Does she not know that it is a pure fiction? A man of sense enters the theatre. The play is 'Hamlet.' Does he really suppose that he is in Denmark? Is he not certain that the actor in sables, with such a rueful countenance, is, not the Prince of Denmark, but Mr. Jones, whom he met the night before in a drinking-saloon? And the lady with her dishevelled air and picturesque miseries — does he think that she is really the love-lorn Ophelia? does he not know that she is only Jones's wife? Yet he sits there bathed in tears. And what is the solution of all this? We have already given it. In the lady and in the man, as in the little boy, imagination is stronger than reason. And now apply this important moral principle to the matter in hand, and we understand why the mummeries of Rome exert such a magical spell over people in their senses. The secret is an open secret: it is that spectacles, rites, festivals, processions, robes, censers, relics, choristers, priests, and altars, all appeal directly to the imagination.

"And we overlook another fact. We forget that these ceremonies are the most subtle form of self-righteousness. They are pleasing to the unrenewed heart, because they are performed to merit God's favor, and they thus offer the most grateful incense to the self-com-

placency of our unregenerate nature. Nor is it only in Popery — the masterpiece of human craft — that religion thus crystallizes into seductive forms, that materialities are a counterfeit for piety. The bitter hostility of the Pharisees was inflamed against Jesus because they perceived that he was abrogating the gorgeous machinery of the temple by which their spiritual pride was intensely flattered, and was requiring purity of heart and life. And still, at this day, the cross of Christ, the obedience, the self-renunciation, the holiness, of the gospel, stir up the enmity of multitudes, because they assail the traditions of their fathers, and abolish those old hereditary sanctities, which, under the insidious garb of religion, flatter their pride, quiet their consciences, and are clung to as sacred heirlooms, transmitted through a long line of honored ancestors.

"I mention only one other substitute for personal piety. This we may designate as a sort of corporate religion, a devotedness to some church, by which we become, not Christians, but churchmen; and the impositions which men and women practise upon themselves under this delusion are almost incredible. Never, perhaps, did any body of soldiers regard themselves as enlisted in such a high and holy enterprise as those who rallied under the banner of the crusaders; yet never was there an army more depraved and dissolute. And a self-deception every whit as infatuated is witnessed now in thousands who are the bigoted advocates of some ecclesiastical organization, who contribute their wealth, and would pour out their blood, for some church, the tenets of which they neither understand nor believe, and the morality of which they treat with undisguised contempt.

"Unquestionably, the very mission of the gospel, all its aims and appointments, suppose and require the existence of churches; nor do the Scriptures recognize as a Christian any one who refuses to identify himself publicly with that empire which Jesus has set up on the earth. But few heresies have been so degrading to the religion of Jesus as that which exalts faith in sacramentalism, in a priesthood, in church, above sanctity of heart and life. Surely, if union with any peculiar society were essential to salvation, Jesus would have clearly defined that society. But neither in the judicature of his kingdom, published in the Sermon on the Mount, nor in his programme of the last judgment, does he utter a single word about church. Nor can this surprise us: for visible churches are only aids; their ordinances and ministries are valuable only as they promote personal holiness. No error of the Church of Rome is more fatal than that which teaches that a church can do something mechanically to save us. And all churches practise the same impostures which get

rid of religion by something that seems to be religious; which overlook the great truth, that every man must be his own priest; which, instead of seeking to awaken and nourish the spirit of faith, penitence, sanctity, by their prayers, hymns, lessons, sermons, services, invest these performances with a superstitious virtue, and thus satisfy the conscience with something short of holiness, and fix the heart on some sanctimonious machinery instead of on Christ.

"I have thus indicated some of the dangers which at this day urgently admonish us to insist upon the great duty of cultivating true personal piety. What, however, do we mean by personal piety? This is a question of eternal moment. I therefore give the answer, seeking in this, as in all I utter, to ascertain 'the mind of the Spirit.'

"By personal piety I mean, first, a principle, a new, gracious principle; not a succession of good deeds, but a spiritual principle, of which such good deeds are the fruits and evidences.

"By personal piety I mean an internal life; not outward activities, but an inward power, an instinct of devotion, of faith, prayer, self-immolation, habitual communion with God, which is incorporated among the very elements of our being. One of the most remarkable features of our age is the energy with which men combine their efforts in every sort of enterprise. In the church, as in the world, whatever people wish to do, they form a society to do it with; and therefore, in the church as in the world, one of our perils is a religion which is from without, not from within, the mistaking what we *do* for what we *are*, and, consequently, the neglect of our own spiritual health and prosperity, while we engage in the diversified systems of concerted movements which incessantly claim our attention.

"By personal piety I mean a vitalizing principle, — a principle the vitality of which, like all real life, is attested by continual growth. If there be spiritual life, there will be a progressive enlargement of the mind, and expansion of the soul: we 'grow in grace;' and this development will be 'according to the proportion of faith,' the harmony and symmetry of the gospel.

"In a word, the personal piety defined by the Scriptures is not any emotional impulse: it is a real, deep, practical force, which, deriving its strength from God, raises the soul above the senses and passions; inbreeds in it temperance, chastity, self-control; cherishes in it that abiding consciousness of the presence and power of Jesus which will cause it to be always perfecting its heavenly faculties, having 'its fruit unto holiness, and the end everlasting life.'

"Religion, personal piety, — the very purpose for which Christ 'bore our sins in his own body on the tree' was, 'that we, being dead

to sin, should live unto righteousness.' And, if we are Christians, the subject now in hand must be profoundly interesting to us; for if we are Christians, if we have passed from death unto life, then there has been not merely a change, but a spiritual resurrection, — a transition, not only into the peace and privileges of a new forensic relation to God, but into a new character, the very first conscious ingredient of which is an instinctive, irrepressible longing and yearning after perfect holiness. Yet how far are we from that holiness! Happy the man whose good desires ripen into fruits, whose evil thoughts perish in the blossom! But, alas! too often the reverse of this is our mournful experience. We, — even we who are the teachers and examples for others, — would we be always willing to let them look into our hearts? Woe unto us! How ineffectual are our clearest convictions, our most solemn resolutions! so that at times it really seems as if the gospel cannot accomplish in us what it promises, as if remaining sin were too much for God. Not one of us, but again and again, with bitter weeping, has exclaimed, 'We are tied and bound by the chains of our own sins; but do thou, O Lord! of the pitifulness of thy great mercy, loose us.' Yet even our prayers have been unavailing. And, now, why is this so? In answer to this inquiry, it is generally said that we are fallen, and the taint and pollution of sin still adhere to us. But this is no answer; for the gospel is the divine remedy for this very evil. It is a melancholy fact, that we have all been sadly disappointed in the hopes which inspired our hearts when we were first converted to God. Having tasted the love of Jesus, rejoicing in him with a joy unspeakable and full of glory, we believed that we were forever delivered from the solicitations of sin. But too soon this joy withered away from us; too soon the truth broke in bitterly upon us, that we were not wholly sanctified; too soon we were amazed and humbled by the consciousness of remaining corruptions. Is this, however, to be forever the Christian's experience? Must the prodigal, even after his return, still be continually grieving his father? Must God be always thus dishonored by the 'motions of sin' in his own children? Is it necessary that a cloud should ever separate between Jesus and the soul he has redeemed? We can scarcely adopt a system which so mocks the highest, holiest aspirations of the 'new creature.' Surely God has not quickened in us a hungering and thirsting after holiness which is not to be filled. '*The water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life.*' This cannot mean that there is to be in us a fountain forever sending up impure and poisonous waters! No! and again no! Let us not be calculating accurately how much a Christian must sin.

Let us not be examining carefully how much sinning is indispensable to true orthodoxy. Let us not vacate the exceeding great and precious promises of the Bible, and limit the Holy Spirit by whom we are sanctified, and depreciate the efficacy of that faith which 'purifies the heart,' of that hope which engages us to be 'pure as Christ is pure,' and thus deduct from the virtue of that atonement, the effect of which should be, that we walk in the security of an imputed and in the joy of an imparted righteousness.

"Nor will it avail much for our growth in personal holiness that we specify the besetting sin and peculiar hinderances with which each Christian has to contend, some of which are in the body, others in the mind, others in the heart, the most formidable in the imagination. Nor will a cure be made by prescribing the usual antidotes and precautions, such as fasting and prayer and meditation, and reading the word of God. Me, pondering for years this eternally momentous subject, with much prayer, many tears, and after most mortifying experiences, one great truth now possesses with all the certainty of perfect conviction: it is, that, with the children of God, the chief cause of such deplorable deficiency in holiness is the defect in our conceptions as to the way of holiness revealed in the gospel. Enlightened as to a free, full, present forgiveness through faith in Jesus, the error of those who go to the law, to their own efforts, for absolution from the penalty of sin, seems to us the strangest blindness; but we forget that salvation from the power and corruption of sin, from sin itself, must be in the same way.

"After all the controversies waged and waging, it appears to me quite incontestable, that, in the seventh chapter of Romans, the apostle is describing the painful conflicts and defeats of a child of God, who is seeking to perfect holiness by the deeds of the law. That was the very 'falling from grace,' *from the gracious provisions of the gospel*, which he deplored in the Galatians. '*This only would I learn of you, Received ye the Spirit by the works of the law, or by the hearing of faith? Are ye so foolish? Having begun in the Spirit, are ye now made perfect by the flesh?*' And I may appeal to every Christian, and ask whether this same error and its lamentable consequences have not entered into his own experience. Coming to Jesus, casting your soul with all its interests upon him, you received all you came for; you experienced the peace and blessedness of pardon; and such was the gratitude and love glowing in your bosom, that, 'being made free from sin, you became the servants of righteousness.'

"But did this deadness to sin continue? Did the expulsive potency of this new affection permanently dislodge the evil propensities of

your nature? On the contrary, no mortification can be more substantial than that you have felt at the revival of the life and power of sin within you. And, now, why this? — why, but that you sought holiness by the law, and not by faith? Nothing could be more sincere than your resolutions, promises, and efforts: but the humbling sense of their utter insufficiency caused you in anguish to exclaim, 'O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?' Nor did you find relief, peace, strength, victory over your corruptions, until you repaired to the fountain open for sin and uncleanness; until, looking to Jesus, casting your soul upon him for sanctification, just as you did at first for pardon, you uttered that exulting shout, 'I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord!'

"The one great aid, then, to personal piety, the one essential resource comprehending and giving efficacy to all others, is faith in Jesus, — in him who was called Jesus, because he would save his people from their sins; not only from the guilt of sin, but from sin itself. If we are to 'lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us,' there is but a single way: it is 'looking unto Jesus.' If we are to have our fruit unto holiness, there is but one way: 'Abide in me,' says Jesus; 'in me,' not in a church; 'in me,' not in your own works. Of course the life of every true disciple of the Redeemer will be a life of daily self-denial. Every evangelical grace supposes and requires daily self-denial. Nor only so: the sins most fatal to Christians require and suppose daily self-denial; for it is not through insincerity, or evil intentions, but through indolence, effeminacy, excess in lawful things, that those who are really converted so often dishonor the holy name they bear, and pierce themselves through with many sorrows. Yet, for all this, it is true, that, in subduing our depravities, one act of *faith* is worth a whole life of attempted *faithfulness*. As the smallest skiff, if sound, will bear a passenger to a richly-furnished ship, so the feeblest act of faith, if it be genuine, will unite the soul to Him in whom dwelleth all the treasures of grace and strength, and who 'of God is made unto us wisdom and righteousness and sanctification and redemption.'

"In drawing these observations to a close, I would remark, that, while we are all familiar with the subject discussed, none of us are familiar with its greatness and its importance. No one can glance at the present state of the world without feeling that Jesus is taking to himself his great name, and asserting his imperial supremacy. My soul stands erect and exults as I survey the rapidly-extending conquests of that adorable Being who never contemplated for his empire any sphere narrower than the whole earth; whom three continents

now worship; whose victories are the standing miracle of the universe; whose word has, for nearly nineteen centuries, been the law of laws to all civilized nations; who, 'the holiest among the mighty, and the mightiest among the holy, has, with his pierced hand, lifted empires off their hinges, has turned the stream of centuries out of its channel, and is still governing the ages;' who is presiding in senates, ruling tribunals of justice, controlling kings and cabinets, framing and shaping the growing stature of the world, blessing it with good governments, with the highest knowledges, with the fairest humanities, with the noblest powers, with the dearest amenities and charities, with 'whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report.'

"But let us not be imposed upon by these external triumphs. The true kingdom of Jesus is spiritual and interior. It is the empire of truth over the mind, of holiness over the heart and the life. Inward sanctity, pure, constraining love to God and man, sincere obedience, — where Jesus reigns, these are the elements of his sovereignty; and, without these, no outward homage can make us his real disciples.

"If we are to be useful in winning souls, in advancing the true interests of the Redeemer, the secret is, not genius nor learning: it is, as David declares, 'a clean heart,' the constant presence and power of the Holy Spirit.

"If we are to enjoy spiritual happiness, if the joy of the Lord is to be our strength, the conscience must be purified from the stain of sin, and we must live every day in the consciousness of entire consecration to Jesus. 'The kingdom of God,' the reign of Christ, 'is righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.' It is first holiness, then peace and blessedness.

"Lastly, our salvation. 'Without holiness, no man shall see the Lord.' Every human being has at some time felt that the one great message of God to him is, 'Be thou holy, for I am holy;' and again and again, in the most awful terms and by every diversity of emphatic admonition, Jesus warns us of the terrible disappointment which at the judgment shall overwhelm those who forget that repentance is not the utterance of the lips, but the change of the heart; who, living in self-indulgence and sin, stupefy their consciences by that most unsearchable flattery of having prophesied in his name, and in his name done many wonderful works.

"Let us enter into these thoughts. Let us begin to 'cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God.' And let us enter upon this life now. To-morrow

may be too late. Ready, or not ready, death is stealing on with silent steps. The summons may be sudden. Or, if you pass into eternity by a protracted sickness, need I tell you what death-bed conversions are really worth? Believing that one of two brothers who had long been at enmity was about to die, a minister of Jesus was exceedingly anxious to effect a reconciliation between them. The sick man had been the more violent in his feelings; but now he acquiesced in the proposed interview. They met; and, after prayer by the pastor, each held the hand of the other, and professed sorrow for the past. As his brother was leaving the chamber, however, the patient called him back, and said, 'James, I have made it up because I think I am going to die; but remember, if I get well, it will be just as it was before.' This scene was real, and it illustrates the nature of professed changes of heart in a dying-hour. All is penitence and tears in prospect of eternity; but, let health return, and with it comes the resurrection of the man's passions. If he gets well, it is with his sins just as it was before.

"May God in mercy save us from this and from all delusions in a matter of such infinite moment! Let each of us so pass each day as to say, '*To me to live is Christ*,' remembering it is only then we can add, '*and to die is gain*.'

"Personal piety, growing sanctification of heart and life, — without this, all our hopes are fatal self-deceptions. Talents, erudition, wealth, influence, life, — may we dedicate all these to our Lord, and thus be faithful in these stewardships which have been confided to us! But let us ever remember those words so full of solemn significancy, 'Not yours, but you;' and, while devoting our zeal and energies to the cause and glory of our common Redeemer, let us 'hold a good conscience' as well as 'the faith;' let us be ever exercising that self-mastery, without which, after having preached to others, we ourselves shall be castaways; ever cultivating that all-pervading sanctity which is strength, victory, joy now, and the foretaste and earnest of a blessed immortality.

"O Jesus, vouchsafe us this inestimable blessing!

'As thou didst give no law for me
But that of perfect liberty,
Which neither tires nor doth corrode,
Which is a pillow, not a load,
Teach both my eyes and hands to move
Within those bounds set by thy love;
Grant I may pure and lowly be,
And live my life, O Christ! to thee.'

"'Now the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you that which is well-pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ; to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen.'"

Perhaps, in literary merit and logical force, this address was not equal to the two quoted before (the theme required a different treatment); but the central idea of Christian life — the love of a present, personal Saviour — is explained with great force and impressiveness.

James McIntosh, a Scotch divinity-student at Geneva, Switzerland, a young man of great promise, who died some twenty-five years ago, wrote some admirable letters on the subject of personal religion. He remarks on what seemed to him to be a more cheerful and vigorous type of piety with the Geneva Christians than with Christians generally in Great Britain. His explanation of this was the clearer apprehension, at Geneva, of the Lord Jesus as a present, personal Friend and Saviour. It would, no doubt, add to the strength and peace of Christians everywhere to insist less on creeds and doctrines about Christ, and dwell more on that gracious and glorious presence.

Dr. Fuller read this dissertation. A minister who heard it remarked, that the reading was like shutting up an eagle in a cage. The impression on the audience would doubtless have been far greater if he had followed his usual method, and spoken without notes. With his wonderful impressiveness of manner, the confinement of a manuscript was, as his critic remarked, the caging or clipping of the eagle. As it was, the New-York papers pronounced this essay one of the features of the day.

Among the great and good men in that council he ranked with the foremost of them, — an assembly so remarkable in many features, that it is a sign of the times, if not of the last times. The lamented Alford remarks, that the diffusion of

missions, and the spread of some great apostasy, will be the pre-eminent sign. It is not for us to know "the times or the seasons, which the Father hath put in his own power." But, to all serious minds, the spectacle was as suggestive as it was grand and imposing in its character. The converted Brahmin by the side of a son of Ethiopia, and these surrounded by the representatives of Europe and America, showed, that, if the dense masses of Heathendom had not yet been changed by the gospel, that gospel had still been "published for a witness" to almost all nations; while the infidel and atheistic tendencies of the day, in their attempted alliance with some branches of modern science, will probably be the most desperate, if not the last, onset against "the truth as it is in Jesus." But wise men from the west, as well as wise men from the east, still and always come to lay their tribute at the Saviour's feet. In the procession of a branch of the alliance that visited Washington, and marched through its streets, there was not a more humble and interested member and participant than Joseph Henry, the prince of American scientists, who has since joined another procession beyond the lightning and the stars.

CHAPTER XXIII.

LETTERS.

"Short swallow-flights of song,
That dip their wings, and skim away."

IN a book, sermon, or elaborate address, the author is before us in a more studied form; but in letters, especially in those that were never intended for publication, the writer is more himself. These warm, unguarded effusions of the heart let us more into that inner mystery of our being, into which none but the Omniscient Eye can fully penetrate.

The letters of Dr. Fuller are valuable, not only because they show us what the man was, but because, in the absence of a diary, they furnish the only means of this kind of familiar acquaintance.

We shall first introduce some earlier and more private correspondence.[1]

BEAUFORT, S.C., January, 1843.

MRS. N. B. MOORE.

My dear Sister, — Now I hope every thing is ready, and that on Thursday, the 12th, I shall get out of the omnibus at your door. And I only wish you and your husband may feel half the anxiety to see me that I do to see and be with you. Never can I cease to love you both; and it is no little proof of my affection that I anticipate only pleasure, and forget all the pain and humiliation I must endure, in the visit now contemplated.

After all, what a conceited fool am I to be minding so much the mortification of my feelings! Much that we call "delicacy" is, I

[1] The letters were written to a lady of Augusta, Ga., who was baptized, with her husband, during the revival of 1841 in that city.

am sure, sinful. And is there any thing to be ashamed of in any work to which my Lord can call me? Much have I suffered, and much must encounter, in my present work: but "it is a great work," and one demanded of me; and I "will go in the strength of the Lord God."

My office, too, has, I trust, been already blessed to me. Never before did I feel the passage, "He made himself of no reputation." Hitherto the gospel ministry has been, I fear, not enough a self-denying labor, without any regard to reputation. Conscious that ambition was my sin, I had resolved, when first called to the ministry, to confine my labors wholly to our colored population. I was prevented by the hand of God. Popularity followed; and, though I have persuaded myself that I cared nothing for it, *He* "whom I serve" has perhaps seen (nay, the *perhaps* is hypocritical: he *has* seen) that I was deceiving myself, and seeking too much to gratify my easily-besetting propensity, even when most zealously devoted to my work. Is not this a common and fatal evil? Even in religious duties, how strong the temptation to select only those which do not cost us any thing, and so to adjust our obedience, our very religion, as not only not to combat, but really to flatter and nourish, the sin "which does so easily" (oh, what energy in those little words, "*so easily*"!) "beset us," and which, therefore, demands the most unsleeping and unmitigated vigilance!

"*Despising the shame.*" Did you ever reflect on these words? They are very noble; for, in truth, what is shame? It is not the loss of the esteem of others, but of our own respect for ourselves. *This* Jesus never lost: hence he *despised*, he looked down with pity upon, the contumely which a blind world poured upon a cause that fills all heaven with hosannas of wonder and adoration. Paul was "*not ashamed* of the gospel." This was great; but Jesus Christ "*despised* the shame." Of no mere man was this ever true: such elevation and grandeur are superhuman. I hope my unpleasant feelings are not entirely from this source, however. The task assigned me is and must be painful to others. How many have the desire to give liberally, but not the means! But I will not dwell on the subject: indeed, after the kind sympathies exhibited for us in Savannah and elsewhere, I will promise myself, amidst some selfishness, much of the love which every Christian professes for Jesus, and which, in such a cause, will show itself wherever it exists.

A new year! May we have grace to enter upon it with new hearts, and new purposes of entire devotion to God! "Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee these forty years in the wilderness, to humble thee, and to prove thee, to know

what was in thy heart, whether thou wouldest keep his commandments, or no" (Deut. viii. 2). I have made the text a subject for my own New-Year's reflection. Have God's dealings had the effect designed? "To humble thee." Have I been made humble? "To prove" (i.e., try) "thee." Has not the trial proved me most faithless? "To know" (i.e., make thee know) "what is in thy heart." O heart! deceitful and desperately wicked, who can know thee? Yet I think I see more and more, that "he that trusteth in his own heart is a fool." "Whether thou wouldest keep his commandments, or no." "No, no!" has been too often the language of my sins. But I hope my soul still cleaves unto God's testimonies, and feels, that, in keeping his commandments, there is great reward.

Your affectionate brother,

R. FULLER.

BEAUFORT, S.C., March, 1843.

MRS. N. B. MOORE.

My dear Sister, — I wrote to William Brantly my decision, in which I comply with his request, except as to a protracted meeting in Augusta. If other reasons had not conspired, your letter would have secured this latter determination. What, my sister, can I hope to do, when you, on whose prayers I should so much rely, desire me to come, not in humbleness and self-renunciation, and the "fulness of the blessing of the gospel," but "well prepared" in tropes and arguments, and rhetorical jewelry, so that I may outshine others, and win golden opinions, and carry the palm with worms who enter God's sanctuary as if it were a theatre, and criticise his ambassadors as if they were actors? Now, do not misunderstand me. I know the feeling is natural. One of my sisters (and they are very pious) would be tempted to feel thus. Like all else in you, the desire shows your friendship for me. No doubt, too (as you justify yourself by arguing), it is natural to wish the advocates of truth to surpass those who teach, on some points, what we hold as error. Still, what is natural is often very wrong; and, rest assured, the only superiority we should ever wish for the advocates of truth is deadness to their own reputation, and that zeal and "power," and "demonstration of the Spirit," which spring from holy self-oblivion, and a single eye to the glory of God and the salvation of souls. "We preach, not ourselves, but Christ." Pray for me, that this may be my motto; pray for all who preach, that this may be their ambition, — a noble ambition! — to hold up the cross, and hide themselves in adoration behind it; and pray for yourself, that you may make these prayers. I am by no means

pretending that no other ambition creeps into my bosom at times: but I hope I can truly appeal to God, that for some years I have prayed for other ministers as earnestly as for myself; that, when preaching with others, I am devoid of all feeling of rivalry; and that my great request has been and is that I may be a humble Christian, humility and holiness as far transcending all gifts of eloquence as the heavens are high above the earth.

The affliction in the family of Mr. Jenkins and Judge Holt has affected me much, and drawn out my fervent prayers for them. What two exemplary characters! And, while I have preached in your city, how often has my soul yearned over them! God has seen fit to preach himself to them. Oh, may they "hear the rod, and Him who has appointed it"! To lose a child's life must be a crushing thing; but more dreadful to lose its death. Nor will I believe that they will "despise the chastening of the Lord." God grant that the rod which wounds may infuse in the wound the healing balm, and all may say, "It is good for us that we have been afflicted"! Present my condolence to them, I beg you. I was affected in reading the following passage in J. Paul Richter, which I translate loosely: is it not fine? — "A pale child was lamenting that the dewdrops had been exhaled so soon one hot morning. 'O Sun!' he exclaimed, 'thou hast in thy heat chased them from the flowers, and swallowed them in thy wrath.' Soon there was rain, and a rainbow. His father, pointing up, said, 'My child, look! There are thy dewdrops, radiantly reset, and glittering in the heavens; and the rustic foot can trample them no more. Learn by this, my child, that what withers in the morning on earth blooms gloriously in the skies.' Thus the parent spoke, and knew not that he uttered death-prophetic words; for soon that pale child, with the dewy brightness of morning on him, was exhaled, and went to heaven."

Farewell! My warmest love to Brother Moore and the children. Mrs. Fuller sends her love.

Your affectionate brother,

R. Fuller.

Beaufort, S.C., May 23, 1843.

Mrs. N. B. Moore.

My dear Sister, — I believe, really, that it is with friendship as with ghosts, of which everybody talks, but how few have ever seen them! If I am satisfied of any thing, it is that I have a heart formed for the purest and most devoted attachments; and, if affection were like a mathematical quantity, I should feel that I sinned most fear-

fully in diminishing the love due to God by so much love for my friends. The same command, however, requires love to God and the neighbor, and informs us that Christian affection for Jesus will expand the soul, and embrace his people with a singleness and depth of feeling unknown to the world.

It is the objection of an infidel writer, that the gospel inculcates no such duty as friendship. How false and foolish! A religion whose very end and spirit is "charity out of a pure heart" not inculcate friendship! Why should it tell us, "Be friends," after declaring us united by the ties of a brotherhood to be perpetuated in heaven?

The morning I left, you were all asleep except William, who yawned, and opened his eyes, and vouchsafed me a drowsy good-by. I was glad it was so, as it spared me the pain of another farewell.

Monday Morning. — So many engagements were waiting for me here as pastor, parent, husband, planter, architect, carpenter, mason, stone-cutter, correspondent, listener to the garrulity of the present and reader of and replier to the absurdities of the absent, quarreller, peace-maker, receiver of duns, and what not, that I found myself compelled to suspend writing to you after scribbling as far as above. A pleasant sabbath yesterday. Preached on the claims of the sabbath and sanctuary. To my other occupations I have now added that of establishing a good choir. Yesterday was the first attempt, and it gave life and harmony to the whole day. I mention this, because I must beg Brother Brantly to exert himself in that matter. He is himself most competent, and your church would be a different place if there were good singers enough sitting together to give a more compact and commanding energy to the music. You have ample material and staple in your church; but it wants collection and cultivation. In Macon it is simply execrable. Do ask William to give himself to this thing in Augusta, and write to Mr. K. about it. Binney has done nothing in Savannah so effectually promoting his work as establishing a choir. In most of our churches the music seems expressly got up to freeze devotion, and defeat both praying and preaching.

I cannot but hope that God means to bless us here. I see some feeling; and when I visit the unconverted, and talk with them (and I mean to do it more than ever), I find them anxious and attentive. But we are in a miserable little house, — an oven. Even the Pope would scarcely put us into another purgatory after two summers' frying here. By fall, however, we shall have our new house done. Meanwhile I trust God will bless us, and vouchsafe me the glory of "seeing him so as I have seen him in the sanctuary."

Your affectionate brother,

R. FULLER.

BEAUFORT, S.C., July 16, 1844.

MY DEAR SISTER, — I trust God is still with us here. Yesterday a glorious communion sabbath. Besides a great many servants, I baptized four most valuable white persons. One of them was my brother's wife, — a most noble woman, of commanding character, and hitherto a stanch Episcopalian. A letter she wrote to her former pastor, stating her convictions, &c., must do good. Another was a gentleman of great influence, and hitherto a leader of the young men in the whole neighborhood. His case was almost a miracle. Blessed be God, too, the Episcopal minister, I am told, preached yesterday on baptism! If they will only do this, I can go to sleep. Mrs. Dr. —— (about the most talented woman in Charleston) once sent me word that her pastor, Mr. T., in St. Michael's, had gone through a course of lectures in favor of infant-baptism, and had convinced her perfectly *that the Baptists were right.* And so will and may prosper all advocates of error.

Rest, rest, rest! "Return unto thy rest, O my soul! for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee." I preached on this last night to a large assembly, and am only astonished that rest for the soul is not more prized in such a world. Away from God, I find nothing but disorder in me and around me. And yet we wander from disappointment to disappointment, and chase shadow after shadow; and it is only the storm that drives us to our only rest. I find my foolish heart seeking repose in friendship, although I know such hopes must end in sorrow, gathering flower after flower, while I know earthly flowers need only be gathered to wither, and delighting itself in human excellence, when a voice from heaven cries, "This is not your rest; for it is polluted." "*My soul, wait thou only upon God; for my expectation is from him.*"

We are all well, and Mrs. Fuller sends much love to you; and Bessie longs to see Virginia, and to greet her as a sister in Christ. The abolition question is harassing Church and State. Mr. W. is miserable because he thought I pronounced slavery a sin, and the fanatics on the other side quarrel with me for defending it out of the Bible. Well, well, in such a world a man who is in his senses must lay his account to be considered crazy.

Your affectionate brother,

R. FULLER.

BEAUFORT, S.C., March 6, 1844.

MY DEAR SISTER, — I am, I hope, trying to make full proof of my ministry. I have resolved this year to visit regularly and frequently,

and pray everywhere with the people. I am satisfied more is to be done of this before people will *feel* a minister, and become what they must be, to be either happy here or in eternity. The other morning, as the bell was about to ring for service, two messages came from two persons, begging me not to go to church before seeing them. I hastened off. The first case was a most ungodly old man. An abscess had suddenly broken, and I found him nearly gone. As I entered, he caught my hand, and said, "It is come at last!" I called on his companions to kneel; and, while I cried to God, he held me with the grasp of one imploring help. He died that afternoon. The other case was a young girl whom I had baptized three years before. She had been well, seemingly, the night before; but hemorrhage prostrated her. She could only whisper; but her last words were, as I spoke to her of heaven, "There I shall be at rest." Scenes like these are needed by me, and I hope these have taught me much. I have no more doubt as to eternal things than if they were forever before my eyes. Yet can I say, my faith is the "*substance* of things hoped for." How inadequate the every-day influence of those tremendous realities! In the pulpit I feel ever as if all the solemnities of the judgment were at hand. Oh, how difficult to live always under the pressure of that day! Grace, grace! or else our holiest duties would ruin us forever. Farewell!

Your affectionate brother,

R. FULLER.

We pause to remark on these letters, that they show traits of character which do not always appear, even in a good and true minister, in the earlier period of his Christian and ministerial life. At the time they were written, Richard Fuller was coming to the front rank of American preachers. Crowds were everywhere flocking to his ministry. In that erect form, that assured and confident manner, some observers, while freely according the presence of great gifts, may have questioned the presence of any special grace of humility. In these letters we see the man, not as he appears before his fellow-men, but as he stands in his own estimation, and before his God.

"I hope I can truly appeal to God, that for some years I have prayed for other ministers as earnestly as for myself; and that my

great request has been, and is, that I may be a humble Christian, humility and holiness as far transcending all gifts of eloquence as the heavens are high above the earth."

It is a glimpse into that inner life and experience which is "hid with Christ in God."

We notice also the touches of pathos and imagination, the susceptibility to every thing beautiful in nature and art, all relieved and heightened by that sparkling humor, which, in conversation, correspondence, or public address, constituted the salient point from which to engage in more serious work.

We now introduce other letters written at a later period, — letters full of gentleness mingled with playfulness, and marked by that quick and delicate sympathy, which, in the judgment of many, was the secret of his success in the ministry.

The first is a letter to his daughter Florence: —

BALTIMORE, March 5, 1870.

MISS F. FULLER, BEAUFORT, S.C.

My own darling Child, — Your mother has had, we have all had, and have, bad colds; and, as she could not go out, I went to P.'s and got the "silver veil," and send it by this mail. Also I must let you into a secret. Your mother says, "Don't let her know it till she comes;" but I will. It is about your room. Miss —— and her sister sent your mother a fine picture of me. Another lady sent me a beautiful painting of a basket of peaches turning over in the orchard. Oh! you can see the very down on their delicious globes. Then I bought the sweetest picture of Past and Future. All these I spent some time in arranging over your mantel-piece, and now it is glorious.

Do not annoy yourself about your return. I am wholly mystified about S. If she is coming, why not say so? if not, surely you would have made the woods and rocks and seas resonant with your lamentations over her perfidiousness. There must be some myth. If she forsakes, or thinks of forsaking, you for any one of the other sex, then renounce and denounce her forever.

C. was here yesterday; and, while she was eating some pudding at the piano, I told her, that, if S. did not come, I meant to lay hold on her.

All send a world of love to all; that is, to all except S., that most capricious, cajoling, cabalistic, calculating, caliginous, circuitous,

captious, care-for-nobody, caracoling, careless, categorical, coy, crazy, caressing, coaxing, captivating, charming cynosure, who is checkmating, countermining, circumventing, coercing, compelling, controlling, conjuring, conquering, but I hope with no contemplation of ever conjugating, or being cozened by, any cousin, clown, or cockney.

Your mother is better to-day; but her cold, Richie's, and mine, and the weather, make me, as you see, sad, silent, solitary, sullen, supercilious, sarcastical, and scurrilous.

Ever devotedly,

R. FULLER.

To the same, when on a visit to Beaufort, S.C. : —

BALTIMORE, Jan. 18, 1870.

MY SWEET, DARLING CHILD, — I have just received your letter. If you knew how ravenously we all devour them, you would write twice a day, and once at night. It is delightful to turn from my piles of all sorts of annoying letters, and to have you just talk to us about people we so love.

You have grown up without any relations, and now there is a new revelation of objects having such a hold upon your heart. Here we have many dear *friends;* but I have felt the isolation of a heart which is bereft of ties so very dear and precious.

. . . . . .

We miss you dreadfully, but are glad you are in that delicious climate, and with those dear relations.

I am confined by very violent sore throat, which afflicts me because I cannot go on with my dear Saviour's work. I like your room better than mine, and mean to keep it, — *perhaps;* that is, if you stay too long.

Do write four times a day. Do not wait to compose letters: that is wretched. Just scribble off as fast as you talk, or, as *that* is impossible, exactly as you would talk. No matter about spelling, or grammar, or mistakes, or blots, or any thing.

. . . . . .

Ever devotedly,

R. FULLER.

Written to his grandson, Richard Kimball, when a little boy : —

AT SEA, Aug. 2.

MY DEAREST BOY, — I wrote your grandmother how I missed you when returning from Ralston. You are a first-rate traveller, and

take every thing so cheerfully! During this voyage, I at first was glad you did not come, for it was rough; but the latter part has been very smooth, and I heartily wish you were with me. I think next year, if God spares us, you must come on with me. In the first place, I wish you to rise above your fears of the sea. I beg you to give your heart to Jesus, and to know that he will preserve us wherever we are. You went to Ralston; but that fall might have killed you. It was more dangerous than many voyages. Then I want you to travel with me. It will be good for your mind and body, and be good for me.

. . . . . .

A thousand kisses for grandmother, and aunt Florie, and yourself.

God bless you, my dear grandson, and make you love that Jesus who was so dear to your sainted mother, and is so dear to us.

Your loving grandpapa,

R. FULLER.

NEW YORK, Sept. 7, 1875.

MY DEAREST RICHARD, — My heart longs to see you, and grandmother, and aunt Florie. My prayer day and night is, that, as we are one in other things, you may love Jesus, and so we be one in him. I beg you to pray for this.

BALTIMORE, Sept. 9, 1875.

MY DEAREST RICHARD, —You know, next to Jesus, I live for you, and your aunt Florie, and grandmother. Whatever gives you happiness is my happiness; and my constant prayer is, that you will love Jesus, and be a Christian. I wept at parting with you on the boat: how if I should part with you in eternity?

In New York, if I enjoyed any thing, I was wishing you were there.

The pigeons are doing well. The first things I saw this morning were the beautiful straw-colored pair. But poor little Flora died last week. She was fat and well, but laid down in the cellar, and died of old age. Although very busy, I would go and seek another, but think it better to wait till you come to choose one. I hope you found the fly-hooks.

BALTIMORE, Jan. 2, 1872.

TO THE REV. JAMES B. TAYLOR, CULPEPPER, VA.

My dear Brother, — I have just written to your brother George, but must also give some utterance to you, of my profound grief, my

sense of deep affliction, at the information of your beloved father's death. Ever since I identified myself with the Baptists, we have been of one heart and one mind.

You may not have noticed it, but, feeling my need of the Holy Spirit whenever I attempted to preach, — as, perhaps, no other ever did, — I have always requested him to pray before my sermon. I knew his simple, spiritual consecration, and felt stronger when he begged God to help me.

In all things his meek and lowly temper has called forth a spontaneous response in my bosom; and now I cannot realize that I shall see him no more on earth. Yet I know he would say to us, if he could speak, "If you loved me you would rejoice, because I have gone to the Father." Latterly I have been saddened to see his health failing, though his soul appeared to be growing stronger and more heavenly. To-night, with the close of one year and the beginning of another around me, I feel the admonitions of the hour. Let us give ourselves up more unreservedly to Jesus. Pray for me. Your father was only a few years older than I am; yet I am laboring with the work of a new church as I never had to work before.

Love to Helen and all her family, and the brethren.

Your affectionate brother and friend,

R. FULLER.

WHITE-SULPHUR SPRINGS, VA., Aug. 24, 1870.

TO HIRAM WOODS, ESQ., BALTIMORE, MD.

My dear Brother, — How I wish you were here! If I had such a sweet place as Woodlawn, I would be loath to leave it too; but I really think you ought to tear yourself away, and run here one summer. They are very kind to me here, saying I am their guest, giving me a large room on the second floor of the hotel, sending me tickets for the baths, and showing me all sorts of attention.

How good is God! and one part of his mercy is seen in raising up friends for us, even among strangers.

I arrived Friday night, and, Saturday morning, was waited on, and requested to preach on Sunday. A great many ministers were here before me, and I had a cold: so I put it off till next Sunday.

But, my dear brother, the place recalls other days. The other day the band was playing "Kathleen Mavourneen;" and as those strains of love and grief wailed out, and echoed among the mountains, I felt as if my heart would break.

"I remember, I remember" —

More than one white cottage reminds me of other days, — families broken up, hopes blighted, joys withered, and, worst of all, prayers and vows of entire consecration so sadly defeated.

Yours devotedly,

R. Fuller.

North Conway, N.H., Aug. 6, 1865.

Hiram Woods, Esq., Baltimore, Md.

My very dear Brother, — I need not tell you how profound and tender are our sympathies with Helen and yourself. Mrs. Fuller and myself know, alas! only too well, how to be touched with a feeling of your sorrows. I comprehend all the secret reflections and debates of your heart, the submissive yet mournful complaints of the soul, as it says with Job, "Show me wherefore Thou contendest with me." It is at such times we especially need a strong faith, that we may hear the voice of Jesus saying, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter," and, giving our unlimited confidence to that adorable Redeemer, may make an entire surrender of our wishes and hopes to his will, and cast all our care upon Him who careth for us. He cares for me: that is enough. He has purposes as to me and mine which will one day be interpreted, and then I shall understand his loving-kindness.

If to pardon and take us to heaven were all, Jesus would not have to chasten those whom he loves. But, O my brother! if you feel as I do the vileness of your nature, we feel also how deep and constant a process is needed to conform us to God's rule, and to transform us into his likeness. "Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory." We shall be received into glory, only after a life in which God has not only guided us in the way everlasting, but, as the passage means, after he has elevated us into his purpose, raising our lives up to his will concerning us; which will is "our sanctification," our entire consecration to him.

Pray for me, as I do — we do — for Helen and yourself, that I may know what it is to be habitually acquiescent in all the will of God, unknown as well as known. Blessed be God, I can say of you, "It is well with the father, it is well with the mother, it is well with the child."

The scenery and air are charming here; but I am pining for some Christian fellowship. The only two ministers I have met here are not only Unitarians, but pantheists, — infidels, scoffing at every thing like inspiration. The sermons I hear from professedly evangelical ministers are moral and intellectual essays. I have heard only one

sermon speaking of Christ. It was very simple; but my heart was filled with joy at the mention of that dear, precious name. I feel every day, more and more, that my religion is personal faith in a Person, and love for him. "I know *whom* I have believed." "*Whom*, having not seen, ye love." The two ministers to whom I refer are graduates of Cambridge, and therefore we were drawn to one another by literary associations; but how soon I felt that there is a gulf between us! Here, more than ever in my life, I feel how separate a Christian is from the world, and how strong the ties which bind those who are Christ's to him and to each other.

Mrs. Fuller and Florence send hearts full of affection and sympathy to Helen and yourself. Finding some Indians here, I engaged them to make two bows with arrows for the boys; and they will make a fruit-basket for Nelly.

Your devoted brother,

R. FULLER.

MRS. STEWART'S, HIGHLAND FALLS, ORANGE CO., N.Y.,
Aug. 26, 1875.

TO CHARLES A. KEYSER, ESQ., BALTIMORE, MD.

My very dear Brother, — I have written to the deacons and church to say that I have accepted an invitation to preach in New York the first Sunday in September.

Brother L. P. Bayne was once a deacon of the Seventh Church, and has often requested this; and Mr. Bishop has also desired it. You know how invaluable a servant of God Mr. Bishop is, and his noble work in the Home Mission Society. The church has always deferred the communion till the second Sunday, and I suppose will do so now.

Next Sunday I have accepted an invitation to preach to the Cadets here at West Point. This is their gala week, and the military exercises are to me very interesting. I have a letter of introduction from Senator Harris to the commanding general, but have not delivered it. I am happy to find that they have here a tolerable Sunday school.

I am longing to see you all again. The church and its interests are ever first in my heart. I even dream of it. I have letters from Albany, and from the widow of one of my dearest friends, whose place is the most beautiful on this beautiful river. These letters are requests to visit, and we shall probably accept the latter for a day or two. If we go, it will be a sad recollection of other days to me, as almost every spot will recall conversations with Mr. Kelly. I think one sin which in eternity will amaze us is our neglect of personal dealings with our friends as to their souls. In the case of Mr. Kelly,

though his noble residence was the resort of many ministers, his wife wrote me I was the only one who had spoken to him; and God blessed, as he always blesses, the words of loving expostulation.

I had hoped to see Brother Smith. Do tell him I would have written to him; but several of the members have informed me how well he preaches, and how pleased all are with him. I dare say he is glad to escape answering letters. Do not answer this. Remember us to Mrs. Keyser and the family.

Ever yours,

R. FULLER.

N.B. — Tell Dr. Sears I am sorry we shall miss one so esteemed and beloved; but the House of Refuge will gain a treasure, and this must cause us to acquiesce. R. F.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON, 8th December, 1850.

TO MR. GEORGE W. NORRIS, BALTIMORE, MD.

My dear Brother, — I am just going to the communion, and Mrs. Fuller and myself have been talking of you and our dear sister. Do send me word from time to time how she is. If I can do any thing, let me know. Cheerfully would I walk out to comfort you, or be of any service to that noble woman.

Look up, look up! All is dark around: but look up! all is bright there. There Jesus sits, and orders all for her good and your good. My heart bleeds for your children. I wanted them to come and stay with us.

All the church sympathize with you. All ask, "Have you heard how Sister Norris is?" I say, "She is well." I know in whose hands she is, and He doeth all things well.

Farewell! God bless and strengthen and console you, my dear brother.

Your most affectionate pastor and brother,

R. FULLER.

I see J. occasionally, and know not how enough to admire her nobleness and piety.

These letters overflow with tenderness and sympathy. With the members of his own church, it is a beautiful illustration of what Isaac Taylor calls "the family affection of Christianity." Not only in spiritual, but in secular matters, he was the friend and counsellor of his flock, his good judg-

ment, and experience as a lawyer, eminently fitting him for this. In the hour of trial and affliction it was the meekness and gentleness of Christ. "In all their affliction he was afflicted." It was sympathy, too, which often made itself felt more in act and manner than by words, which may even dissipate while they express feeling. When the news came of the death of a beloved missionary, Rev. Mr. Kingdon, in Africa, it was made the duty of Dr. Fuller to communicate the fact to the bereaved widow, then living in Baltimore. He went, and, sitting by her, burst into tears as he simply said, "My dear brother — your husband — is in heaven."

Writing once to a tempted member of his flock, he said, "You can speak to no one who sympathizes with you more deeply. I every day feel more and more my own weakness, and learn more and more to comprehend and pardon the weaknesses of others."

"When every thing was bright in his own home," writes a member of his flock, "we have heard him say, 'My heart will break with the sorrows of others.'"

From overwork and illness in the earlier period of his ministry, he had learned, what many ministers are slow to learn, the necessity of guarding his health, — the value of the *sana mens in sano corpore;* so that on principle, and with a view to the widest and most effective service for his Master, he always took a vacation of about two months in summer. This usually extended from the first Sunday in July to the first or second in September.

During this time he was no idle saunterer by the seaside or among the mountains: he was building up his physical strength; tempering the instrument to be used in the next campaign, as a piece of wood is laid aside for a while to be hardened and seasoned for some greater strain. But he was busy in another line of activity: he was opening mind and soul to larger sympathies with nature, — those glimpses of truth which God has stamped upon his works, as well as

revealed in his word. It was the continued education of his faculties by this contact with the world of nature, — a study which was with him, as it ought to be with every one, a life-long means of improvement.

Besides this bracing of his mental and physical being, he was, even in his vacation, a close worker in diligent reading, and the maturing of his plans for pulpit and pastoral work in the winter. Then he was "instant in season and out of season" in preaching the glorious gospel to the crowds that thronged the watering-places. At Saratoga, at the White Sulphur, the notice that Dr. Fuller would preach on Sunday would not only attract the immediate residents, but create a stir in the whole neighborhood. It was true of him, what was characteristic of his great Master, "the common people heard him gladly." The most cultivated and refined felt the same interest. Hon. R. C. Winthrop, in a letter alluded to before, refers to a sermon he heard from Dr. Fuller once at Niagara, and to the impression made on him at its close by the introduction of a part of the hymn, —

"Nearer, my God, to thee."

But by the sea, or among the mountains, his church was always in his mind and on his heart. From these temporary retreats he sent letters to his dear flock, full of practical wisdom, and overflowing with solicitude and affection.

ARNOLD HOUSE, POINT PLEASANT, N.J., July, 1874.

TO THE DEACONS AND MEMBERS OF THE EUTAW-PLACE CHURCH, BALTIMORE, MD.

Dearly beloved Brethren and Sisters, — "Grace be unto you, and peace, from God our Father, and the Lord Jesus Christ." To tell you of my prayers day and night for you would only be to repeat assurances which you do not need. I can truly say that the health and prosperity of the dear church is far more to me than my life; or, rather, it is my life and supreme joy. I do give thanks at every remembrance of you, — your harmony and zeal and liberality in the cause of our adorable Redeemer, your considerateness and kind-

ness and generosity to me and my family. When I think of these things, my soul yearns for you all. I bless God for such friendship and love. "Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies and the God of all comfort," for our mutual love, which is not of the earth, but of heaven and for eternity. Pray for me that I may be less unworthy of all your goodness to me and mine.

Here, as everywhere, the Baptists are decorated with that odium in which the first Christians gloried. Upon us has descended in unmitigated entail the distinction of being "the sect everywhere spoken against." Let us rejoice in being reviled while it is for our fidelity to the truth, and let us meet all accusations by overcoming evil with good. God so ordered it, that, the first sabbath, two carriages full of Episcopalians went with me, and it was the day for communion. On our way home the old odiums about baptism and the Supper were mentioned. After some conversation, they all said, "We thank you for your explanation. We now see clearly that the Supper is a church ordinance, and that it is no test of love for other Christians, and that certainly baptism ought to precede, and not follow it. We see, too, that our question as to baptism being spiritual is unbecoming a Christian, who obeys, not so much that he may be saved, as because he has been saved, and wishes, by obeying, to show his gratitude and loyalty to Jesus." I mention all this because we are prone either to want decision in speaking the truth, or to assert our views with intolerance. Above all people, we ought to write upon our banner, "Speaking the truth, speaking the truth in love."

I am happy to hear that our young Brother Smith satisfies fully all the promises I made about him. Over and over accept my sincere thanks for this arrangement, by which my own health and that of my family may be recruited. And let us see the good we do in thus bringing one of our students under the influences of such a church, of so much experience and kindness, in thus enabling him to return to his studies at the seminary. I once heard the objection, that supplying us might make a novice "rather vain." That it has been and will be a recommendation, I know; but I believe the counsels of the elder brethren will rather cure a young man of defects. I rejoice in our doing any thing to cheer and encourage those who are too often secretly depressed and discouraged. My warm affection to him.

At this place I spend my mornings studying, that I may meditate for your profit. In the afternoon I roam all alone upon the seashore, which is often indented by my knees as I speak and plead with Jesus for you all, — for you all, not only as a church, but for your families

and for you individually, running my thoughts over the pews, and recalling you each with the "memory of the heart."

I trust that the Monday missionary meetings are not neglected. A church cannot receive the Saviour's smiles which is not zealous in that great cause. I hope, as I suggested, that some day, as late as possible in October, has been appointed to make a sort of centennial appeal. The debts, and especially that upon the Board, is a mill-stone, which must be removed. Above all, let us personally be holy. The Saviour says, "Be ye perfect." Let us not evade this first and greatest of duties, but let us by the spirit mortify the deeds of the body, "that we may live," and that the joy of the Lord may be our joy and our strength. Farewell!

"Be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord."

Ever your grateful and devoted brother and pastor,

R. FULLER.

POINT PLEASANT, N.J., July 27, 1874.

TO THE DEACONS AND MEMBERS OF THE EUTAW-PLACE BAPTIST CHURCH, BALTIMORE, MD.

Dearly beloved Brethren and Sisters in Christ, — Before and since leaving you, I have had several very warm and generous overtures from churches in Boston and New York, urging me to preach for them as often as possible; but I have felt it my duty to plead for Jesus in this sequestered place. The people in the neighborhood flock to the hotel at night from considerable distances, and crowd the parlors, entries, piazzas, and windows. But the peculiar character of the audiences is given by the boarders in the several public-houses, who are refined members of fashionable city churches, where I fear the gospel is not often preached.

I desire to begin and end all my communications with expressions of love and gratitude to a church which collectively has manifested so much kindness to me, and every member of which has shown such real friendship for me and my family. For this I thank you from the depths of my heart: and yet I even more devoutly bless God; for it is his goodness which causes so many, with such different characters and feelings, to unite in love to one who feels himself so poor and weak, that he wonders how Jesus can use him, and how anybody can love him. Yet, if it be true that love produces love, you will always have to love me; for God knows how little I value life, or any thing life can give, when compared with your prosperity

and happiness. Day and night I cease not to pray for you, that you may know each other, and love each other as Christ loves us. "That ye love one another *as I have loved you.*" His love for us, we all are conscious, is affection for beings loaded with imperfections, who often grieve his heart, and are always most unworthy. Let no defects in our brethren ever alienate our hearts from them. It is generally because we do not know each other that Satan gets an advantage, and poisons our hearts with any hard thoughts or unloving feelings towards a single member in the family to which we belong. I say this, because I see everywhere, even among Christians, so much envy, jealousy, and want of charity, and am constantly imploring the adorable Saviour that the world may say of this dear church, "See how these Christians love one another!" He who does not love all who love the Saviour is hindering the success of the truth; and how strange if we Baptists are wanting in forbearance, in that charity which "beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things," which is "kind, envieth not, thinketh no evil"! For, go where I may, I find that we are the "sect everywhere spoken against;" and, if we do not stand by each other, who will support us? Thank God for the harmony and peace which has abounded amongst us! By prayer and love let this spirit ever abide with us: so shall all men know that we are Christ's disciples, and confess that we have the truth. My soul runs over with thankfulness as I think of God's presence with us this year. I beseech each member of the church to resolve to do something for the salvation of souls. If there could be in heaven a "starless crown," let none of us appear there with our brows thus dishonored.

I send this to be read to you at the communion. You all know, that, "though absent in body," my spirit is in sweet fellowship with you this day. The participation of the material elements could add nothing to my identification with you, to my sense of the real, spiritual presence of the ever-blessed Redeemer in those emblems, and of my spiritual communion with you as a church. I ask your special prayers for me, that I may be entirely consecrated, body, soul, and spirit, to the work of the ministry among you, and that we all may have one mind devoted to the truth, and one heart forever glowing with love for Jesus and for souls.

I have been careful to receive information as to your concerns, and rejoice to hear of the simplicity and fervor with which my dear young brother is preaching Jesus to you. It ought to endear Greenville Theological Seminary to us, that all who have been taught there are thus faithful and evangelical in proclaiming a crucified Saviour. My love to Brother Rogers.

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the communion of the Holy Spirit, be with you all."

Your most devoted and grateful friend, brother, and pastor,

R. FULLER.

P. S. — The Madison-avenue Church in New York has not been in a happy condition for some time, and I have accepted their request that I will spend the next sabbath with them. R. F.

A people thus cherished and remembered by their pastor, in his absence as well as in his presence, could not do otherwise than recognize in him a precious gift of God to them. Nor were the teachers and children of the Sunday school forgotten by him in these communications. Messages replete with wisdom, and overflowing with tenderness, were sent to them, assuring them of his constant prayers for them, of the joy and strength which their sympathy afforded him, and of his dependence on them as the most constant contributors to the growth and usefulness of the church. He loved children. The best likeness of him, perhaps, in the expression of the face, is the one taken with a little child in his arms. There is a *naïve* look, an expression of loving sympathy, that relieves the rather stern expression that appears in many of his likenesses.

These letters show, what sermons and addresses cannot to the same extent, the hidden springs of feeling, character, and life. They reveal the hidings of his power in a life, which, with all its busy activities and publicity, was "hid with Christ in God;" the cultivation and exercise of those graces of the Spirit, which, even more than his more shining gifts, constitute the real strength and glory of the Christian; the meek and lowly temper, which Rowland Hill paints with one of his fine touches as the topmost fruit on the tree of the Christian virtues, yet the fruit, which, from its very weight and preciousness, bends lowest to the ground.

CHAPTER XXIV.

EDITORIALS.

"The most dashing orator I ever heard is the flattest writer I ever read."

PER CONTRA, the same essayist, Hazlitt, refers to Burke, the finest writer of his day, as driving everybody out of the House of Commons by his philosophical orations. "He was called the Dinner-bell. They went out when he began to speak, not, as the beasts out of the ark, by twos and by threes, but in droves and scores." The trouble with the author of "The Sublime and Beautiful" was not his philosophy or good sense, but some deficiency in the way of "putting it," as it is phrased, or in giving it, as some preachers do their sermons, in too large doses to the audience. Oratorical and literary excellence is a rare but not impossible combination in the same individual. The fiery harangues of Demosthenes are read to-day with somewhat of the same interest with which they were heard. Robert Hall, in listening to whom the hearts of the people were moved "like the trees of the wood," has left writings which are among the models in English literature. Possibly these are exceptions to the rule; but they are sufficient to show that excellence in one line of things is not incompatible with excellence in another.

Richard Fuller stands in the front rank of American preachers; and while we may not claim for him the same pre-eminence as a writer, yet his published works show a versatility of talent, a wealth of resources, and a facility of

expression, that will always more than command respect. At the beginning of 1869 he became an assistant editor of "The Religious Herald," a denominational paper of long standing and extensive circulation, published in Richmond, Va., by two men of high character and usefulness, — Rev. Drs. Jeter and Dickinson. Soon after his settlement in Baltimore, he was, with others, engaged in the publication of "The True Union," — a short-lived but interesting little sheet. But the managers deemed it best to abandon this enterprise, and unite on "The Herald." Dr. Fuller's acceptance of the associate editorship shows at once his appreciation of the power of the press, and his desire to avail himself of every avenue of increased influence and usefulness.

EDITORS OF "THE HERALD."

Brethren, — I have just received your kind invitation to become one of several assistant editors of your valuable journal, and my feelings remind me of Paul's counsel to a parent about consenting to the marriage of his daughter. By all means, — thus he advises, — you had better not; for it will certainly give her much trouble. But if the father feel that he ought not to let her "pass the flower of her age, and if need be, let him do what he will." You will observe, that, in disposing of that little affair, the party most deeply interested is not consulted at all; and so, without any regard to your benefit, the reasons for and against my complying with your suggestion stand thus: Having lived so long in Baltimore, I have come to be like the hack in the livery-stable, which everybody knows, and which is put into the harness for all sorts of work, and for everybody's pleasure. Then, too, my legitimate business as pastor of one large church, and as chairman of the building committee of a new house, keeps me constantly occupied. I understand what Paul means when he speaks of "the care of churches coming upon him;" and why should I undertake new work, especially this miserable business of writing, in which I am always oppressed by a desire to do better than I can?

But, then, I have reached that age at which a minister ought to be consecrating every power of mind and body, and every fragment of his time, to Jesus. At sixty a man should be in the very prime and flower of life. At the age of ninty-nine Fontenelle attempted to pick up a lady's fan; and, being a little tardy, he apologized by saying,

"*Alas! madame, I have no longer the vigor and sprightliness of eighty.*" Every day I am encountering men of the world who belong to the generation before me, and whose eager pursuit of business will know no thought of abatement. The sight of these votaries of Mammon quickens me to fresh activities for Christ; and, if I may serve him in your columns, I cannot refuse. Besides, receiving now not a large income from the South, but appeal after appeal of the most touching kind, there is, to my apprehension, a significancy in the other argument of the apostle, which I never knew before. I refer to the words, "*If need be.*" Learned commentators differ as to the interpretation of this clause; but your very considerate and judicious remark about "of course, paying for the articles," throws a flood of light upon the passage, and clears up every obscurity.

Well, then, "The Herald" is now, as far as editorship is concerned, to be gotten up as were the original "Memoirs of the Duke de Sully." The work was committed to four different writers, each of whom did his best in applauding the character and recounting the deeds of that nobleman, who, once every week, listened to the rehearsals, and shaped and moulded the narratives into the biography we now have. And thus it is to be in your enterprise. You inform me that my beloved brother, Dr. Richard Furman (*clarum et venerabile nomen*), is to be associated with you in your work; and, whoever else may be engaged, one of your contributors, having often to compose in haste, will be happy to know that all the articles will undergo dignified revision and correction at the arm-chair in Richmond.

Let us enter upon the present year conscious of the difference between reality and acting; mind, heart, soul, living for Christ; and to every plea for indolence and remissness let us return the answer of old Arnold, who, when urged at the age of eighty-five to rest from his labors, looked up, and exclaimed, "Shall I not have all eternity to rest in?"

R. FULLER.

BALTIMORE, Jan. 17, 1869.

It would make a volume in itself to publish all that Dr. Fuller wrote for the papers and magazines, North and South. If the public and his friends desire it, this may be done at a future time. There are before us any number of articles on a great variety of interesting themes, and all marked by vigor of thought, and soundness of judgment. His articles on preaching are the criticisms of a master; his essays on

missions are the effusions of a heart in full sympathy with the noblest of causes; his visits to his "old Greek friends" would quicken the scholarly instinct of every intelligent reader; while the thoughts suggested by the Centennial Exhibition show his quickness to read the signs of the times in their relations to Christianity. We must be satisfied with a few pieces; and we have selected the following for two reasons, — they are among the most thoughtful of his productions, and they will be especially welcome as among his latest contributions. Besides, the subject-matter in one or two of these essays will always be of transcendent interest.

"A MAN WILL BE HEARD BY MEN."

"A *man;* not a scholar, one whose sole intercourse is with books, who carries into the pulpit carefully elaborated essays. People soon weary of this erudition. Patrick Henry knew human nature well; and a common saying of his used to be, that 'an ounce of mother-wit was worth a cartload of *larnin'*.' 'A man;' not a fragment of a man, a diseased body, causing every thing to be viewed with distempered melancholy; or a diseased mind, which cannot rejoice in truth, but is blinded by prejudice; or a hard, selfish heart.

"A man, a true man, as to whom the elements of real manhood are

> 'So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up
> And say to all the world, *This is a man*,'—

such a man will be heard by men. The great thing in a preacher is to secure earnest attention. The cry we constantly repeat is, 'O earth, earth, hear the word of the Lord!' but 'how can they hear without a preacher?' All our studies, visits, labors, are vain, unless we are bringing truth to bear on the intellects, consciences, hearts, of the people. But it is no easy thing for us, especially if we have been with the same congregation for many years, to gain and keep their ears every sabbath. The people have become used to our voice, manner, habit of presenting the gospel; and still to be welcome, still to have them prefer us to a new set of tones, actions, thoughts, — this is a great mercy from God. This favor, however, is not vouchsafed. God gives nothing capriciously. It is granted only to those who carefully, prayerfully, cultivate the powers confided to them as instru-

ments with which to do the work of the ministry. And the saying of Richter above quoted may suggest a thought or two of great practical benefit to us all.

"And, first, we do not hesitate to apply the remark to the physical health; which is a most desirable qualification, if we are to come always into our pulpits, and find the pews filled, and filled with an audience wide awake. As to ill health, much of it is sinful. Take one single pernicious habit among ministers of the gospel, — we refer to the use of tobacco, — and very solemn are the reflections forced upon us as we recall the number of valuable men who have destroyed their nerves and their lives by this sensual indulgence. In his lecture a week ago, the most eminent surgeon in Baltimore declared that tobacco and whiskey destroy more human lives than all other causes put together. But, if a diseased constitution be a misfortune, it is one which will greatly hinder a preacher's power. His mind will sympathize; and instead of fresh, cheerful, animating addresses, he will look upon every thing with sad eyes, and deliver even 'the glad tidings of great joy' in a minor key. People come to the house of God oppressed by sin, care, anxiety. The commission to the pulpit is, 'Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people.' A preacher whose system is broken down, whose digestion is suffering from the remorse of a guilty stomach, is a miserable comforter: he is not a man, has no real manhood in him, and people will soon be worn out by him.

"In the next place, Jean Paul's 'man' is an earnest man. Men will hear an earnest man. We have more than once stopped in the market to listen to two fish-women thoroughly in for a quarrel, and, in their attitudes, their gestures, their explosive outbursts, have learned a thing or two not taught in our seminaries. We have, too, carefully observed public speakers, and have felt, that, without earnestness, a man is not a man, any more than a locomotive without steam is the glorious engine which thunders along its path, spurning the earth, crushing all opposition, and, in its tremendous might, sporting with the massiest burthens, which it seizes and hurries forward as if it were wafting a feather through the air. And, on the other hand, we have seen, that, with real earnestness, a man can do any thing which is possible to humanity. Energy will make an awkward speaker graceful, real earnestness being always natural. Energy will ennoble thoughts and utterances which would otherwise have been homely and common. We hear a great deal about dignity. Some pastors are so majestical, that there are no affinities between them and their audiences. This is want of common sense and good taste, as well as want of piety. Let a speaker be thoroughly in

earnest, and his dignity will take care of itself. Demosthenes sometimes employs familiar, almost coarse illustrations; but his ardor and vehemence subsidize even these as noble elements in his eloquence. The arguments of a truly earnest speaker are logic on fire, converting into fuel the sophistries accumulated before it. Such a man will not only be heard, but be at once felt as a power. It is said of Ignatius Loyola, that, although some of his hearers did not understand a word of the language in which he addressed them, yet they hung upon his lips, and were moved to tears by his impassioned looks and tones and gestures. None of us comprehend the potency of man's will. The thunder has its might, and the earthquake and the tempest are strong; but they are feeble compared with the force of the human will when intensely exerted; and, in real earnestness, this imperial faculty masters, informs, inflames the speaker, beats in his veins, sparkles in his eyes, glows in his imagination, causes his heart to burn within him, and words, illustrations, appeals, which no study could have amassed, to rush from his lips, rousing the most stupid, and carrying conviction to the most sceptical. Of Whitefield a ship-builder said, 'I never heard a preacher before during whose sermon I could not be drawing lines, and forming the model of a vessel; but, from the moment he begins till he stops, I can't do any thing but listen.' Of McCheyne a Scotch woman said, 'He preaches as if he is a-dyin' a'most to have ye converted;' and men of all classes will listen to such a man.

"Our last and most important element in the real manhood of the pulpit is that which was the very essence of the Redeemer's humanity: we of course mean *love*. The things which God hath prepared in the gospel are 'for them that love him.' We have read of a lock, composed of rings, which could never be unfastened until the rings were so arranged as to spell a certain word. The heart is that cold, complicated thing, which will never open until its passions and affections become articulated into one word, and that word be *Jesus*. The things of the Spirit 'never entered,' never will enter, into the heart of man, until love, like the 'stronger man,' goes in and sheds light and liberty where before all had been sin and blindness. And if only love, all luminous love, can comprehend the gospel, much more will all genius and knowledge fail to make a preacher of that gospel, if love for man does not forever agitate the heart. We may say of love in a pastor what Paul says of charity. It is strange and very full of instruction that this apostle wrote that eulogy. Had John, or even James, been employed by the Spirit as the author of such a panegyric, we would not have been surprised; but Paul was

the prince of the apostles, as the student and scholar and close logician. It is he who exalts love, and declares, what we repeat, that, if love be wanting, the most splendid gifts are poor and mean. There may be warm fancy; but the religion of fancy is a delusive sentimentalism. There may be soaring intelligence: but the theology of reason is not a religion; it is a study. He who reads the works of Spinoza and Hegel, and Theodore Parker and Strauss, will detect this as the cause of their infidelity, that, ignoring the heart, they sought to reach by pure intellectual speculation those truths which are above our reason, and which God has revealed to love. In a word, we have known men whose piety and preaching were the ethical system of conscience; but conscience can no more bring an unpardoned sinner to live a life of holiness than the compass can propel a ship along her ocean path. 'The love of Christ constraineth us:' here is the secret potency of the pulpit. Why, man of God, why these fervent, weeping prayers and supplications for the prosperity of your work? The love of Christ constraineth me. Why this consecration of all the powers of mind and body to such studious researches after truth? The love of Christ constraineth me. Why this separation from the pleasures of society, this solemnity and earnestness in your intercourse with men during the week, and the admonitions, warnings, entreaties, tears, in the pulpit on the sabbath? The love of Christ constrains me, compels me, consumes me. As holiness is not so much an attribute of God as the glory of all the divine perfections, so love must be, not one element in a minister of Christ, but the very soul and life of his whole work. And as God is absolute omnipotence because he is the absolute essential love, so, the more love, the more power, in a preacher. Love is our real inspiration in praying, working, pleading, for souls. Love is the only influence which touches human nature on every side, and penetrates all its recesses. It makes us like Jesus, whose prayers were the beseechings of love; whose sermons, expostulations, warnings, weepings, were the accents and sobbings of love; whose sufferings and death were the glorification of love. It is only love which can make the very hardships of our work delightful. Love is wonderful, inexhaustible in resources for our work. Love is the magnetism which draws the speaker to the people, and the people to the speaker, by a resistless sympathy. In a word, if the church and congregation love their pastor, their faces on Sunday will be worth more than all the study of the week. He can say any thing, every thing. He feels what is his message, and a message from a loving heart always awakens echoes in loving hearts."

SUFFERING. — No. 1.

"Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong."

"Though somewhat 'declined into the vale of years,' we have, until within a few weeks, scarcely known any thing worthy to be called 'pain.' Comprehending at this time only too intensely the import of that word, we have been, first, praying to God not to spare us until we were taught by this stern discipline more of the temper of Him who 'was made perfect through suffering;' and then we have been reflecting upon this great mystery, — a God all love, and a world of beings in his immediate control, into whose experience suffering enters so largely. So instinctively conscious is our common humanity of a common inheritance of suffering, that, in all languages, perhaps the tenderest word is 'sympathy;' which means, literally, sharing the sufferings of another. When we open the Bible, we find the words 'sorrow,' 'pain,' 'suffering,' on almost every page; the entire revelation vouchsafed to man addressing him as 'born to suffering.' The Saviour of our race is constantly described as a sufferer; nor could any but 'a man of sorrows' exert that mysterious attraction which 'draws all men' unto him. And, whether we consult history or literature or observation, we find the scrolls written all over with lamentation and woe. We are far from affirming that there is more suffering than joy in this stage of our being. The whole creation was plainly designed by God to confer happiness; and the signatures of his benevolence are upon every organ, every fibre, of our bodies, as well as upon every endowment of our minds, consciences, hearts. We might have been so constituted, that pain would be inflicted by every act necessary to the perpetuation of life; instead of which, the proper indulgence of appetites and passions is a source of gratification. Still, as we have said, history is a record of human suffering. The works of genius which at once enlist our profoundest feelings are those which present the scenes of human existence as a tragedy; and everywhere about us are forms bowed and crushed by disease, racked by pain, and minds tortured by anguish, compared with which corporeal sufferings are light, nay, from which physical pain is often a positive relief. No doubt much of human misery is the fruit of excessive or depraved passions; but the inevitable lot of the present economy is suffering. Wherever our eyes are turned, we behold

'The thousand nameless ills
That one incessant struggle render life
One scene of toil, of suffering, and of fate.'

"And, now, why is this? How can all this be reconciled with the goodness and love of God? To which question our first answer is, that the consistency of the divine conduct is no concern of ours. We cannot believe in the existence of God without knowing that he is good. His benevolence finds its demonstration all around us. The heavens declare not only the glory of God, but his goodness, which is his glory. Sun, moon, stars, the ever-recurring blessings of the seasons, the myriad mercies which tremble in every morning's light, and are renewed every evening, — all, all, speak to us of God's goodness. Indeed, this attribute is an original truth, so written in the very structure of our souls, that nothing can efface it, nothing can dim its lustre. Behind the cloud we know the sun is still shining; and so, if clouds and darkness veil the face of this adorable Being, they cannot cause a single doubt as to his character. After long experience, in fact, among the prosperous and the afflicted, we do not hesitate to say that the murmurers are generally those whose sky is clear; while grateful love glows in cottages where sickness and sorrow have melted the heart, and brought it to repose in filial confidence upon unerring wisdom and unchanging love. The Christian walks by faith; and faith is the grace which does not 'stagger,' which sustains the soul in the midst of providences dark and inscrutable. This is what lends such a charm to the Book of Job; this, that, in the tent of the Arabian emir, we are at home with the innermost soul of a man bruised by disease and pain of body, with desolation heaped upon his hearth and heart, but who still kisses the hand of the Chastener, still clings with delight to that God and Saviour who is revealed to him all the more clearly amidst the noontide blackness within and without, and still triumphantly exclaims, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.' Nor is our assertion verified only in the experience of the child of God. We repeat what we have said, that no man ever really doubted the goodness of God because providentially exposed to suffering. No: the cloud is dark, and its thunderbolts rift the oak; but the sun beams on as serenely as when its effulgence bathed hill and valley in floods of glory. This is not all. Pain and suffering are God's voice, in still, small, but most piercing accents reminding us of our apostate and abnormal condition. Familiarity dulls, blunts our sensibilities, and we are familiar with death; but, when this hideous catastrophe first appalled those who had never even heard the word, we can well conceive the strange horror with which the few on earth and the multitudes in heaven must have exclaimed, 'Death, death, is in the world!' And why is death in the world? 'Sin hath entered into the world, and death by sin.' And

so disease, pain, all the agonies which shoot along the nerves, and thrill and vibrate through the soul, are but reverberations of that same fearful truth, 'Sin has entered into the world.' And there is one form of suffering which can be explained only by this dismal phenomenon. We allude to the pain which infants endure, though they 'have never sinned after the similitude of Adam's transgression.' With reference to those who have indulged the depravities of our nature, the wonder is, that, living in open rebellion against God, they still have so many blessings shed down upon them; but when we see an infant, which is innocent even of the thought of evil, stretched on a couch of fever, anguish, convulsion, we behold a mystery which we can reconcile to our conceptions of infinite love, even of divine equity, only by recalling how frightful a thing sin is, and that it is merciful to warn us of its malignity, even by such a spectacle.

"But the true solution of the problem before us, the palpable reason why pain and suffering enter so largely into our experience, is found in their sweet uses as bitter but salutary indispensable medicines for hearts like ours. The ancients said that the lightning consecrated whatever it struck, and suffering has a ministry known only to those who have experienced its blessings. 'Let them that suffer according to the will of God commit the keeping of their souls to him in well-doing, as unto a faithful Creator.' Suffering, then, springs not out of the ground. It is not an accident. We suffer 'according to the will of God;' and 'this is the will of God, even our sanctification.' The Captain of our salvation was made 'perfect through suffering,' and through the same unsparing ordeal his soldiers must pass to victory. 'Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and to enter into his glory?' Up to that glorious resurrection-life his humanity won its lonely way through suffering; and what suffering! O sacred brow pierced with cruel thorns! O celestial beauty stained by tears and blood! O form meek, angel-mild, lacerated by stripes, nailed to the cross, and expiring through torment! O heart broken by anguish! Before this adorable incarnation of love and misery let us kneel, imploring that we may be 'partakers of his suffering,' and so enter into that holiness which is our glory now, and will be our glory in eternity. It is not by joy, but by suffering, that our characters grow into the likeness of Jesus. It is not amidst scenes of pleasure, but in the solitary chamber of sickness and languishing and acute misery, that selfishness is obliterated; that we learn the hardest, the finishing lesson, after which God has nothing more to teach us on earth: we mean entire, unquestioning submission. And, this last searching lesson once thoroughly mastered, no

tongue can tell, no imagination can conceive, the peace of God, passing all understanding, which keeps the heart and mind, the realizing consciousness of the presence and preciousness of Him who slowly and tenderly brings us to say, 'Not as I will, but as Thou wilt,' and who then, in this very act of perfect surrender of ourselves to God's sovereignty, strengthens, elevates, sublimates us to the perfect sovereignty over all that pride, self-will, and unbelief which so often lurk and mutiny in the bosoms of the holiest."

SUFFERING.—No. 2.

"Christianity, which is the creed of suffering."

"The first ordeal through which Job passed was the loss of his fortune. The second was the death of his children. Under these bereavements, though overwhelmed with grief, yet he utters the language of patient acquiescence, which has become a proverb in every house of mourning. It is when pain enters that fearful framework the body, and shoots along nerves and fibres, making existence a prolonged misery, that we detect the blemishes and distempers of poor humanity, as Job begins to pour out his bitter complaints, to long for death, and, while abhorring the temptation to 'curse God,' yet curses the hour of his birth. In a former article we beguiled an hour of great suffering by setting down a thought or two on suffering. It is a subject which deeply concerns us all; for sooner or later each of us must taste the heritage of pain, and nothing but familiarity prevents our feeling how mysterious a phenomenon in God's providential administration is this almost universal diffusion of pain and suffering. Natural theology teaches us the wisdom and power of God. But as we learn nothing of the moral character of an architect by beholding the splendid creations of his genius in some magnificent structure, so the universe around us is a glorious temple, in contemplating which we are amazed at the workmanship of divine hands, but all the radiant masterpieces of which furnish scarcely any materials by which we can form an estimate of the justice, holiness, mercy, of the Divine Being. To know the moral character of the artist, we must inquire how he employs his endowments in his conduct to those among whom he lives; and, if we would reach some conceptions of God's highest perfections, we must observe how his sovereignty, his power, wisdom, and other attributes, deal with a world whose population is so entirely controlled by him, that 'the very hairs of our heads are all numbered.' And, now, among the

providential arrangements of this world is the existence everywhere of pain and suffering, — sufferings of the body (for surgery has explored the organs chiefly as the source of disease and pain, and shown that there is not one of them which is not hourly an apparatus of torture to some of the human family), and intense sufferings of the mind and heart. In the heyday of youth we heed not this truth; but too soon it breaks in mercilessly upon us. That there is suffering at all is a portentous phenomenon; but the vast amount of suffering is still a sterner mystery. Why does any pain exist? Could not the wisdom and power of God create beings who should be exempt from this dreadful evil? But the most inscrutable enigma is the extent of this calamity: for it is not an exception; it is shared largely by all. Fountains of bitterness are opened in every family, in every life, every heart. Five hundred years before Christ, Hippocrates gave a large catalogue of human diseases. Since then, the dark list has been almost infinitely increased; yet every day new diseases are added. And into how many human experiences there enters this deeper anguish of wounded spirits, of perfidious friendships, of love unrequited or betrayed! The fact is before us, around us, within us; and it is a problem, which, in all ages and among all people, has been the subject of perplexing inquiry.

"The same instinct which teaches man the existence of a God has caused him to ascribe suffering to some superhuman agency; and as, without a revelation, men will make God like unto themselves, instead of making themselves like unto God, the heathen formed to themselves malignant deities who delighted in inflicting vengeance upon mortals. The philosophers in Christian lands have found themselves face to face with this seeming anomaly in the providential economy of our present life; and, if we had time, it would be very curious and instructive to see in what mazes they are lost, until they accept the interpretations of the Bible. '*The world rests on a huge tortoise*,' said the Indian of old. But on what does the tortoise rest? And just so as to these ingenious speculations which assign causes for the existence of so much suffering, but cannot account for these causes. Dr. Thomas Brown is at the head of these philosophers, and here is a synopsis of his theories: First, diseases are fatal to life. If diseases were pleasant, we would not shun them. They are painful that we may dread them, and thus avoid death. Now, to all this the answer is palpable. For why are there so many diseases? Why is this an economy of diseases? His second explanation is, that 'there will be a quicker disposition to feel for others when we ourselves have suffered.' But does God inflict pain that we may sympathize

with it? Why should any suffer? We rejoice to pass from such sophistries to another argument of this amiable philosopher, whose views are very superior to those of Paley. In this explanation he supposes a father watching over his sick child with the tenderest solicitude, yet 'forcing the child, notwithstanding its cries, to swallow some bitter potion.' In such a case we 'would conclude, not that the father was cruel, but that the child was to derive benefit from the potion he loathed.' We welcome this solution, because it approximates the great Christian truth; because it admits the existence of a disease, and regards the present dispensation as a remedial constitution, and suffering as an element in this constitution.

"We say a disease already existing, and a remedy for that disease, however nauseous, is a blessing, because it is a remedy; and this is the first inspired solution of the problem before us. The existence of moral evil is a gloomy incomprehensibility; but it is not less a fact on that account; and we feel instinctively that moral evil is worse than suffering. On earth, yea, in hell, sin is the only evil. Sorrow, pain, suffering, may be overruled, and converted into blessings: but sin is essential, unmitigated evil, — an evil, too, which is not exhausted in this life, but torments the soul in eternity. Now, 'fools make a mock at sin.' The world will not realize the prevalence of this terrible pestilence: hence affliction and pain to warn us that God is dealing with us as a revolted district of his empire; hence revelation proclaims a God who 'is love,' all whose attributes and providences are the modifications and arrangements of perfect benevolence, and declares that corrections and chastisements are designed to open our eyes to our real condition, to bring us to ourselves, that the prodigal may return to his father, who pities him, and waits to embrace him.

"While suffering is thus solemnly monitory, it has a second ministry. It is, beyond a doubt, largely punitive. Upon this point no man can decide for his neighbor; but no man can look to his past life without being surprised that he has suffered so little, and without tracing much of his unhappiness to his sins. 'Thou makest me to possess the iniquities of my youth.' Job was 'a perfect man,' and indignantly repels the charges made by his friends, that he was punished for his wickedness. In the depths of his consciousness, however, a voice reminded him of youthful deeds which he felt had entailed this legacy of penal suffering upon him. 'Art thou come to call my sin to remembrance, and to slay my son?' The widow of Zarephath was now pious; but, as she looked upon her dead child, conscience connected that bereavement with some secret sins of years long gone by. And some of God's children understand too bitterly

these experiences. A third and most merciful use of sufferings is their preventive checks. Whatever God's methods in the government of beings without guilt, or with those who are abandoned to perdition, it is plain he treats the inhabitants of this planet as the inmates of an abode for those who are prisoners, but prisoners of hope. He allows a certain freedom, but fences us around with providential restraints and penalties. 'I also withheld thee from sinning against me.' 'Lo, all these things worketh God oftentimes with man, to bring back his soul from the pit.'

"We will add only that great vindication of God's benevolence in permitting so much suffering, which is found in the fact that love has a higher object than the mere present gratification of those who are dear to us. We use very loose language when we speak of our bodies as suffering. All real suffering is in the soul; and to redeem this soul from all evil; to sanctify it, and transform it into the image of Him, who, 'though he were a Son, yet learned obedience by the things which he suffered, and was made perfect through suffering;' to inbreed and nourish in the soul celestial graces and holy energies; to cause the soul to recover the repose it has lost in the world, to grow in the sweetest, tenderest sympathies of our nature, and yet in the most triumphant courage and faith and hope, — if pain and suffering minister to all this perfection, we do not murmur as we look upon a suffering world, we cannot question the goodness of God in his painful dispensations. We weep over the sorrows and griefs which make this present stage of life a valley of thorns and tears: but the quantity of our sufferings is the quantity of our capacities, and of the victories we shall gain; and in all, through all, we adore the love of Him who does not willingly afflict us; who, as 'the Father of our spirits,' chastens us, that 'we might be partakers of his holiness.'"

ON THE BEACH.

"Before conversion, nature can awaken not a spiritual emotion; but noble, generous, elevating, is even the æsthetic sense of beauty and power around and above us. Ever since our heart was changed, however, the material creation — earth and sky, tempest and sunshine, the starry night, the orb of day, above all, the ocean near which we were born — has called forth reverential sympathy and worship. And leaving the crowded inn far away, and walking about along this lovely beach, the past, the present, and the future, especially 'the time of our departure,' which must be near, have caused us to pour out our soul in rekindled faith and hope and joy, and in

delightful communion with the scenery around, and with Him who created all these wonderful phenomena to contribute to our happiness here, and who will soon take us to that haven to which Jesus is now piloting us, and where all shall be purity, peace, love, forever."

CROWDING TO WELCOME US.

"Yesterday our solitary musings and prayers on the beach were interrupted by a large party of gay boarders. Suddenly we heard them exclaim, 'Oh, look at that boat!' On turning where they pointed, we beheld a small sail-boat emerging like a white-winged angel from out the cloudy distance, and careering towards us with swelling canvas and streaming banners. She ran in to speaking-distance; and then, as if by instinct, she paused, and her passengers hailed us with shouts and waving handkerchiefs; while the shore resounded with acclamations, and hats and bonnets were flung into the air, and kerchiefs and shawls were tossing in the breeze.

"And is not this, we thought, an emblem of the Christian's soul, — the tempest weathered and the ocean crossed, — as it reaches yonder blessed shore, and sees the multitude with outstretched arms hailing its coming? Not, however, by strangers will its welcome be reverberated, but by those to whom it is unutterably dear, who rejoiced over its conversion, and now are filled with unutterable rapture at its triumphant entrance into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ. There, upon those golden heights, wafting their palms, stretching out their hands, and shaking the celestial atmosphere with loud anthems, shall be 'an innumerable company of angels' and archangels, to whom the redemption of a single soul is more wonderful than the creation of the universe, and 'the spirits of just men made perfect,' — patriarchs, prophets, apostles, martyrs, who shared with Jesus the great love and sympathy which drew him from his eternal glory to all those depths of sorrow. Nor only these. It is impossible that those who leave this planet can dissolve the ties which bound them to many here; and yonder, among the shining throng, shall be seen with unutterable transports those once so precious, — fathers, mothers, wives, husbands, sisters, brothers, children.

> 'Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
> Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep.'

"We believe that heaven is not a far-off country, that our friends who have gone before us are spiritually nearer than when they were imprisoned in earthly frameworks; and what imagination can conceive the ecstasies with which they will meet and embrace those once so tenderly united to them on earth?"

HOME.

"We cannot tell how others feel; but in our boyhood, when sent far from home for education, we used to envy the birds, and say, 'Oh for wings to fly home!' and we sympathize deeply with the Swiss soldiers, who, on hearing their national air, the 'Ranz des Vaches,' felt home-sickness saddening their souls, and causing the bravest to desert.

"Beyond all our thoughts, Jesus selected Baltimore as the place of our habitation; and through all eternity we shall bless him for casting our lot with such a people, in a city of such generous kindness, and among brethren and sisters whose affection and munificence fill our heart with gratitude. But still we find the light of earlier days ever stealing over us; our recollections wandering often to our first home, to the old castellated mansion, to the fields where we wandered as a child, to the schoolhouse, to that venerable father whose very form drew reverence, to that sainted mother who first taught us to lisp our infant prayers, above all, to the old house of worship (now in ruins) in which God began to build up in our soul that great work, and in which we first began to preach the unsearchable riches of Christ to multitudes, almost all of whom have gone to that higher home, after which our faith, hope, loving anticipation, are tending with ever-growing intensity."

When he wrote these tender and thoughtful passages, he was entering the edge of the cloud, which, sooner or later, wraps its folds about us all. When Thomas Arnold of Rugby was dying, he said to his son, "My son, thank God for me for giving me this pain. I have suffered so little pain in my life, that I feel it is very good for me. Now God has given it to me, I do so thank him for it!" (*Life by* STANLEY.) So with the subject of this sketch. After the critical transition period of early manhood, his life was one of great physical vigor. With the exception of the occasional feeling of that wound, as he called it, in the throat and chest, his health was even robust.

But, within a year or two of the end, the shadows began to lengthen and thicken around him, — premonitions which, we are now persuaded, he both saw and felt. "They were in

the way, going up to Jerusalem, and Jesus went before them." He was in this way, — the beginning of the end, — and Jesus was still before him and with him.

In the fall and winter of 1875 he was suffering from a malignant boil, which was the beginning of the attack, which, about a year afterwards, proved fatal. It was at this time that a friend sent him Farrar's "Life of Christ," — a work, which, for depth of research, wealth of imagination, and fervor of spirit, is scarcely, if at all, equalled in this field of literature. His mind and heart were all aglow in sympathy with the book. "Hanna's 'Life,'" he said, "is a beautiful poem; but this is better. I could scarcely put it down; and as I came to the simple, touching description of the last sufferings, my heart was too full for utterance." Oh mystery of life and suffering and death, dread problem of the ages! as to which we can only adopt the maxim of Newton, — "Some trouble themselves about the origin of evil: I am satisfied to know that it exists, and that there is a remedy for it in the gospel," — or, better still, the assurance of Him who sees the end from the beginning, and says, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter."

CHAPTER XXV.

1861–1865.

"They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder."

THE Bible is no more pledged to any particular form of government than to any particular theory of physical science. Rightly interpreted, its truths will conduce to sound political views, and will be found in harmony with every true interpretation of nature; but it never stops to commit itself to any theory either of politics or science, for the obvious reason that this is apart from its main design. Hence the Bible is accepted by nations holding different views of government, and by men the advocates of different systems of science. Spiritual truth, like electricity, adapts itself to and pervades all bodies, while it is identical with none.

From the beginning, some of the best citizens of the republic differed as to the principles of its administration, especially as to the relations of the States to the General Government. Clay, Calhoun, and Webster represented in a prominent way, on account of their commanding talents, these differences as to the meaning of the Constitution and the best policy of the government; and yet they held these different views in mutual respect and friendship. Mr. Webster's eulogy on Calhoun shows the warm personal friendship between them amid all the conflicts of intellectual gladiatorship; and the controversy between Wayland and

Fuller shows the presence of the spirit of Christ in a free and full discussion of some of the most delicate and difficult relations of society.

Now, if, in the sphere of politics and government, men, some of whom make no profession of the religion of Christ, can differ without the loss of mutual respect, we are warranted to expect nothing less from the disciples of that religion whose cardinal principle is love. But, alas! "*video, probo que meliora, deteriora sequor.*" Extremists at the South could not regard an abolitionist as an honest man: extremists at the North looked on every slaveholder as nothing less than a pirate. During the war, and some time after it, it was the same gospel of intolerance. Many at the South could not forgive what they regarded as the wanton destruction of their rights: many at the North could not look at the Southern interpretation of State rights as any thing short of the unpardonable sin.

But a better era has dawned; and, by mutual concession and forbearance, good men of all sections are laying the foundation of a union firmer than the first; because, so far as slavery is concerned, the sources of irritation and disintegration have forever been removed.

Dr. Fuller's position at the beginning of the war was a very critical one. In a border State, in one of the largest and most mixed of the border cities, holding intimate relations as a man and minister to both sections, his position, as the crisis came and the hosts drew apart, was that of a man exposed to a cross-fire on the field of battle.

The Southern Baptist Convention, of which he was a member, met, in the spring of 1861, in Savannah. The excitement was at its height. Resolutions of sympathy with the Confederacy were adopted. Dr. Fuller was one of the committee that introduced them. At the same time, he was the citizen of a State which had not seceded; and, at the time of the passage of the resolutions, he proposed to con-

tinue his relations of allegiance to the United States. This was, naturally, the occasion of surprise, and of nc little excitement and disaffection, especially as he was at the time supposed to have been the author of the resolutions.

A Baltimore correspondent of "The Watchman and Reflector" wrote at the time to this effect: —

The course pursued by the pastor of another church of this city, while attending the Missionary Convention in Georgia, has seriously disaffected some of its members, as well as outsiders. It appears he was incapable of withstanding the miasmatic influence of a strong secession atmosphere, and unfortunately yielded himself entirely to its control. Had he but maintained conservative ground there, and *soothed*, rather than *sanctioned*, the exasperated feelings of the dupes of secession, — who imagine it to be the vindication of Southern rights, — he would have exerted a power beneficial to others, and honorable to himself. But how weak is poor humanity! How hard to resist the popular current! How easy to be valorous for a cause among its advocates! How much men's zeal is regulated by the latitude of their locality! How little of the martyr's courage is required to be an abolitionist North, or a secessionist South! Alas! martyrs were of another age: our own is too feeble to produce them.

Yours, as ever,

Kos.

Baltimore, June, 1861.

The storm was gathering: the passions of men were on fire.

"The Baltimore Clipper" of May, 1861, thus discussed Dr. Fuller's position: —

"We have frequently been asked, as the friends of Rev. Dr. Fuller, what are his sentiments as to the position and duty of Maryland, of which State he is now a citizen. We have been in the habit of hearing him; but as he never allows politics to enter his pulpit, and never in any way concerns himself, we believe, with the political sentiments of the members of his church or congregation, we could gather nothing from his official ministrations.

"On only one occasion lately he has spoken to his church on this subject; and this was about a month ago, when, at a meeting of the members (where some expressed an unwillingness to leave their

families at such a season of peril, when it was thought the legislature would take measures for secession), he uttered the language reported at the time in 'The American,' saying, 'I cannot believe that Maryland will attempt any thing so suicidal as secession.'

"But we have some of Dr. Fuller's writings, and we claim him as one of the sincerest lovers of the Union, and one of its warmest defenders up to this time; and that now he deplores the calamity which has come upon the country, but regards the Union as hopelessly dissolved; and regarding war as of all things most opposed to the gospel, agreeing with the Society of Friends as to the wickedness of settling disputes by the sword, he adopts the views of John Quincy Adams, that, 'if the bonds of love are destroyed, there had better be a peaceful separation.'

"The papers have lately quoted the report of the Southern Baptist Convention. We did not, because that was the action of a religious body living in the seceded States. The body represented no political sentiment, and only expressed a religious sympathy and confidence and good-will.

"Last November we heard his earnest, imploring entreaties that the border States would interpose as mediators, and we then reported his patriotic appeals.

"We differ from the doctor in despairing for a reconstruction of the Union; but believing as he does, and regarding war as ruining the country, and especially Maryland, we are not surprised that he is most earnest in seeking in every proper way to produce a peaceful solution of the present awful strifes and conflicts among those who ought to be brethren."

But the "Savannah Resolutions" seemed, in the judgment of many, at variance with all this. As the tide of war rolled on, the supposed authorship of the famous resolutions exposed Dr. Fuller not only to prejudice and odium in many quarters, but, as the war progressed, to no inconsiderable personal peril. The following incident will show this. Two detectives called on the Baltimore pastor. Well dressed, and thoroughly disguised, they approached him with an air of the profoundest secrecy on the subject of a subscription for the outfit, with the best arms and equipment, of a fine band of young men, who, they said, were anxious to join the Southern army, and were only waiting for this outfit. In an

instant, and with keener powers of detection than the spies themselves, he penetrated the plot, and in righteous indignation ordered them out of his house. Confessing their duplicity, they begged his pardon, and left.

Most controversies, it is said, grow out of a misunderstanding of facts. A sentiment of delicacy and honor, superior to the consideration of mere personal safety, seemed to forbid this explanation on the part of Dr. Fuller during the war, and hence the continued misunderstanding; but in the convention which met in Baltimore in May, 1868, the explanation was made, not by Dr. Fuller, but by other Southern ministers, in reply to the venerable Dr. Welch, who was present by invitation, and who, in his address on the occasion, had alluded to the resolutions.

The following communication soon afterwards appeared in "The Herald," and gives the history of the case.

THE "SAVANNAH RESOLUTIONS."

At the late Baptist Convention in Baltimore, Rev. Dr. Welch, during some remarks, alluded to the bitter feeling awakened in 1861 against Rev. Dr. Fuller on account of "his Savannah Resolutions." Rev. Dr. Winkler of South Carolina then arose, and stated, "I have long desired to say that my brother, Dr. Fuller, magnanimously bore, during all the war, the odium and extreme peril of seeming to be the author of those resolutions, when he was not. Those portions which were so intensely offensive to the North were written by me." Rev. A. M. Poindexter then said, "I have long wished for the opportunity now afforded to remark, that on our way to Savannah, in a conversation on the condition of the country, Dr. Fuller stated to me that nobody could or should doubt his love for the South; but that, as a Christian, his duty was clear: he would be loyal to Maryland and the United-States Government, under which he lived."

I cannot help expressing my gratification at this disclosure, as I am a member of Dr. Fuller's church, and have clung to him with an affection and confidence which nothing could shake; but his course in May, 1861, at Savannah, had hitherto been so seemingly inconsistent as to be a mystery to me, as to many others.

First, although we all knew his filial love for the South, yet he

never was a "secessionist," but an advocate for the Union under the Constitution, and for resistance by the South to all wrongs *in the Union* and under the Constitution. Secondly, he always opposed the introduction of politics into religious bodies; and only by this course, and mutual forbearance among the membership, were we saved from possible disruption. Thirdly, Dr. Fuller was prominent as an advocate of peace, conscientiously regarding war as opposed to the entire spirit of the religion of Jesus.

You may judge of the universal surprise, then, when the "Savannah Resolutions" were read, with Dr. Fuller's name appended as originator and author. Of the odium, persecution, and abuse he endured, you cannot be fully aware. He was also exposed to personal danger; for Gen. Butler was in command here at the time, and all the papers commented upon the report as Dr. Fuller's. "The New-York Tribune" said, "Dr. Fuller is the most dangerous rebel in Maryland." This was at a period of intense public excitement, when the slightest reasons sometimes provoked fearful danger. Nothing but confidence in the man on behalf of the government and by the church preserved him from arrest, and kept some of his once firmest members from leaving the church.

All this while Dr. Fuller was perfectly silent, preaching the gospel, and excluding politics from coming near his pulpit and church-meetings. This was he only heard to say: "Whatever they doubt, nobody shall doubt my love for my Southern brethren, with whom I have been from my youth a 'companion in tribulation and in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ;' and yet there shall be no disloyalty to the government under which I live." This he wrote in a letter to "The New-York Examiner" in 1862, in response to a communication in that paper. The revelation at the late convention now explains all.

In conversation since the late convention, Dr. Fuller has said, "The resolutions were not enough mine to accept honor for them where there was honor: they were too much mine to shun any danger attending them where there was danger. Therefore, at Savannah, I gave honor to whom it was due: here I did not whisper to any human being, not even to my wife, that I had *opposed* the resolutions; for in case of my imprisonment, which at one time I hourly expected, that would have been pleaded in my behalf, cast the danger upon others, and exposed me to the charge of being wanting in courage, of having revealed the secrets of the committee-room, and of being perfidious to the sacred claim of friendship, love, and honor."

O.

BALTIMORE, May, 1868.

It was easy for extreme men at the South, ten years before, to take exception to his colonization speech, and easy for some Northern papers to speak of him as a rebel. They were like men, from safe eminences, commenting on the struggles of a man shut up in a narrow defile. Dr. Fuller's position in Baltimore, with his relations to the two sections, was one of peculiar delicacy and difficulty. When the above explanation was made in Baltimore, Dr. Jeter, referring to it one day at table, in the course of conversation, turned to some of the guests, and said, "The spirit and courage of the old Romans have not died out yet."

But, controversy apart, those eventful years brought out, as trial will always bring out, the character of the man and Christian.

"We may add" (says "The Clipper," quoted above), "that on the 19th of April, as soon as Dr. Fuller was informed of the tragedy going on, he hastened down, and used all his influence to allay the deplorable spirit then raging; and it was for the purpose of preventing a recurrence of these fearful scenes that he consented to accompany the committee of the Young Men's Christian Association to Washington. The doctor, who was educated in Massachusetts, has attended the Massachusetts soldiers who were wounded and are at the Union Protestant Infirmary."

That his sympathies were more active and conspicuous on the other side was due not only to natural relationships, but to the fact of the greater amount of suffering and want being at the South.

Many of his family and friends had been reduced to poverty. From his own means, and the contributions of others in response to his appeals, he relieved a great deal of this suffering.

"His letters to me" (writes one of these sufferers) "are business-letters, intermixed with sentences of love and sympathy. I can truly say, not the slightest request has been slighted; every letter promptly answered, when, as he often wrote, he had pile upon pile of letters to answer. He has been like my own dear father in his tender care and

love. One instance of this was very touching. The son of Rev. Mr. B. was here at the seminary, and had been kind to us. When he was going to the convention at Raleigh, I wrote uncle Richard of his kindness, and begged him to notice it in some little way, if only by a shake of the hand. When young B. returned, he said, 'Your uncle said, when he met me, "Why, you are the very man I have been looking for! I want you to fill my pulpit next summer."' I can't tell you how these little acts touched my heart, even more than his noble generosity. When I could hear him preach, I felt equal to any emergency; that I had been elevated far above earth, and wished often never to return."

The following money-order appears in behalf of a young man, a relative, who was at the time a prisoner at Point Lookout: —

LIVERPOOL, 21 October, 1864.

M. B. B., ESQ., POINT LOOKOUT, MD.

Dear Sir, — In accordance with instructions received from our Charleston firm under date 5 September, we hereby authorize you to value upon us at sight, for such sums as you may require from time to time, to the extent of one hundred pounds sterling (£100). We engage to accept such drafts when presented, and to pay them at maturity.

We are, dear sir, yours respectfully,

FRASER, TRENHOLM, & Co.

In the same spirit he sought and obtained an order from the officer in command at Baltimore to visit the sick and wounded after the battle of Gettysburg. In graphic and touching language he described the scenes that there met his eye, and moved his heart, — the ploughed field, the thickly-strewn dead, the tainted air, the dreadful carnival of war. Then, with a gleam of humor breaking through the gravity of the description, he told, in his inimitable way, of meeting, in that part of the field where the fallen heroes lay thickest, a pig, stretched out by their side, laid low by some deadly missive that had cut short his glorious career: —

"He lay like a warrior taking his rest."

Dr. W. F. Broadus, one of the noblest of Virginia Baptist ministers, was brought, soon after the battle of Fredericksburgh, as a prisoner to Washington. Dr. Broadus was a minister of eminent ability and great usefulness. He had a very thorough knowledge of human nature, with an inexhaustible fund of anecdote and humor. As he was going, under escort of a sergeant, to his quarters at the Old Capitol, the conceit occurred to him, on which he at once acted, of playing the part of a simple-minded countryman. He expressed to the sergeant his great delight at meeting him, as he supposed that he must be the great Mr. Lincoln, of whom he had heard so much. The astonished soldier assured him of his mistake. "No, no," replied his prisoner; "you must be Mr. Lincoln: you answer exactly to the description I have had of him." The flattered official, on their arrival at the Capitol, smilingly told his superiors of the simplicity of the countryman; but the officers saw at a glance where the simplicity really was, and laughed most heartily at the outwitted sergeant.

Dr. Broadus and Dr. Fuller were intimate, and frequently together in religious meetings. On the occasion of some family gathering for prayer at the house of a friend somewhere in Virginia, Dr. Fuller was reading the account, in the Acts, of Paul's shipwreck on his way to Rome. He was commenting on the peril of the voyage, increased by the absence of many modern equipments; mentioning, by way of example, the absence of the compass. Dr. Broadus quietly suggested that his brother might be mistaken as to the compass. "How?" gravely asked Dr. Fuller, not a little puzzled at the suggestion of the minister. "Surely, Broadus, the mariner's compass was not known in Europe till the middle ages." — "But," insisted Dr. Broadus, maintaining unmoved his gravity, "Luke names the compass in this very connection. Does he not say, 'We fetched a compass'?" As he saw the apt and playful turn of the

word, Dr. Fuller had to indulge in a good laugh at his own embarrassment before he was in proper mood to finish the exercises.

Hearing that his friend Broadus was in prison, Dr. Fuller ran over to Washington on a visit to him. "Broadus!" he exclaimed, as he was ushered into the presence of the prisoner, escorted by one or two officers, — "Broadus! do you think the age of miracles has passed?" — "I am not so sure about it," replied his friend. "I would not wonder," continued Dr. Fuller, in a tone and with a look that seemed to impress the whole company, — "I would not wonder, at this moment, to see the foundations of this prison shaken, as the dungeon at Philippi was, by an earthquake, and the Lord interposing, as he did that night, in behalf of his servant." "And he went on," said Dr. Broadus in his account of it, "to give such a vivid sketch of the memorable scene in the Roman dungeon, — the earthquake, the terror of the jailer, the delivery of the prisoners, — that the men who were present looked as if they really expected some repetition of that miracle."

The war was over. As the sea, after the passage of a cyclone, is restless for days afterwards, the face of society may be disturbed for half a century by such a commotion. Still, the main difficulty being removed, the full pacification of the country is but a question of time.

With one who pleaded so eloquently for peace before the war, it was natural and right that he should reiterate these sentiments when the war was over. This was Dr. Fuller's course. He made earnest and repeated efforts to allay the bitterness engendered by strife, to soothe the fretted sense of defeat at the South, and to prompt the exercise of kind and magnanimous feelings at the North.

The following letter, suggesting the attendance of Northern ministers at the Southern Baptist Convention in Baltimore in 1868, will be read with interest: —

Baltimore, April 25, 1867.

Rev. W. W. Everts, D.D., Judge Walker, and Others, Chicago, Ill.

My dear Brethren, — I write this to you and the pastors and brethren in Chicago, to ask if it would not be a good step, and pleasing to Jesus, for the Missionary Union to send messengers to the Southern Baptist Convention.

I write without consulting any one but our adorable Redeemer: I think, however, I have his mind in this matter. If any overture is made, it would come gracefully from the Missionary Union, which represents the country that has been victorious in the late unhappy war. Such a movement would be appreciated by those members of the convention who desire love and harmony among Christians; and upon it would rest the smiles of Him who hath said, "Blessed are the peacemakers; for they shall be called the children of God." It is not to be denied that the differences which led to the late conflict were commenced in the churches, and that their cause was a deep religious conviction. Now that no further reason for dissension exists, does it not become the churches to commence the work of healing the wounds which have been inflicted upon our Zion? We all know that politicians will be controlled, not by Christian, nor even by patriotic, but by selfish motives. Let us, then, seek to bring to the distractions of the country and the church those influences which alone can produce true union by infusing the principles of the gospel — its spirit of peace, forgiveness, love, harmony — into the heart of the nation.

It has been with great difficulty that the missionary fields assumed by our Southern churches have been cultivated during the war; and now, amidst the deep poverty of the South, the work is most arduous. One of the most noble missionaries of the Board was a member of the church of which I am pastor; and I think he has the spirit of Mr. Judson, as Judson possessed the spirit of Christ. He and others we must not desert; and I am sure the brethren will pray for these laborers in China and in Africa, to which last field our church also sent out a devoted colored missionary, now gone to his reward.

I have but little influence anywhere; but what God may give me I shall ever employ for peace and harmony among our churches.

"Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamor, and evil-speaking, be put away from you, with all malice; and be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you. Be ye, therefore, followers of God, as dear children; and walk in love, as Christ also hath loved us,

and hath given himself for us an offering and a sacrifice to God for a sweet-smelling savor."

Very sincerely your brother in the Lord Jesus,

R. FULLER.

In May, 1872, the Northern Baptist anniversaries were held in Washington, D.C. A marked feature of this meeting was the presence, and participation in the proceedings, of eminent Southern men. Dr. Fuller was invited to address the delegates in behalf of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, then at Greenville, S.C. He began with a playful allusion to "Yankee enterprise," using the phrase "Yankee," he said, "in no offensive sense." A German student had read and heard so much about "Yankee enterprise," that he determined on a trip to this country to see the thing for himself; for he prided himself on no little merit in the same line. After visiting and inspecting the country about Cape Cod, he was making the tour of the West. On one of the Mississippi steamers bound for New Orleans he met one of the shrewdest of the shrewd Yankee nation. He cultivated his acquaintance with more than the eagerness of a scientific investigator. They were in the midst of an argument, in which each was trying to get ahead of the other in keenness of disputation and wit, when an explosion took place on the steamer, which, like the two passengers, was racing at the time. As the steamer blew up, the two men went up with the fragments.

"Judge of my surprise" (said the German, relating it afterwards), "when going up, up, and half conscious that I had reached the climax of my ascent, to find my Yankee friend had got ahead of me, and was actually coming down. From that moment I gave up the thought of competition with such a race; and on my arrival at New Orleans, taking the first steamer that offered, I left for home."

After this playful introduction, and compliment to his audience, he went on to speak of the pleasant memories of the old Triennial Convention. He pleaded for the good feeling

and fellowship of the past and the fathers on the one ground on which he was accustomed to make all his appeals, — the love of Jesus. Holding up a paper with a series of resolutions to this effect, he read them; and as he concluded, and still held aloft the paper, it fluttered before the audience like a white banner of peace. The venerable Dr. Neale of Boston, seconding the resolutions, walked up to the platform and grasped the hand of Fuller. "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!" A statement was then made of the crippled condition of the seminary at Greenville. At once a noble subscription was offered by one of the delegates. Dr. Fuller called out, "Who is it?" when the name of Mr. Howard of Connecticut was given. "Ah!" cried the speaker, "there it is, — Yankee enterprise and liberality. The Yankee is always ahead." But there were many there as noble and enterprising as he; and pledge followed pledge, until a handsome sum was realized as a substantial and noble testimonial of Northern Baptist liberality.

But his efforts as a peacemaker were not confined to religious bodies. They were felt in various directions, — in relieving, as we have seen, the sufferings of many who had been reduced to poverty by the war, and in removing the political disabilities under which some prominent Southern men labored.

Among the officers in command in Charleston Harbor during the memorable siege were two young men, relatives of Dr. Fuller, — Gens. Rhett and Elliott. Both were distinguished for gallantry and skill. The former, a nephew of the celebrated Barnwell Rhett, had received a pardon, largely through the intervention of Dr. Fuller. The latter, Gen. Elliott, wrote, asking him to intercede in his behalf. He was nearly related to the distinguished Bishop Elliott of Georgia, and the son of an Episcopal minister who had been brought to Christ in the same revival, under the ministry of Daniel

Baker, which led Richard Fuller to the Saviour. Young Elliott was an admirable musician, and a most skilful mimic. Under cover of night he is said to have once approached the Federal guard at the old Beaufort Ferry. Challenged by the sentinel, he so perfectly imitated in voice and manner a fugitive plantation negro, that, in the dusk of the evening, the soldier on duty was completely deceived, and, after a brief conversation with the supposed slave, allowed him to paddle off.

At the close of the war, in common with thousands around him, Gen. Elliott was reduced to poverty. He was living in a precarious way at Port Royal, a poor man, in sight of the rich sea-island plantations once owned by his family. Here, at Bay Point, was the once pleasant summer retreat of the dear Beaufort people. Here, in 1839, Richard Fuller wrote some of his letters to John England, and caught his "bishop fish." Here, at the entrance of Port Royal (which is two miles wide at the mouth, and deep enough to admit the largest men-of-war at all times of tide), were two Confederate sand-forts on either side, with which a few Beaufort boys essayed to keep out the United-States navy under Dupont in the fall of 1861. After a gallant but brief resistance they retreated overland, and, wading through swamps and creeks, reached Beaufort in sad enough plight. Here was the noble Broad River, one of the grandest anchorages on the coast, looking like an inland sea when in a storm, — as the negroes phrased it, "Broad River was putting on his ruffled shirt."

Gen. Elliott was living here in the fall of 1865; while in command of the naval station was Gen. Gillmore, the brave Federal commander who had once confronted him in Charleston Harbor. Dr. Fuller wrote Gen. Gillmore on the subject of a pardon for his quondam enemy from the President. The reply was as prompt as it was magnanimous: —

HILTON HEAD, Oct. 25, 1865.

MY DEAR DR. FULLER, — I am just returned from the North, and find your note of the 7th among piles of other papers claiming my attention. You did right to claim my help: do so freely at all times.

I enclose a letter to the President; and, wishing you immediate success, remain

Very truly and sincerely yours,

Q. A. GILLMORE.

A PARDON.

Did any of the readers of "The Times and Witness" ever see one of the pardons which are issued by the President to certain classes engaged in the late war? Well, here is one lying before me at the present writing. "Ah!" I hear some one saying: "so he has had to go to Washington and to sue out a pardon. I never saw those Georgia Resolutions. From all I heard, I thought they must have been very wicked; but I never supposed they were as bad as that." Stop, my friend: the pardon is not for me; it is for a brave soldier: and, if you will pardon the egotism, I will tell you how I have come to have it.

Be it known, then, that last May I spent a day in Charleston Harbor. Going there under the auspices of high officials, I was honored with attentions to which I had no sort of personal claim. Some hours were spent on that celebrated fortress, Sumter, in the defence of which two young relatives of mine displayed a heroism absolutely astonishing to any one who visits the pile of ruins, and which received the unbounded admiration of Admiral Dahlgren and Gen. Gillmore, who commanded the assaults by land and water. One of these young men, Gen. Elliott, wrote me some time since, requesting me to aid him in procuring his pardon; informing me that he was at Bay Point, supporting himself and family by fishing. "An occupation," he added, "not very aristocratical, to be sure, but, you will admit, quite in the legitimate apostolical succession."

Now, here was a case to move a generous soul. Gen. Elliott had been sadly bruised at Sumter by the fragments of brick and wood which the terrible bombardment sent hurtling in every direction. After its surrender he received a wound in North Carolina, which has forever paralyzed his left arm; and here he was, in sight of his former rich lands, now cheerfully toiling at the oar and with the line. Just across from Bay Point is Hilton Head, then the headquarters of Gen. Gillmore. The pardon of Gen. Rhett, the other defender of

Sumter, I obtained last summer. Since that time the President had not been so well satisfied with the course of affairs at the South, and had ceased to grant this class of pardons. Knowing this, and anxious to do any thing which could produce good feelings, I at once wrote to Gen. Gillmore, whose magnanimity I knew from personal intercourse, stating, that, if he would get into his barge and cross the bay, he would see a fisherman's hut, and in that hut a wounded fisherman whom he well knew as a foe, and whom I wished him to know still better as a friend. I also requested him to take the pardon into his hands, as a word from him would remove all difficulties, and his interposition would exert the happiest influence in South Carolina. His letter to the President soon came, and the pardon is now before me.

A very formidable instrument it is, and a very sufficient document. What an enormous seal! — a blood-red crest, with the eagle grasping thunderbolts in each talon. But, then, that fair, mitigating "bunch of blue ribbons" encircling the seal! Vengeance is bound by clemency. I look at this emblem of imperial might, and say, —

> "His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
> The attribute to awe and majesty."

Then I fix my eyes upon these ribbons, so "darkly, deeply, beautifully blue" (though, on looking more closely, they are rather purplish), and I add, —

> "But mercy is above this sceptred sway;
> It is an attribute to God himself:
> And earthly power doth then show likest God's
> When mercy seasons justice."

In his admirable message the President gives his reason for requiring certain classes to seek forgiveness. It is, that prominent and influential men may, in the very act of receiving pardon, recognize the supremacy of the Constitution of the United States. The pardon is to be valid, therefore, only on certain conditions. First, the oath of the proclamation of 1865 must be taken; then the party must pay all charges for any process commenced against his person or property by the government; then the secretary of state must be notified in writing that the pardon has been accepted with the terms prescribed. These are conditions precedent. The pardon will be vacated if the party shall at any time violate any one of two obligations which he assumes in receiving the executive clemency: first, if he shall in any way countenance slavery; second, if he shall claim any property which has been sold under the confiscation laws. Such is the pardon; and, beyond all question, there is obtained by these

personal negotiations an individual pledge of loyalty and good faith which could be ascertained by no general amnesty.

I regard these acts and all acts of our government with respect and reverence; but how strange it is that there is such eagerness among those lately in rebellion to obtain these assurances of grace from an earthly ruler, and everywhere so little concern about the great crime of our unnatural, horrible revolt against God, and so universal an indifference as to the remission of our sins through the amazing provision of the gospel!

This apathy, this stupidity, presents the masses of mankind in a most portentous aspect. It shows how entirely the world is "without God," — without any recognition of him as the present moral Governor, as the future awful Judge, of our race. It proves, too, our almost incredible depravity. For what is the late war, with all its horrors, compared with that combat which is raging everywhere around and within us between the great principles of moral good and evil? Yet men are wholly insensible to this irrepressible and eternal conflict. Nay, while visiting with the severest sentence a rebellion against human laws, they not only trample under foot those laws behind whose inviolability are intrenched the order and happiness of the universe, but they are unconscious of their enormous guilt in this habitual, systematic defiance of Jehovah. Conscience has been so long and deeply drugged, that either by the bold contempt of the atheist, or by the degrading theory of the infidel, or through the stupefying influence of the passions, or the extenuations of self-love, or the unsearchable seductions of worldly customs and maxims, the law of God has been virtually abrogated: hence there is such an absence of all convictions of guilt, that the omnipotence of the Holy Spirit is required to "reprove the world of sin;" and hence there is so little interest in the great salvation. Addressing the inmates of a prison, a plain old preacher exclaimed, —

"Ah! when you were going about in your wickedness, indulging in your vile lusts, you thought little about Gov. Smith; you didn't even know his name: but now you are condemned, and begging for pardon, there is nobody like Gov. Smith to you. You all come to me, and want to know every thing about him. So with Jesus. Little have you cared for him; but, if God's Spirit will only bring your sins before you, there will be nobody like Jesus to you then."

The old man knew what he was saying. The wonderful donation of the only-begotten Son does not awaken gratitude and adoration because men do not realize their ruin and misery. Let them but meditate upon the malignity of sin; let them consider how certainly,

if God be just or holy, he must punish it; let them recollect how dreadful that penalty must be, and that it cannot be exhausted in this life, — and their souls will be filled with rapture as they behold the astonishing interposition of Divine Wisdom and Love. "The only name given under heaven" by which we can be saved will be the name engraved indelibly upon their hearts.

Looking at this earthly pardon, I draw within my contemplations the contrasts in that deed of sovereign, distinguishing mercy which the Christian has obtained, — mercy absolutely free, unconditional to us, — mercy which discharges all the demands of justice; which, while it pardons the guilty, proclaims in the most awful accents the inviolability of the divine law; which delivers not only from punishment, but from guilt; which exalts the believer to a glory transcending that of angels, yet humbles him in the dust; which transfers him from the jurisdiction of the law, yet binds him to love and reverence and to obey that law. And as I take in these "things which God hath prepared for them that love him," as I ponder these mysteries and wonders of redeeming grace, I feel, that, if the earth does not resound with praises, it is because "the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." But for this unparalleled blindness, all would now join in one harmonious prelude to that anthem which shall forever fill the golden atmosphere of glory, to Him "in whom we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace; wherein he hath abounded toward us."

PHILEMON.

CHAPTER XXVI.

EUTAW PLACE.

"With my staff I passed over this Jordan, and now I am become two bands."
GEN. xxxii. 10.

THE question of church-extension in large cities is one of no ordinary difficulty. As with the voyage of a ship the contingencies of wind and weather baffle all calculation, so, in the establishment of a new church, a thousand unforeseen difficulties will arise, which can only be overcome by faith in God and the most unselfish devotion to the enterprise.

The history of the Eutaw-place Church will illustrate this. Soon after the war the movement began to take shape. The Seventh Church had been blessed with a large measure of prosperity. The little one had become a thousand, and the small one a strong nation. The original number of eighty-seven in 1847 had swelled to a membership of some twelve hundred souls, — a number too large for the oversight of any one minister.

The conviction having fastened on the minds of some members of the church that the hand of God was calling them to enter the north-western portion of the city, they at once addressed themselves to the work. Though but a small minority actively engaged in the enterprise, it seems to have been favorably regarded by the whole church, as it had their approval and support throughout.

On the 7th of December, 1867, the committee was ap-

pointed to take the matter in charge, and provide for the erection of a suitable house of worship. Feeling that, in matters of this kind, example is better than precept, they began the financial part of the work by making large subscriptions themselves to the funds.

There was some wealth, of course, in so large a membership. But estimates of this kind are often exaggerated and the accomplishment of a work involving an outlay of at least a hundred thousand dollars in addition to the ordinary work and expenses of the church was a financial scheme of no small magnitude. The committee, however, went to work. Acting on the offer of Mr. Hiram Woods, to make over the title to the lot for the building as soon as a definite amount was pledged, they urged the subscriptions until the condition was complied with, the lot secured, and the foundations of their beautiful temple laid.

Woman, whose hand and heart have ever been ready for the work of Christ, lent her sympathy and aid to this work throughout; and the first spadeful of earth in laying the foundation was thrown up by her.

The building, now fairly begun, progressed with the varying fortunes inseparable from enterprises dependent on voluntary contributions. Possibly the Lord has called for the freewill-offerings of his people, not to lessen their difficulties, but, by increasing them, to swell the volume of the final blessing.

The plan of the edifice was furnished by Mr. T. M. Walter, whose genius — illustrated in the building of Girard College, Philadelphia, and then in the design and completion of the dome of the United-States Capitol — had given him a national fame as one of the first architects in the country. Mr. Walter and Dr. Fuller were members of the same denomination, and warm personal friends. Their love of art brought them still nearer. They spent a portion of a summer in a tour through New England, inspecting buildings of the most

approved style of architecture. They finally agreed on a church in Cambridge, Mass., as the nearest approximation to the desired model. How little did young Fuller, when walking over those grounds years and years ago as an invalid student, dream that he would one day return as a minister of Christ to look for the model of a church to be built by him as a last testimonial in honor of his God and Saviour!

The laying of the corner-stone was an occasion to the little band of thanksgiving and joy. Tears, no doubt, were mingled with their rejoicings, as at the laying of the foundation of the second temple. But with the Jews it was the inferiority of the projected building to the first which caused them to weep; while here, the second edifice being far superior to the first in architectural finish, the tears that flowed were the expression of that joy, which, in Christian life, is always associated with these springs of tenderness and sensibility.

In the spring of 1871 the house was ready for occupation. The services of dedication were held on the 2d of April, 1871. Dr. Fuller officiated in the morning, preaching from the text, "But unto the Son he saith, Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever: a sceptre of righteousness is the sceptre of thy kingdom" (Heb. i. 8). In the afternoon the recognition-services were held, with the ordination of deacons; the pastors of the other Baptist churches assisting. Dr. Fish of Newark, N.J., conducted the evening service. Since then Fish and Fuller have met in another and better temple.

On the following Tuesday evening (April 4) a mass meeting was called to enlarge the subscription-list, and reduce the debt, that the ship might go on her way with as little driftwood about her as possible.

During the morning Dr. Fuller had labored hard to increase the subscriptions, and so make a good start for the work at night. He came home late to dinner that day, with the look of a general just from some reconnoissance preparatory to

action. "A man in earnest," said he, as he took his seat at table, "is a terrible thing. Now for the battle to-night." And never did captain order a battle more bravely and skilfully than he ordered the proceedings that night.

The church was crowded. After devotional exercises, Dr. Fuller stated the object of the meeting, and read a list of names who had either increased their subscriptions, or made new ones that morning. Any little incident connected with these subscriptions was introduced with effect. One was the subscription of a brother, who, detained at home by sickness, had watched with loving eyes the progress of the building from his window. As he was known and loved, it was a cheering communication, and brought others to the rescue. One after another responded with pledges. A German, a member of the congregation, rose, and pledged a certain amount. "Who is surprised," said the moderator, "that the Germans whipped the French in the late war, if they are made of stuff like this? I only wish you could all see him" (with an allusion, possibly, to his fine physique). Whereupon our friend, who was in the rear of the house, responding to the compliment, got up and said, "And you may put down my wife for the same amount as myself." And so the work went on.

Some one proposed that the baskets should be carried round for the final collection. "Not yet," said the moderator. "We want twenty names to give fifty dollars each. How much," he very innocently asked, "is twenty times fifty?" Some mathematical member quickly responded, "Why, a thousand." And some who were ready with the calculation were ready, too, with the subscription; and the amount was soon pledged. "Now," said the leader, "let us pass round the baskets." And a handsome sum was collected.

The figures were then summed up, and the announcement made that over fifteen thousand dollars had been secured.

"Now," said Dr. Fuller, "we will sing the Doxology." And, with more than usual fervor, the voices of the multitude rose in praise and gratitude to "the Giver of every good and perfect gift;" and the benediction was pronounced. The liberality of the people, guided by the zeal and prudence of their minister, had placed the financial interests of the church in a safe and manageable position.

As to the choice and settlement of a pastor, there was but one feeling. He who had been with them through so many eventful years, and had proved himself such a good soldier of Jesus Christ, was the one to whom they turned for leadership. They felt that this new enterprise demanded the care and superintendence of one, who, not only by his great ability, but by his intimate acquaintance with the whole field, was peculiarly fitted for the work.

The call was extended; and the following communications will show the spirit and manner in which it was accepted, and the change of pastoral relation made: —

BALTIMORE, Feb. 22, 1871.

BELOVED BRETHREN AND SISTERS — Your seven deacons have called, and informed me of your unanimous and earnestly kind action. Fearing that my constant co-operation in building the new house might have seemed to any of you a reason for selecting me, I charged you before God last sabbath to forget me, and to act in view of the judgment; assuring you that such conduct alone could be worthy of and pleasing to me, worthy of Christians, and pleasing to Jesus. I went further, and ventured to suggest another, a dear friend and brother, as your pastor.

Your action relieves my mind on that point, and requires and deserves a frank and prompt reply from me. No one can comprehend the sufferings through which I have passed. They have kept me sleepless, praying, weeping, night and day. At one time I have felt that I could never tear myself away from the dear Seventh Church, the deacons and every member of which have loved me with such constancy and considerateness, some of whom have in hours of deep sorrow been the stay and support of me and my family. Then my heart has yearned to those who have gone to constitute the new church; and He who "put a necessity on me to preach the gospel"

has shown me that it was my duty to identify myself with that small but heroic band, few in numbers, having a considerable debt, in a remote situation, and who will have for a while to sustain the brunt of the battle.

After lying on my face, and searching my heart, and crying for light, I have resolved to accept your invitation. Even if your new house were finished, however, nothing could induce me to dissolve my connection with the Seventh Church until they have had full time to obtain a pastor.

It is some consolation that the Seventh Church have all along seemed to expect that I would go with the detachment they have sent up to a new field; and I can have no doubt that Jesus will soon give them "a pastor after his own heart, to feed them with knowledge and understanding."

I bless God that I have one heart to both churches, and that both churches have one heart and one mind; so that, in case of trial or need in either, the other will hasten to the succor with all its wisdom, sympathy, and support.

Your affectionate brother in Jesus,

R. FULLER.

TO THE EUTAW-PLACE BAPTIST CHURCH.

When, in the spring of 1871, the pastoral relation between Dr. Fuller and the Seventh Church was about to be dissolved, the hearts of pastor and people were profoundly stirred. There was little or no difference of opinion as to the wisdom of the arrangement; but this did not lessen the trial. The following resolutions, passed at a meeting of the Seventh Church, April 3, 1871, show the strength of their attachment to their pastor, and the sacrifice they made in accepting his resignation: —

Whereas, almost from the origin of the Seventh Baptist Church to the present time, a period of nearly twenty-four years, the Rev. Dr. Richard Fuller has been its beloved pastor; and whereas, by reason of the great accession of members, and the necessity for another house of worship to meet the requirements of the denomination, Brother Fuller, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, has felt it his duty, sad as it is, to sunder his pastoral relations with this church, and to accept the pastorate of the Eutaw-place Baptist Church: therefore be it

Resolved, That we, the members of the Seventh Baptist Church, express our sincere gratitude to our heavenly Father for the prosperity, love, and harmony which have attended the ministry of Brother Fuller, even through times of perilous national troubles, during which his prayers and counsels were ever for peace and brotherly love, and proved effective in repressing all bitterness in our midst while dissensions were disturbing so many other religious communities.

Resolved, That we, the members of his late charge, fully appreciate in Brother Fuller the great qualities of mind and heart which were devoted with unfaltering zeal to the work of preaching the gospel, in which he determined not to know or teach any thing save Jesus Christ and him crucified.

Resolved, That we hereby express our sorrow for Brother Fuller's separation from us; but yielding to the will of Him who holdeth the stars in his hands, and maketh appointments for his servants, we hereby accept his resignation as pastor of our church.

Resolved, That we herewith assure Brother Fuller that our prayers and sympathies will go with him, and that we shall ever feel deep solicitude for his success and happiness.

Resolved, That, in parting with our pastor, we feel that we are not to lose his fervent prayers and intercessions in our behalf at the throne of heavenly grace, but that, whatever trials or privations we may experience hereafter, we shall enjoy that same Christian sympathy which to such an eminent degree has always characterized his relations with us.

Resolved, That these proceedings be entered upon the record of this church, and a copy thereof be sent to Brother Fuller, and another copy be published in "The Religious Herald."

By order and in behalf of the Seventh Baptist Church of Baltimore.

J. Alonzo Gehrmann, *Clerk.*

The work was fairly inaugurated. Richard Fuller stood where Jacob was at Jabbok. "With my staff I passed over this Jordan, and now I am become two bands." Like Jacob, he saw the difficulties in the way; like him, he felt his dependence upon God, and wrestled with the angel for the blessing; like him, too, he went forth from that interview with God, girded with strength for the march and work before him. "And He blessed him there."

It was a new departure for the Baptists of Baltimore.

The house, in its architecture and appointments, was on a new plan. As you approach it, especially by moonlight, the white marble and towering spire look like the new Jerusalem coming down from heaven, instead of a structure slowly built up from below. As you enter, the simplicity and uniqueness of the arrangement arrest the eye. Directly in front, the pulpit, with the word and testimony of God; on the right of the pulpit, the white marble baptistery, the true confessional; on the left, the organ and choir. The word, the ordinances, and the service of song, are thus at once before the congregation.

As long as men differ in taste and character, they will differ as to the appointments of worship. Where the imaginative faculties predominate, men will seek to aid their devotional feelings by the embellishments of art and the attractions of music, and the Catholic ritual will prevail; where a more spiritual and intellectual view obtains, a too elaborate ritual is a hinderance rather than an aid to devotion, and the interest will centre around the prayers and hymns and sermon, and less in architecture, pictures, and images; while with others still, who overlook the bodily and sensuous conditions of humanity, there is a deterioration of all ordinances and formal worship, and devotion becomes a severe abstraction. The first is the Catholic type, the second the Protestant, and the third the extreme of Quakerism. There is a modicum of truth in each, and the due combination and just proportion of all is the ideal of New-Testament worship.

The question as to the style and character of the music was a serious one with the Eutaw-place Church. There can be no doubt with serious minds, and on grounds of mere taste, as to the desirableness of congregational singing. "Let all the people praise thee, O God," is the common privilege, which a few singers can no more monopolize than they can the prayers or the sermon. The union and outpouring of all hearts and voices in praise are the joy and

inspiration of worship. Visitors at Spurgeon's chapel in London report that the impression made is not so much due to the power and unction of the preacher as to the mighty, swelling volume of praise rolling up from the great congregation like "the sound of many waters." So, at the communion season of the church in Beaufort, it seemed, when the immense body of colored worshippers joined in the hymns, as if the roof would be lifted from the house. But it is still a question, whether a well-appointed choir may not conduce to this end by the strength and impulse of their leadership. Still, it was determined at Eutaw Place to limit this to a single precentor, aided by the organ.

The details of worship, however, though important, are but means to the end; and this end — the growth of the spiritual temple, the membership of the church in the faith and fellowship of the gospel — Richard Fuller kept before him more distinctly than ever in the closing years of his ministry.

As to his preaching, the keynote of his sermons was the same at Eutaw Place as at Paca and Saratoga Streets; the same theme, which, from the beginning of his ministry, had attracted multitudes everywhere, — "I determined not to know any thing among you save Jesus Christ and him crucified." As to the mechanical arrangement of his sermons, they were more condensed than in his earlier ministrations. "I have to ask," he said somewhat playfully, "to be forgiven here, not for my short-comings, but for my long-comings." But there was a deeper pathos, a richer experience, running like a golden thread through his discourses, — a mellowed radiance of the spirit, which, while it had less of the lightning-flashes, the fiery eloquence, that characterized his earlier ministry, yet, like the shining of the autumnal sun, was full of tender memories, and suggestive of ripe, glorious harvest-fields. O wonderful gleaner! thou art gone up now in the evening-time, with many a sheaf and many a crown, to thy Master's presence.

The following is a brief record of the work: The origina number that left the Seventh Church in the spring of 1871, a hundred and thirty-one.

At the close of the first year's work they reported the accession of a hundred and forty-eight souls (a hundred and eight by letter, and forty by baptism); making their membership two hundred and seventy-nine.

The second year's report showed an accession of sixty-two; which, after some dismissions, made their number three hundred and thirty-two.

The third year was a year of more than ordinary feeling and interest in the church. The result was the addition (by baptism and letter) of a hundred souls; making their number four hundred and thirty-two.

The fourth year, according to the law of church growth, — which, like the advancing tide, is in waves of unequal size, — showed the comparatively small accession of seven; making their number four hundred and thirty-nine.

The fifth year closed with the accession of thirteen, and a membership of four hundred and fifty-two.

The total contributions during these five years amounted to $74,378; making an average collection of more than fourteen thousand dollars per annum.

Besides the usual channels of benevolence in education, missions, and occasional charities, the Sunday school supported a missionary in China; while the sisters of the church, by their sewing-circles and visiting committees, labored abundantly in the gospel, breaking for their Lord, as Mary did, the alabaster box, and pouring out its precious contents in many a deed of charity.

The Sunday school, with about fifty teachers and four hundred scholars, and an average annual contribution of some three hundred dollars for missionary purposes, was an interesting feature of the work, and a most efficient auxiliary of the church.

Through these five years of service at Eutaw Place the loved and loving pastor was "instant in season and out of season." His care for the poor, his sympathy with the afflicted, his counsels to the perplexed, his ministrations to all, were marked by more than wonted tenderness and zeal.

For a man of his ability, and abundance of labors, his salary was always moderate. This was rather in accordance with his own view and wish than from any decision of the church. In Beaufort his private income was equal to his support; so that he used the salary either in the employment of an assistant, or in missionary work among the colored people. But the changes brought about by the war, and the increased draft upon his reduced income, led his people to insist on an increase of salary. They kindly voted this; and the following reply was sent: —

BALTIMORE, Jan. 22, 1873.

BELOVED BRETHREN, — The serious and wide-spread pecuniary losses amongst us, and the Christian spirit with which those trials were borne, have caused me to be greatly exercised in prayer and thanksgiving to God, beseeching him, if it be his will, that these losses may be repaired; above all, that to those who have suffered, and to us all, these afflictions may be sanctified.

That at such a time you should have unanimously adopted the generous resolution which has so unexpectedly been communicated to me fills my heart with gratitude to God and to you all. Once I rejoiced to abandon a very lucrative profession, and to preach without any salary. I wish I could now do so; but the war has swept away my fortune, and has thrown upon me many who look to me for support.

Still I must not accept your kindness and liberality. Again and again I thank you with a full heart; but I am getting on very comfortably as things are. My usefulness is more to me than mines of wealth, and I fear it would be impaired if I should comply with your large-hearted vote for my benefit.

Beloved brethren and sisters, you will, I beg, consider this decision as final, and be always assured that what I want is not an increase of salary, but of our faith and mutual love, and consecration to God; for which let us cry day and night unto Jesus.

To serve such a church, to live and die for such an adorable God

and Saviour, this is to me — may it be to us all! — its own "exceeding great reward."

Ever your grateful and most devoted brother and pastor,

R. FULLER.

TO THE EUTAW-PLACE BAPTIST CHURCH, BALTIMORE, MD.

God gave him the desire of his heart. — an influence for good second to that of no minister in Baltimore, and inferior to that of few that ever lived; while in the growing consecration of his people, their work of faith, and labor of love, he had abundant evidence as to the effectiveness both of his prayers and his example.

But the church insisted on an increase of salary; and, for reasons eminently proper, he withdrew his objection.

BALTIMORE, Feb. 1, 1873.

MY DEAR BROTHER, — I received some time since your note conveying the unanimous resolution of the church, "insisting that the pastor comply with their former resolution" as to the increase of the salary. I have delayed, that I might pray and reflect upon the subject; and I beg you will inform the deacons now, and the church as soon as you may think best, that I have no words in which to express my sense of all their kindness, and that I thank them for their generous act, which I now accept as enabling me to do more good than of late I have been able to do.

Very affectionately in Jesus,

R. FULLER.

A. J. LOWNDES, ESQ.

He had a large circle of relatives and friends at the South who had been impoverished by the war. To some he was in the habit of sending regular remittances; for others he met their rents or other expenses; while his personal contributions to works of general benevolence were always in a large-hearted way. "Ah!" cried a poor man who came in to look at him as he lay prepared for his burial, pointing to the beautiful hands, as delicately formed as a woman's, "how often have those hands ministered to my necessities!"

Here is the open secret of Dr. Fuller's success in the

ministry. It is a mistake to attribute it — his power with men, and usefulness in the church — to his commanding talents. It was due, under God, fully as much, if not more, to his sympathy of spirit, and affectionateness of manner, in all his intercourse with his people. This made the beloved Kennard of Philadelphia, a man full of "the meekness and gentleness of Christ," such a bright and shining light in that community; this made Swartz, the devoted German missionary on the Malabar coast in the last century, a man of such influence among the natives, that, in case of an insurrection, the civil authorities found his simple presence of more avail than a regiment of soldiers.

The following letters to the officers and members of the church breathe so much of this spirit, that they will furnish the best sequel to this chapter: —

RALSTON, PENN., July 29, 1871.

THE DEACONS AND MEMBERS OF THE EUTAW-PLACE BAPTIST CHURCH, BALTIMORE, MD.

Beloved Brethren and Sisters, — It has caused my soul to rise in gratitude to God, and to glow with, if possible, fresh love to you, when I have heard of your steadfastness in the service and work of the Lord. "For though I be absent in the flesh, yet am I with you in the spirit, joying and beholding your order, and the steadfastness of your faith in Christ. As ye have therefore received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in him; rooted and built up in him, and stablished in the faith as ye have been taught, abounding therein with thanksgiving."

While my heart only draws a lengthening chain when I leave you, yet I feel that it is best that I should be away, and for two reasons. First, physically and mentally it is best that a pastor should have a respite from the severe pastoral work of the city. In the next place, I have leisure to devote myself to close study of the word of God, that I may be more thoroughly furnished to be a teacher of the glorious gospel; and I regard myself as a missionary sent by you to preach the gospel in destitute places. I am preaching Jesus, not only on the sabbath, but during the week, — sometimes in the village of Canton, to audiences that cannot get into the church for the crowd; sometimes in the parlors of different hotels, to hearers less numerous,

but comprised of every class of people, some of them of great influence at home, and many of them men and women who have not entered a church for a great while, and others corrupted by every form of heresy or infidelity. Pray for me, that God's word may "have free course and be glorified."

I have never so yearned to get back to my work among you as I do now. This new enterprise has, I hope, reconverted us all. It ought to inspire a new spirit of zeal and self-sacrifice, and earnest work for Jesus. Gratitude ought to stir us up afresh to toil and pray, and devote ourselves to our adorable God and Saviour. For "what hath God wrought!" Such a house erected to his glory, with so small an encumbrance, and still more the spiritual increase and strength vouchsafed us, — for these things what shall we render unto the Lord? Then our location should cause us to begin to toil and pray as we never have done. We hold truths which can never be popular. We cannot relax our views of God's truth. We must be faithful, though only a handful were with us; and we are in the midst of those who use their influence against us. Blessed be God for the success vouchsafed us! Let it keep us humble and watchful. Other churches may grow because they hold doctrines and practices which suit all denominations: our prosperity and increase must be the work of the Holy Spirit. "The *Lord* added to the church daily such as should be saved."

For myself and you, beloved brethren and sisters, I am longing and praying for a higher degree of piety. I cease not to pray that we may grow up into a more ample and spiritual understanding of that word of grace which is able to build us up, and to give us "an inheritance among all them which are sanctified." My supplications are ever on high, that we may forget the things that are behind, and "press toward the mark for the prize of our high calling in Christ Jesus;" that we may be more holy in heart and life; that we may fulfil the new commandment, loving one another, even as Christ hath loved us. I beseech you not to let any envy, or jealousy, or ambition, or unkind suspicious thoughts, find lodgement in your bosoms; that ye be "kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you." So far, there has been no death in the church; and for this I lift up my heart in praise. Two have been ill, and my warmest solicitudes were awakened in their behalf; but I rejoice in their gradual recovery. One request I must urge: it is that the brethren will all overcome their timidity, and take part in the Wednesday-night meetings. It pains and afflicts me that brethren who can speak so well in conversation on subjects which

interest them should decline to open their mouths in prayer and exhortation. I beg you, beloved brethren, let this not be with any of you. Only begin, and you will soon feel the blessing in your own heart. The way to increase our faith is to use what we have, and the only method by which we enjoy the prayer-meetings properly is to participate in conducting them. "To him that hath" (improves what he has) "shall be given; but from him that hath not" (does not improve what he has) "shall be taken away even that which he has."

I need not ask the ladies to be fervent, faithful in their prayer-meetings on Friday night. I feel always the influence of these blessed meetings.

I trust the Sunday school is flourishing. I know the season is trying; but God be with us in this great work.

Now, brethren and sisters, farewell. The God of grace and glory be with you all in the church, in your dear families, in your temporal and spiritual interests.

Ever your most grateful and devoted pastor and brother in Jesus,

R. FULLER.

POINT PLEASANT, N. J., July 31, 1876.

TO THE DEACONS AND MEMBERS OF THE EUTAW-PLACE BAPTIST CHURCH, BALTIMORE, MD.

Beloved Brethren and Sisters, — The next Sunday will be your first communion sabbath since I left you; and I need not say, what your hearts tell you, that, though absent in body, I shall be, as I am always, present with you in spirit.

First let me repeat the language of Paul, which he never uttered with greater warmth than I do, and say, "I thank my God on every remembrance of you." I have a thousand blessings to thank him for; but that which glows most ardently in my bosom is, that he has made me the pastor of such a church, — of men and women who love Jesus, and love me for his sake, bearing with all my weaknesses, attentive to the happiness of myself and family, and upholding me by their prayers and co-operation. As each year passes, I feel that "the time of my departure" approaches; but while life lasts, while a pulse beats in my veins, my privilege and joy must be to love you, to watch over you all, and day and night to be imploring for you and your dear families the richest mercies. I thank you for the arrangement by which your pastor may devote a few weeks to rest from hard pastoral work, and to preaching to the perishing in other places.

Meanwhile, I have leisure to study and lay up knowledge for you, and on Sunday I am your missionary to multitudes. Sabbath week I

accepted an invitation to Ocean Grove. They had written to me two months ago, and now sent a delegation. The day was stormy, and the rain pouring in torrents: yet some three or four thousand crowded the benches under a vast canopy in the grove; and many brought camp-stools, and sat under umbrellas. Some fifty ministers, of all denominations, were on the stand. The music of that vast audience resembled "the voice of many waters," and all the services were most tender and solemn. Some time ago I wrote editorials in "The Herald" in favor of short sermons; but, with such an audience, I forgot all rules, and preached an hour and a quarter, at the close the ministers and people crying out, "Go on, go on!"

Wherever I go, my heart is turning to you. In praying with any multitude, I am still praying for you. In preaching to any crowd, I am preaching to you. If such be the imperishable nature of Christian affection now, what will be its ardor and raptures in heaven, where no sin, no discord, can ever enter, and where we shall be forever with Jesus, and with all who have loved him, among whom are so many united to us by the tenderest ties!

And now farewell. My wife and daughter join in sincerest love to you all. Pray for me, as I ever am praying for you and your families.

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God our Father, and the communion of the Holy Spirit, be with you all evermore."

Your devoted and most grateful brother and pastor,

R. FULLER.

These letters show that his heart was as warm and tender in its sensibilities as his mind was fruitful in resources. They show, too, that his summer vacation, which he conscientiously took, was no idle holiday, but a season of continued though varied activity. Wherever, during these months, his tent was pitched, — by the seashore, or on the mountain, — the people thronged to hear him; so that he seldom had any "dumb sabbaths" to complain of, as dear old Rutherford calls his in his exile from his flock at Aberdeen.

Nor were the little children forgotten by one in whom the "glorified childhood," as a German writer calls the Christian state, was fast ripening for heaven.

DEAR BRETHREN, SISTERS, AND CHILDREN, — You know how dear you all are to me, and that my whole heart is with you; but

duties called me out this morning, and I am now too unwell to come to your happy festival.

This is my loss; but you must all be happy and merry. I am somewhat resigned, because I know the dear children do not want any speaking. They want the sugar-candy and cake, and the magic lantern with which Mr. Flippo will delight them.

God bless you all!

Your devoted pastor,

R. FULLER.

TO THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

But there is a letter of still sweeter spirit, — a letter so full of good advice to teachers, and breathing such sympathy with them in their self-denying labors, that it were well if it could be read by every Sunday-school worker in the land.

POINT PLEASANT, N. J., July 26, 1875.

THE SUPERINTENDENT, TEACHERS, AND SCHOLARS OF THE SUNDAY SCHOOL, EUTAW-PLACE BAPTIST CHURCH.

Beloved Brethren, Scholars, and Children, — I have written to the church; but I must also send a line to tell you how dear you all are to me, and, I trust, to Jesus. If you look around, you will see that almost all the active spiritual members of every evangelical church were trained up under the auspices of the Sunday school. And this will be increasingly true every year. For my own part, I look mainly to you for constant recruits to the church.

O dear children! now, while your hearts are not absorbed by the world, and your consciences are yet tender, give yourselves wholly to Jesus, who gave himself wholly for you. Nor is the school a greater blessing to the taught than it is to the teacher. If I travel, I can almost know those who are teachers by their earnest interest in the cause of Jesus. Here I grieve to see the sabbath neglected, and religion almost ignored, by almost all the young men and women; and I know too well that the Sunday school is nothing to them.

If I had one of our teachers of either sex here, I would observe the great difference. It is just so wherever I preach. The stupid and sleepy are never among those who teach the truth because they love it, and love it because they teach it.

If at times any of you are disheartened, remember it is so with ministers. It was so with the prophets; and even the Teacher from heaven wept over the seeming failure of his sermons and miracles.

But nothing done for Christ and for souls can ever be in vain. "Let us not be weary in well-doing; for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not."

Farewell. I am longing to see you, and to hear your dear voices.

Do give my love to all at your homes. Remember me to our dear leader and organist, who contributes so much to the church and the school.

Your devoted pastor, fellow-teacher, and fellow-learner,

R. FULLER.

In the history of the Baptist Missionary Union it was at one time a serious question, whether, in the work of missions, greater stress should be laid on the preaching of the Word, or on the slower methods of education. In the life of every earnest pastor this question receives a practical solution. Richard Fuller, above most men and ministers, followed the rule, "I determined not to know any thing among you save Jesus Christ and him crucified." At the same time, to use his own language, he looked chiefly to the schools for recruits for the church. Not by the undue prominence of any one method, but by the judicious use and combination of all possible agencies, the work must go on both at home and abroad.

And so he went in and out before his people. The two churches in Baltimore that he had planted and built up loved him with equal devotion. The Seventh Church, with its honored minister Dr. Brantly, the son of the instructor of his youth, was almost if not quite as dear to him as the flock at Eutaw Place. They were all, ministers and people, of one heart and mind, taking sweet counsel together, and often mingling their tears, prayers, and exhortations in joint protracted meetings.

"With my staff," he could say, "I passed over this Jordan, and now I am become two bands." These two churches, with their large and loving membership, their treasures of faith and piety and love, are the "living epistles" that bear his name engrossed in their hearts and memories. Assyrian marbles and Egyptian monoliths have been dug up,

with strange devices carved on them, — characters by which, with some blind instinct of immortality, the builders have sought to perpetuate their names, and rescue them from oblivion. But these inscriptions must vanish at last under the law of change and decay that attaches to the proudest monuments of human genius. But the faith and fellowship of the gospel can know no such change: its records are imperishable. The name of the humblest Christian is a name "written in heaven." And the dear name inscribed on the marble tablet in the Eutaw-place Church is but the earthly side of that heavenly record of life and immortality: for "they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever."

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE TURN.

The fairest noon must turn to night,
The swiftest spring-tide ebb as fast,
And leave us wondering at the sight
That things so bright should fade at last.

SOME of the grandest achievements in history have been won by men past the meridian of life. Milton was fifty-four when he wrote the immortal "Paradise Lost." Von Moltke was seventy when he planned and won his great campaigns. D'Israeli, whose statesmanship was never more brilliant or successful than in the late Berlin Congress, is even older. And Richard Fuller, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ, was as active and useful during the last decade of his life as at any previous period. Like Moses, "his eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated." His figure was as erect, his eye as bright, his conversation as cheerful, his preaching as effective, as ever. His most intimate friends could see no waning of his intellectual powers, while all were conscious of an increasing roundness and symmetry of Christian character.

But it was the last campaign of the soldier of the cross. During the winter of 1875 he was attacked by an inflammation on his right shoulder. He struggled against the inconvenience and pain for some time, preaching, visiting, and writing, as usual; like a captain, who, when wounded, refuses to be carried out of the fight. His physician at last said to him, "Dr. Fuller, you must stay at home; for, remember, these things are sometimes fatal."

For about two months he was kept at home, suffering great pain in the development of the disease, and under the treatment necessary to subdue it. His great solicitude was still about his church, the supply of his pulpit, and the general welfare of his flock. It was a touching exhibition of the spirit of Him, who, "having loved his own that were in the world, loved them to the end." By letters read at the communion season, by constant communication with his deacons, he maintained the same affectionate oversight of the church as characterized his ministry from the beginning.

How he panted for the raptures and triumphs of the pulpit! As the war-horse hears the sound of the battle, the peal of the trumpet, and the charge of the squadrons, but is kept back from the fray, he heard from his study the chime of the sabbath-bells; and his soul longed for the assemblies of the saints, and the holy ardors of the pulpit. But God had put his finger upon him, and whispered, "Be still."

In solitude and suffering he was to learn lessons which cannot be learned even amid the holiest activities of Christian life. From their greater prominence, we are in danger of looking too exclusively at the more active side, the more positive features, of our religion, — the works of charity, the deeds and triumphs of faith. But the more passive graces — the lowly temper of Jesus, "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit" — are, perhaps, the crowning glories of Christian character, as the "meekness and gentleness of Christ" are possibly the most glorious perfections of the Son of God himself; and the school of solitude and suffering is probably the only school for the cultivation of this more heavenward side of the new creature.

Richard Fuller, by nature and training, was a man of action. As a lawyer, he was at home in the excitement of debate; as a controversialist, he was a master with those weapons; as a son of thunder in the pulpit, he swept every thing before him with the fire of his logic and the earnestness

of his delivery. Such minds are often tempered with great gentleness, as was the association in his case; but they need, too, the peculiar discipline of suffering, which God has ordained, to give the last and most perfect touches to the work of grace, and preparation for heaven. Our life, as the saintly Erskine used to insist, is not so much a trial as an education. Trial, with a being like man, is but an exhibition of weakness, and a precursor of failure and disaster. But education in the school of Christ is the training of a soul, which, though proved to be defective on every trial, is yet developed by this very process into "the stature of the perfect man in Christ Jesus."

Richard Fuller was not a stranger to this school: but, at the close of a life of unusual outward activity, he was to be a closer student here, and his great soul entered with seeming alacrity into the plan and providence of his heavenly Father. "The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?" With what emphasis did he repeat the words, "And what shall I say? Father, save me from this hour;" correcting the mistake, into which many fall, of making this a question, and adding that Jesus, as man, really desired exemption here from suffering, but at once added, in sweet acquiescence in his Father's will, "but for this cause came I unto this hour."

He loved to see the hand of God in every thing. Referring at this time to Farrar's "Life of Christ," which a friend had sent him, he said, "It has been a great blessing to me." Baxter said of Rutherford's Letters, "Off the Bible, such a book the world never saw." So, in this department of Christian literature, we may say, off and next to the inspired biography, give us Farrar's "Life." Its stores of learning, its able treatment of incidental questions, its beauty of style and wealth of imagination, above all, the simple and unaffected piety that breathes throughout the work, must give it this pre-eminence.

The sentiments attributed since to this author, or expressed by him, on the doctrine of hell, do not affect the merit of his "Life," whatever discount they may make as to the value of his particular exegesis. Every scholar understands that the word "Hades" embraces both departments of the invisible world, — the intermediate state of the righteous, as well as of the wicked. The doctrine of future punishment does not turn on a single phrase of Scripture, still less on any blind deductions of human reason: it is a matter, not of speculation and reason, but of revelation. In the region of the supernatural our guide must be a fair interpretation of the general statements of the Bible, both as to eternal life, and its dark, contrasted counterpart, eternal death.

But Richard Fuller had long ago emerged from this "region and shadow of death" into "the marvellous light" and liberty of Christ. He had left far behind the breakers and the abyss, and was now drawing near to the "desired haven;" and this "Life of Christ" before him was a help to the life of Christ in his own soul. The feeling, the tears, with which he alluded to the closing chapters, was the holy instinct of a soul which felt its own pilgrimage drawing to a close. It was one of Bunyan's noblest pilgrims finding a sweet spring, where he refreshed himself, at the foot of the Hill Difficulty. It was the last sharp ascent he was preparing to climb to the top of the mount, from which he was soon to behold "the King in his beauty, and the land that is very far off."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE CLOSE.

"How beautiful it is for man to die
Upon the walls of Zion; to be called,
Like a watch-worn and weary sentinel,
To put his armor off, and rest in heaven!"

DR. FULLER never recovered from the attack in the fall and winter of 1875. He rallied, however, for a short time, so as to enter his pulpit again, and go once more through the usual routine of pastoral duty.

His ministrations now assumed an unusual earnestness and tenderness.

"From his illness in the winter of 1875" (writes a member of his church), "his preaching and social intercourse were marked by peculiar earnestness and spirituality. As we now recall his utterances and manner, and the change of countenance that gradually came over him, it is plain to see that he was ripening for heaven."

"I recall" (says another) "very clearly, in connection with his last year of labor, that his Wednesday-night lectures, addressed more particularly to the church, were marked by special spirituality and searching power. At one of these a little incident occurred that deeply impressed me. He was alluding to some future plan; when he suddenly paused, and in a low tone of voice, as though he was communing with himself or some one unseen, he said, 'But, before that, it may be that Jesus will take me to himself.' As he said this, a slight thrill seemed to go through his frame, and a peaceful smile passed over and lighted up his face; and then, just as abruptly, he took up again the thread of his remarks. The whole thing was the matter of a few seconds, and I know not if any one else noticed it; but I shall never forget it. I thought surely the full corn in the ear

is ripening; and before long he will hear the word, 'Friend, come up higher.'"

About this time he attended the annual meeting of the corporation of Columbian University in Washington, of which he was an overseer, and in which he was deeply interested. Mr. Corcoran, its noble and munificent president, was not present. "I will go and see him," he said, "about the endowment." He was as active as usual in mind and manner, indulging in occasional sallies of wit. But some of his friends noticed about him what a lady in Baltimore — Mrs. Bonaparte, whose residence adjoined his — called "a far-off look." His form had become thinner, while that peculiar expression was the look of one who was soon going away.

His last vacation he spent on the Jersey coast. Here in other days, at Squam Beach, the summer retreat of Commodore Stockton, he used to visit that officer, to whose lady he was related. The commodore and himself were both good sailors and brave swimmers. "Often," he said, "we would go in at night, and swim out to a bank a half-mile off the coast."

But that robust health had been broken, and in a quieter way he passed this his last vacation on earth with Mrs. Dr. Clarke of Newark, Del., an intimate friend, and a former member of his church.

"This visit" (she writes) "of my much-loved pastor was a source of great happiness to my husband and myself. I have had unspeakable gratification in hearing Mrs. Fuller say that the week Dr. Fuller spent with us was his last bright week on earth. Dr. Clarke saw while he was here the development of another carbuncle, which (as he said it would) proved the fatal one. He was remarkably cheerful, and used to entertain us in the evening with his sallies of wit and bright conversation, for which he was always remarkable. But still I could see evidences of a gradual decline. The pastor of the Presbyterian church invited him to preach; and he gave us a most delightful sermon from the text, "In the face of

Jesus Christ," — the face which we know he is now beholding. It was his custom to spend the morning and part of the afternoon writing or studying in his chamber; and in the evening he would meet with the family on the portico or in the drawing-room, as the weather permitted. It is a great happiness to me to think that his last week free from suffering was spent with me. I love to think of him as one of that throng that Bunyan saw, when he 'wished himself among them.' How often have I heard him close his sermons with that quotation!"

On his return from this last vacation he addressed himself with his usual zeal to his work. A brief diary of some of his last ministrations is furnished by Miss Norris of Baltimore: —

"Sept. 10, 1876. — Text for the morning sermon: 'How that in a great trial of affliction the abundance of their joy and their deep poverty abounded unto the riches of their liberality' (2 Cor. viii. 2). Joy in God. No matter what came, we could rejoice that the universe contained such a Being. The little bird was not afraid of the storm. It had wings, and could fly. Christians, conscious of your immortality, why should you fear? You, too, have wings, and soon shall fly away, and be at rest.

"Sermon at night: 'What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter' (John xiii. 7). Much of our Father's discipline we cannot understand: but it is the best economy for us; it is our education for eternity. One day we shall know.

"Sept. 17. — Sermon for the morning: 'And he gave him none inheritance in it; no, not so much as to set his foot on' (Acts vii. 5). We find satisfaction in nothing here. We never reach the goal. We are like children chasing a rainbow. All things seem to say, 'Your rest is not in me.'

"On Monday, Sept. 18, he spoke of a great pressure of work. 'I have several sick persons to visit, and one in difficulty needing my help.' Speaking of a friend near his own age, he remarked, 'He and I are stronger than most young men. We are full of life. I never felt more anxious to work than now.' He spoke of longing for a more entire consecration to Jesus, and, kneeling, made the last prayer recorded from his lips: 'Lord Jesus, make us perfect.'

"Sunday, Sept. 24. — Text for the morning: 'For we walk by faith, not by sight' (2 Cor. v. 7). This was his last sermon. After the sermon he asked the church to remain, and said to them, that though he had spoken to the deacons of his being unwell, yet, as the

church was his family, he wanted them to know that he had been suffering, and had come out to preach to them against the doctor's advice, but that he thought preaching had done him good. 'I never felt,' he added, 'more of love for Jesus, and a more intense desire to work for him. But he has touched my shoulder with a sword of fire. If any of you are sick and need me, or in sorrow, and I do not come to you, you must know that it is because my physician will not let me go out.' He was overcome with emotion, and, as the tears were rolling down his cheeks, ran up the pulpit-stairs, saying, 'Pray for me.'"

It was the last act of going in and out before his people; the last movement in that pulpit where he had so often furnished an illustration of the prophet's words, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace!" He went up those pulpit-stairs as Moses climbed the mount, in the presence of the congregation, the cloud coming down to meet and wrap them out of sight forever.

But by occasional messages and letters he still maintained communion with his dear flock. The following letter was dictated and sent to the church about this time: —

SEPT. 30, 1876.

BELOVED BRETHREN AND SISTERS, — With desire have I desired to eat this supper with you; but now, when the time has come, my ever lovely, loving, and beloved Master hath touched my shoulder with a dagger of fire, and said, "Be still, and know that I am God." What I had a year ago was not a carbuncle. This is one; and the agony is overpowering, or I would have tried to be with you to-day.

I wish to write to you about a new chapel hymn-book for the lecture-room. When, five years ago, we went into the lecture-room, there was no provision for a hymn-book; and one or two of us supplied the "Baptist Hymn and Tune Book," for the use of the lecture-room, without any expense to the church. I was going to get Mr. Sankey's hymns; but, beautiful as they are, the binding is utterly flimsy; and many of them, such as "Hold the Fort," are not suitable to our social worship. I became last spring acquainted with a very noble act of my old friend Mr. Smith Sheldon. The great Baptist book-store, Gould & Lincoln of Boston, failed most sadly. Mr. Gould's family were in danger of utter ruin, when Mr. Sheldon interposed,

bid eight thousand dollars more than any one else for the assets, and secured to Mrs. Gould a handsome support. Among these assets was the copyright of "The Service of Song." Using the press of Cambridge University, Mr. Sheldon republished this work in superb style. He also gave five thousand copies of the Hymn-Book to our Southern Board, and five thousand to the Northern Board, for poor churches. These, of course, were without notes. One or two of us determined to let Mr. Sheldon know that we appreciated his conduct. Some of us furnished new hymns, and some of the hymns were taken from Mr. Sankey's book. I corresponded with Mr. Sheldon in the spring, and had a personal interview with him in August, the result of which may be thus stated: One hundred and fifty copies of the chapel book, at one dollar and twenty-five cents, amounts to one hundred and eighty-seven dollars and fifty cents. Mr. Sheldon reduces the price to eighty-five cents for us; which makes the amount one hundred and twenty-seven dollars and fifty cents. For marking them, thirty-two dollars; which makes one hundred and fifty-nine dollars and fifty cents. If the church will receive the work for the lecture-room, Mr. Sheldon will give of this eighty-two dollars, leaving a balance of seventy-seven dollars and fifty cents. I beg for the privilege of being responsible for fifty dollars, which leaves but twenty-seven dollars and fifty cents to be raised.

I am in so much misery, that I have had to employ Mrs. Fuller to write these lines. Pray for me, and for one thing, — that I may be holy, and live wholly for Christ and for you.

Ever your most devoted and grateful pastor and brother,

R. FULLER.

Do pray for our sick and afflicted members. They are always on my heart.

Such was the faithful and considerate care which he cherished for the dear church in every interest, every detail of worship, to the last. But these and all communications with earth were now drawing to a close. He was so far up the mount, that he could scarcely communicate, even by signals, with the people below.

"I shall die," he once said, "as Dr. Chalmers did, — in the midst of my work." Dr. Chalmers's end, as described by his son-in-law Dr. Hanna, was more like a translation than ordinary dying. He had retired in apparent health, and

with more than usual high spirit, as he waved his hand, and said to the company, "A general good-night." The next morning he was found in a half-sitting posture in his bed (a position he often assumed in quiet repose), quite dead. His writing-implements were at hand, ready for use. But the Master had come at the cock-crowing to bid him put aside the weapons of his warfare, and enter into his rest.

Like Chalmers, Richard Fuller was called away in the abundance of his labors. But it was a more protracted struggle than with the great Scotchman: it was more like Guthrie's last illness. When Guthrie was passing away, he was perplexed by the little specks floating before his vision. "Oh! now I understand it," he said at last: "they are the land-birds on the mast of the ship, to tell me that I will soon be at home." And that far-off look which many noticed coming over the face of the beloved Fuller was the anxious look of the pilgrim who had caught glimpses of things invisible to other eyes, — the King in his beauty, and the land that was no longer very far off. It was the summons he heard of the post, who had come to whisper that the Master whom he served loved him too well to let him remain so far from him any longer.

All that human skill and science, and the most assiduous and tender nursing, could do, was done to break the hold of the disease. Drs. Steuart and Smith, men of eminent ability in their profession, were unremitting in their efforts. "He has a noble constitution," they said, "and has never abused it. He has the high courage of an old Roman."

It was the old, ever-renewed, but ineffectual struggle between human skill and affection and the mystery and tragedy of death, — the folding of the dark curtains into that impenetrable barrier between us and the receding spirit. The end came slowly but inevitably on.

From the first he saw, what others were unwilling to see, the beginning of the end. "God will yet raise you up," one

at his side ventured to whisper. "No," he promptly answered: "I must go." Calling for a pencil, he wrote on a piece of paper the words, "The supreme struggle," and sent it to his dear friend and companion in the kingdom of Jesus Christ, Dr. Jeter of Richmond.

But, through all the deepening struggle, that strong mind was clear, that loving heart was hopeful, and even cheerful. There was but one secret and explanation of this. He was conscious of it, and proclaimed it to the last. That gospel of the grace of God which he had ministered to others was now the well-spring of consolation in his own heart. That Saviour whom he had preached with such singular and noble constancy of purpose through a long and honored ministry — a ministry in which Jesus and his cross was the centre and the circumference of every sermon and address — was "all and in all" to his servant now, — a conscious and glorious presence in the cloud that had wrapped its folds about him.

The exercise of Christian sympathy was a power in his own ministry, and any and every manifestation of it was a source of unspeakable comfort to him in his own soul now. A Baptist minister called to ask after him, and to say that he had just come from the weekly conference, where they had made him the one object of their united supplications. "How precious, precious, the love of my brethren!" But the personal love of a present, personal Saviour "was the secret of the Lord" with his servant. A member of the family whispered, "You remember how He is said to 'be touched with the feeling of our infirmities;' how you used to tell us that you never had a sorrow, a little pain, which you did not feel free to lay at once before him." — "Yes, precious, precious Saviour!" he whispered with an accent of inexpressible tenderness. Here plainly was the strength that was made "perfect in weakness," the grace that was fully and sweetly sufficient for him.

Still in the gathering darkness his dear church was on his heart, — the manifestation of the spirit of Christ, who, "having loved his own that were in the world, loved them to the end." About this time he dictated the following letter, overflowing with the tenderness of a soul ripe for heaven, — the last signal of the man of God from the mountain-top to the congregation below, before the cloud wrapped him forever out of sight: —

Oct. 9, 1876.

My dearly-beloved, precious Brothers and Sisters, — To a man in my situation, the most earnest, solemn question is, "If a man die, shall he live again?" It is this question which gives life its value, which makes Christian friendship sweet and glorious.

Left to sense and reason, all is perplexity; but, blessed be God! there is no uncertainty. All is peace and certainty. Christ's death and resurrection stamp eternal truth upon this great doctrine.

I feel that "the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day; and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing."

Many of you have seen in me much inconsistency, I doubt not. I have lamented my constant deficiencies.

I have prepared a number of sermons, which I hope you will publish, as they will do good, I hope. How strange the fact, that, while you are publishing and reading them, I shall never see them!

I commit to you my wife and child and grandchild. Take care of them for me. Above all, be faithful to Christ and his truth.

Ever devotedly,

R. Fuller.

The twilight was fast deepening into night; the mystery of life was merging into the mystery and shadow of death. One fall afternoon, as the sun was declining, and that dear life was hanging low, a near relative who had grown up with him as a son in the gospel was summoned to his side. Entering the darkened room, he stood by him, and, taking the dear hand that was so often lifted in pointing the lost and sinful to the cross, he stooped over it, and bathed it with tears, and kissed it. "My son," said the dying man, "I

led you to Christ. You may suppose, that, to a man in my position, the question must come, 'If a man die, shall he live again?' The world does not believe it; the church only half believes it. But say to them that you saw me here, rejoicing in view of that life and immortality which Jesus has brought to light." The dear wife stepped lightly up, and whispered, "You had better bid him good-night." Bending once more over the dear hand, and kissing it, his nephew whispered, "Good-night." — "Oh!" said Richard Fuller quickly, and even cheerfully, "it will be soon good-*morning*." It was Bunyan's pilgrim Hopeful in the middle of the river, cheering the others, and saying, "Be of good cheer, my brother. I feel the bottom, and it is good."

But the clouds gathered thicker and faster around the dear form. The end of the life here, and the dawn of the life beyond, were at hand. On the night of the 19th October, 1876, as the night wore on, and the morning approached, one of the noblest spirits that ever blessed this earth was leaving it. The Rev. Dr. Brantly, the son of his old Beaufort preceptor, was watching by his side. "It must be a comfort to you," he whispered, "to think of the multitudes you have led to Jesus." — "Poor sinner!" was the response that struggled up from the lips of the dying servant of Christ, who felt always, and never so fully as then, that neither personal gift, nor ministerial success, was any thing, but that Christ was all. Quoting a line of a favorite hymn, he murmured, —

"Jesus, Saviour, pilot me,"

adding, "into heaven."

The ruling passion may not always be strong in death. Through physical weakness, its promptings may be repressed: still there will be gleams and flashes of the original fire. Napoleon, dying on the iron bed which he used at Austerlitz, talked as if he were charging at the head of his army. Old Dr. Adam, a Scotch schoolmaster, spoke as if he were in his

schoolroom, and, with a strange yet simple association, said, "Boys, it is getting dark: you can go." Thomas Arnold of Rugby, after saying to his son, "My son, thank God with me for this pain, it is so merciful in him to send it," turned, with that sweetness of expression which characterized him, and, with a look of unutterable tenderness fastened on his wife and children, passed away. And Richard Fuller — the good soldier of Jesus Christ, the faithful herald of the cross, who from the hour in which he had said to Daniel Baker in Beaufort, "O sir! I have an ocean of joy," through all his blessed ministry and beautiful life, to the delirium of the last "supreme struggle," had known no other secret of personal religion, and no other watchword and joy and crown of ministerial ambition, than the one thought of "Jesus Christ and him crucified," which had transfused itself through every fibre of his being — murmured in broken accents, as he was passing away, the expression of that dying yet deathless faith and love, "Who'll preach Jesus?"

We have little or no heart for the mere earthly sequel, — the details of the funeral service: it was the mere earthward side of a heavenward translation. As the continuous roll of thunder tells of the passage of the lightning, the hum of murmuring voices, the eager though subdued inquiries of the crowds that ebbed and flowed all day about the residence on Park Street, was all the echo of that glorious upward movement. The expressions of sympathy that came from all classes, rich and poor, in the community where he was known as a faithful minister of Christ for nearly thirty years, the messages of love and unaffected grief that came by telegraph and letter from all parts of the land, were the sad, prolonged reverberations of that upward flash, — the return of the spirit to God who gave it.

"Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?" were the singularly appropriate words from which the Rev. Dr. Brantly spoke to the bereaved

congregation. The dense multitudes that surged in and around the church, the prayers and hymns that trembled through the lofty arches of the building, as if to tell Jesus of their sorrow, seemed, by an almost audible response, to answer the question of the preacher: "Yes, we know well that a prince and a great man has fallen in Israel." The long procession filed away to the cemetery. The white spire of the church loomed up in the gathering darkness, as if in conscious sympathy with the scene. Like him who had ministered under its shadow, the lower part was visible on the earth; but the crown and glory had disappeared in heaven. A brief committal, a trembling stanza of rest, a short prayer in the ear of the merciful Father and pitying Redeemer, a word of salutation and farewell over the Christian soldier, and father, and brother, — "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord," — and the earthward side of the journey and procession was forever ended.

We buried him in the gloaming
Of a dull October day;
And a song and a joy seemed forever to die,
And a brightness to fade from the earth and the sky,
When we laid him that evening away.

We buried him in the twilight,
With mist and shadows dim;
But the tears we shed fell faster than rain,
And sharper than lightning the anguish and pain
We felt at parting with him.

We left him there in the darkness,
And whispered a hurried "Good-night!"
But "The morning will come" we remember he said
So sweetly that night, ere his spirit had fled
As a star in the morning light.

The following is the inscription on the tablet to the right of the pulpit: —

Richard Fuller,

BORN IN BEAUFORT, S.C., APRIL 22, 1804.

PASTOR OF THE BAPTIST CHURCH, BEAUFORT, 1832 TO 1847;
SEVENTH CHURCH, BALTIMORE, MD., 1847 TO 1871;
EUTAW-PLACE CHURCH, 1871 TO 1876.

DIED OCTOBER 20, 1876.

A MAN OF NOBLE PRESENCE,
LEARNING, ELOQUENCE, AND GENIUS,
HE ESTEEMED IT ALL HONOR TO BE CALLED
SERVANT OF GOD,
AND
MINISTER OF JESUS CHRIST.

HIS LAST CHARGE TO HIS CHURCH:
"ABOVE ALL, BE FAITHFUL TO CHRIST
AND HIS TRUTH."

HIS LAST PRAYER:
"LORD JESUS, KEEP US NEAR THEE; MAKE US PERFECT;
AND THINE SHALL BE THE GLORY
FOR EVER AND EVER. AMEN."

The following account of the monument to his memory in Greenmount Cemetery is kindly furnished by Mr. A. J. Lowndes of Baltimore: —

"On the 3d of July, 1877, a monument of Italian marble was erected by the direction of the two churches in Baltimore with whom most of his life as a pastor had been spent.

"It is situated in Greenmount Cemetery, a little south-east of the chapel (which stands on the brow of the hill), and near the spot where stood the dwelling-house of the former proprietor of Greenmount, Robert Oliver.

"This memorial stone consists of a heavy, plain base, with sub-base bearing in large, raised letters his name. Upon this rests the die-block, each of its four sides finished in raised panels, ornamented with a moulding of acanthus-leaves. From the block rises a square shaft with chamfered corners, crowned with a bevelled cap. The entire height of the structure is about fifteen feet by four and one-half feet square at the base.

"The effect of the monument, in its simplicity and massiveness, is suggestive of the character, the virtues, of him whom it so fitly commemorates."

THE INSCRIPTION.

Richard Fuller. "A PREACHER OF RIGHTEOUSNESS." BORN IN BEAUFORT, S.C., April 22, 1804. DIED IN BALTIMORE, MD., October 20, 1876. "FOR TO ME TO LIVE IS CHRIST, AND TO DIE IS GAIN." (1)	PASTOR OF THE BAPTIST CHURCH, BEAUFORT, 15 YEARS; SEVENTH BAPTIST CHURCH, BALTIMORE, 24 YEARS; EUTAW-PLACE BAPTIST CHURCH, 5 YEARS. "I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God." "Therefore watch, and remember that I ceased not to warn every one night and day with tears." (3)
(2) IN 1832 HE WAS CALLED OF GOD TO THE "MINISTRY OF THE WORD," IN WHICH HE LABORED WITH UNSWERVING FIDELITY AND SIGNAL SUCCESS TO THE END OF LIFE. "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; And they that turn many to righteousness, As the stars for ever and ever."	(4) THIS MEMORIAL IS THE TRIBUTE OF MANY GRATEFUL HEARTS TO A FAITHFUL PASTOR AND DEVOTED FRIEND.

CHAPTER XXIX.

INFERENCE.

"He was a man, take him for all in all:
I shall not look upon his like again."

"Yet not I, but the grace of God which was with me."

EVERY effect is not only linked to a cause, *ex nihilo nihil fit*, but demands, in explanation of it, an adequate cause. Lord Lyttleton is said to have been won from scepticism to Christianity by studying the conversion of Saul of Tarsus, which he could only understand on the supposition of the truth of the gospel. A life like that of Richard Fuller, with the exception of the distinctly miraculous element, is almost as remarkable a phenomenon. We see in both originality of genius, accompanied by great force and earnestness of personal character; while the reality of their change is attested in either case by a life that lifts it above the suspicion either of delusion or of imposture. If there is but one explanation of the one fact, there is but one theory that will account for the other. "And they glorified God in me."

With every minister of the gospel there are two lines of experience that run parallel to each other, — his Christian and his ministerial life; and in both spheres Richard Fuller must always occupy a prominent place in the uninspired records of the Church.

As a preacher of the gospel and a good minister of Jesus Christ, he must rank with the foremost of this or of any age. Less metaphysical than Edwards, less strictly argumentative

than Saurin, with less elaboration of style than Robert Hall, he had, more than any or all of them, that rare combination of gifts which is necessary to the highest success. A logical mind sharpened by legal training; ample resources which the life-long habits of the student placed always at his command; a power of memory almost, if not quite, equal to Lord Macaulay's, of whom it is said that he forgot nothing that he ever read; an ardent imagination that flung its charm and coloring over all, — this was the hiding and secret of his power.

This mental furniture was made effective by a physique and manner which at once excited and commanded attention. Over six feet in height, he had a most commanding presence. A large, finely-shaped head, with a high, massive forehead, was crowned in early life with a profusion of rich brown hair loosely piled upon it. His figure was as straight and erect as an Indian's; his hands and feet as delicately shaped as a woman's; his voice of great power, and capable of the most varied modulation, — now rising and swelling like the thunder, then dying away like the wail of an Æolian harp. This physique was to him what a good charger is to a captain going into battle, carrying him through the thickest of the fight, and responding to every movement of the rider's will.

He was not always equal in his efforts: no true genius can be in any line of action. There are moods and accidents which are not at our command, and the most able and self-possessed speaker is sometimes at their mercy. So with Richard Fuller. When, through some untoward accident, his mind or body, or both, were out of tune, he would fail to meet the expectation his great reputation had excited. His very efforts on these occasions would increase the embarrassment by showing his own consciousness of the trouble, and inability to overcome it. Many years ago, he was preaching before the Savannah-river Association in Beaufort. He preached

at the urgent request of the committee, but under protest, as he had just recovered from an attack of sickness. Some of the audience felt at once that the effort was beyond his strength, and the evident strain excited a sympathy of the most painful character. But *de gustibus non disputandum*. Some of the brethren came out exclaiming, "Well, Brother Fuller surpassed himself to-day." But, for one battle that Napoleon lost, he won a hundred; and few ministers whose reputation created such a demand ever supplied it to the same extent as he did in a ministry embracing nearly half a century.

As a platform lecturer of the modern lyceum school he was averse to these performances, and regarded them as detrimental, in his case at least, to the preaching of the gospel. The story is told of his having consented once to lecture on some literary theme in Washington; but, before the day arrived, a letter came from him, begging to be excused, as he was sure, he said, that, if he began, he should preach Christ before he got through, and that might be regarded as an impertinence.

He did, it appears, make one or two ventures of the kind in the lecture-field, but with little satisfaction either to his friends or himself.

"Only since the war," writes a Baltimore correspondent, "when he thought he might be useful to his afflicted family and others in the South, did he consent to deliver a lecture. I wish the scene as I witnessed it could be put on paper. Rising before a large audience, he laid his manuscript before him, took out his spectacles, and said, 'To lecture means to read.' Adjusting his glasses, he continued, 'There sit Drs. Bacon and Samson and Williams, smiling, and saying, "How, then, shall he lecture? for he can't read his own writing." Well, I will let you see that I can do it.' He did manage to read through; but it was so unlike himself when preaching, we all thought it was a pity he ever attempted it. He soon abandoned lecturing."

So with the reading of his essay on "Personal Religion"

before the Evangelical Alliance in New York. The subject-matter was admirable; but the reading from manuscript, without the aid and emphasis of his impassioned delivery, reminded one who heard him of a "caged eagle."

Many of his published discourses will compare favorably with the masterpieces of the British or French pulpit, and will be read with interest when much of the popular American religious literature of the day is forgotten. They may lack the stateliness of Chalmers's astronomical discourses, and the exquisite harmony of some of Frederick Robertson's sermons; but they are superior to both the Scotch and English divine in the force and precision of their logic, and the melting pathos and unction of their appeals.

Still it was not as an author, controversialist, or lecturer, that Richard Fuller won and maintained his great fame and influence, but as a preacher of "the glorious gospel of the blessed God." Dr. Plumer, the distinguished Presbyterian divine, who for some years was a co-laborer in Baltimore, thus writes: —

"His published sermons are his best productions for the press. That on 'The Cross of Christ' reads well; but, when spoken by its author, it was grand and wonderful. Dr. Fuller's pulpit was his throne. There he reigned as a king over a willing people. We were often together, weeping and rejoicing. His preaching was attractive and effective. His sermons commonly, perhaps always, had 'signs following.'"

The signs of that wonderful influence were not limited to his work in Beaufort and Baltimore, — the churches built, and the souls converted, by his ministry in these two pastorates; but like the winged seeds borne by the wind to distant places, and there springing up in luxuriant harvests, the loving messages of this modern apostle have yielded rich and abundant fruit all over the land, in the confirmation of believers, and the conversion of souls whose names and number may not be known until, in the light of eternity, we look into the open pages of the book of life.

But the public life of such a man can only be understood by referring to the parallel line of personal character and experience. The secret of his great influence and success as a minister was not the logic, or learning, or imagination, or pathos, or magnetism, of the speaker: it was something deeper than all, — the faith and spirit, in other words the grace of God, that was in him. The human work was a divine thought and product.

A clear conception and full appreciation of the central doctrine of the cross, — some view of this truth every Christian, of course, must have; but with the minister it is at once his own life, and the soul and life of his ministry. "I believed, therefore have I spoken." Without this personal conviction, whatever the eloquence of the speaker, his words can never come "in demonstration of the Spirit and of power:" they will not be, what words about the gospel ought to be, "spirit and life;" they will lack the force, directness, and persuasion which can only spring from the inner fountains of personal faith and experience. This is sound philosophy, as well as the plain teaching of the Bible. *Si vis me flere, primum dolendum est tibi.* And it pleased God to give to Richard Fuller, not only a profound conviction as to "the truth as it is in Jesus," but a constant and overflowing tenderness of spirit in view of that truth. He swayed at will the vast audiences that thronged around him, because, in the depth of his own soul, he felt the value and blessedness of the truth to which he was giving utterance. The tears that often coursed down his cheeks in preaching were the overflowing of the fountains of tenderness that the love of Christ, and the view he had of it in his conversion, had opened in his own heart.

After a sermon he once preached in the Baptist church in Augusta, Ga., on the text, "O foolish Galatians, who hath bewitched you, that ye should not obey the truth, before whose eyes Jesus Christ hath been evidently set forth, cruci-

fied among you?" the pastor, Dr. Brantly, said to him, "That is the best sermon I ever heard from you." — "I had," he replied, "a perfect view of Christ upon the cross." And this enabled him to say, with such sweet emphasis and wonderful power, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world!"

The same thing appears in a sermon he once preached, soon after entering the ministry, in the First Baptist Church, Philadelphia, of which the elder Brantly was then pastor. The account is given by Dr. Fuller in his Reminiscences of the elder Brantly: —

"I had lately entered the ministry, and, of course, had no little trepidation at the prospect of standing up for the first time before my old teacher, famed, as Dr. Manly had told me, for his tremendous criticisms on young preachers. Having just left the bar for the pulpit, I had no theological furniture, no mental equipment, for my new profession; nothing, indeed, except to tell what grace had put into my heart, — the simple story of the cross. As the sabbath approached, I was, I confess, strongly tempted to essay some touches of science and literature. The hymn before sermon was that of Fawcett, —

'Religion is the chief concern
Of mortals here below.'

I saw this produced a marked impression upon Dr. Brantly, who sat before me, his open brow somewhat clouded, as I knew, with recent sorrow. The effect upon myself was electrical. The known cares and anxieties of my loved pastor, and my own wretched ambition, all melted me down. Before me were thousands passing into eternity; above me were the opening heavens; and, beneath, the yawning abyss. Dialectics and demonstrations were at an end, and the text chosen was, 'Thou art careful and troubled about many things; but one thing is needful.' Scarcely had I commenced when I saw my friend's countenance beaming with radiance; presently it was bathed in tears; and during the latter part of the services he covered his face with his hands, and sobbed aloud."

This was the view and love of his Saviour, which, filling his heart and mind more and more as he went on with his life-work, formed the subject-matter of every sermon, the inspiration of every effort, and the open secret of his success in winning souls to Christ.

As a corollary to this faith was the most unaffected humility of soul. This trait, in connection with rare gifts and pre-eminent talents, can be no mere product of nature: it is and must be "from above." To strangers this was not always apparent. There was a seeming reserve, and assertion of superiority often, in his manner, which, if it did not savor of pride, still left the impression with some that he was not a man of any special humbleness of mind. Some ministers have complained of his want of that free and genial bearing in his intercourse with them which a common profession warranted them to expect. This, on some occasions, amounted to a bruskness which gave offence. Especially when his quick sense of propriety in the conduct of religious services convinced him that something was wrong, that the truth he loved above all things was suffering at the hands of its friends, his impulsiveness of temper would carry him beyond the bounds of prudence and the customary conventionalities of the place. During the revival of 1846 in Charleston, S.C., the leader of the singing, an excellent but somewhat eccentric man, commenced, on one occasion, a tune which it was evident nobody else knew. Most ministers would have groaned in silence under the operation; but not he. "Stop, stop!" he cried out in the midst of the solo: "sing something, my dear brother, we can join in." The chorister, if we remember aright, lost his temper as well as his tune for the moment, and took up his hat and went out. But soon after the minister sought him out, asked his forgiveness, and insisted upon and secured his return. He was not always in such things sufficiently guarded as to the effect of his criticisms on sensitive natures; but as soon as he saw, or was reminded of, any real or supposed wrong, he was prompt in confessing it, and asking forgiveness for it.

No Christian ever felt more profoundly, or confessed more fully, his own imperfections of temper and life. In a letter on this subject to an intimate friend he says, "Seasons of

sickness with me are seasons of self-examination and reconversion; and yet how soon does the discovery of my own vileness cause me to wonder whether even the omnipotence of God himself can make any thing out of such a body, soul, and spirit as mine!"

It was this self-knowledge, and the deep humility of soul growing out of it, that made the Saviour increasingly precious to him, the cross of that Saviour the grand rallying centre and support of his personal and ministerial life. This led him to pronounce the very name of Jesus with a sweetness of tone and accent that we have never heard approached by any other. In 1875, at the convention in Richmond, three converted Indians were singing some of their wild songs for the people. One of them spoke a few broken words about the Saviour, and his goodness to them. Both song and address were largely unintelligible to most of us; but there was a singular and touching tenderness and sweetness in their pronunciation of that name *Jesus*. But Richard Fuller could utter it in prayer, or in his address, with a tone of mingled reverence, and chastened familiarity of expression, which, while it may have shown the perfect elocutionist, revealed at the same time a better and profounder secret, — the personal love of a personal Saviour; the feeling of a soul led by a deep consciousness of its own want and woe to cry, "Jesus, thou son of David, have mercy on me!"

With these central fires of faith and love in his soul, he was a man of great industry and abundant labors. His nature was full of energy, and his conversion had developed this into tenfold earnestness and enthusiasm.

As a preacher, he was a hard student, a close reader, a diligent worker over his sermons, to the end. "Monday morning, by nine o'clock," he used to say, "I have my texts for next Sunday. I am at work on the morning sermon until Thursday: the rest of the week I give to the second. Then, if something occurs to you in the pulpit, say it."

Some of his own happiest sentences were in this way strictly extemporaneous; but they came with him, as they must with every one, from the momentum of a previous and thorough preparation.

So with pastoral work and visitation: he was "instant in season and out of season." Dr. Williams of Baltimore, who for more than a quarter of a century was a colleague of Dr. Fuller in this field, says of him, —

"He was a great worker. I question whether any pastor in Baltimore, of any denomination, did half as much work as he. He neglected no one. He went everywhere, especially if he saw the least opportunity to win a soul to Christ. He always had an object in view. The impenitent, the serious, the sick, the afflicted, claimed his chief attention. He was the greatest worker I ever knew. His example in this particular has been greatly blessed to me. I could not be idle with such an associate. His example has been a stimulant to every Baptist pastor who has been here during his life. He should be held up as an example to the ministry, especially to young ministers, to show that genius, talent, learning, eloquence, is not all; that, if they would succeed, they must be workers."

This was his spirit to the last. "I never in my life felt so much like working for Jesus," he said in his last illness, after the Master had whispered in his ear, "Come apart and rest a while," touching him on the shoulder, as he said, with that "dagger of fire."

Among the noblest of these activities was his large-hearted benevolence. "Ye are not your own; for ye are bought with a price," — even "with the precious blood of Christ." This he understood to involve not only the surrender of the heart, but the consecration of every thing, — talent, influence, property. He made it the rule and criterion of sound conversion; so that once, when a friend was relating to him a very remarkable religious experience, he suddenly interrupted him by asking, "But what did he do or give for the cause?" He applied this rule to others because he realized its truth and importance for himself. A naturally free and

generous spirit with him was sanctified by the grace of God to the noblest charities.

He gave freely of his own means, and he knew how to induce others to give liberally, to the poor and the unfortunate; and he did it in a way which showed as much delicacy and refinement as generosity. To many friends and relatives at the South who had been ruined by the war he was a ministering angel here.

"On one occasion," writes Dr. Williams, "a gentleman was reciting to him and a few others on the street the sufferings of his mother and family in the South. A few hours afterwards he called on the individual with a handful of notes, and said, 'This has just been handed me by my treasurer: take it, and send it to your family.' The friend protested; but Dr. Fuller rushed out of the house, leaving the hundred dollars behind him.

"He was often imposed upon by designing and unworthy applicants for aid. A woman had applied to the ministers of our denomination for aid. Some of us satisfied ourselves that she was an impostor, and were joking the doctor about his having been so easily deceived. 'O you hard-hearted creatures!' he said. 'I had rather lose my money than not be moved by a woman's tears.'"

In the same line of benevolence, and ability to prompt its exercise with others, is the following incident: —

"The Hon. ——, one of the first scholars and noblest statesmen of the South, being aged, and reduced from wealth to poverty, requested Dr. Fuller of Baltimore to effect a sale of a portion of his library. Having examined the catalogue, and found it to contain the best German and English editions of the Greek and Latin classics, Dr. Fuller opened a negotiation with Mr. Spofford, the librarian of Congress, and every thing seemed to prosper; when suddenly the House of Representatives was afflicted with a spasm of economy, and so retrenched the library appropriation as to forbid purchases. Dr. Fuller then addressed President Eliot of Harvard University, reminding him that Mr. —— had been and was still an honor to the university, and that he (Fuller) and other graduates would regard it as a graceful act if the library there would place these works upon its shelves. The correspondence was very pleasing; and, while it was in progress, Dr. Fuller received a beautiful letter from Ralph Waldo

Emerson, whom our readers know by his literary reputation. Mr. Emerson said it was impossible at that time to dispose of the books at their proper value, but sent a check to Dr. Fuller, saying that two of Mr. ——'s surviving classmates, remembering with loving esteem his genius and noble character while associated with them in college, begged him to allow them thus to give a very feeble expression to their feelings. The draft was for five hundred dollars, and Mr. Emerson's letter was very touching."

Many of Christ's little ones, besides the poor man at the funeral in Baltimore, could have pointed to the white hands folded meekly on his breast, and said, "There are the hands that often ministered to me."

And the crowning stamp of the divine life in him was the evident yearning of his soul for personal holiness. If this principle of holiness is the seed of the new life, its growth will be the crown and perfection of that life.

On the occasion of a recent visit to Washington, seeing on the table at a friend's house a little volume that had been recently published on "Holiness," he eagerly took it up, remarking, "This is what I want;" and at once was engaged in it.

"During his last years," says one of his most intimate friends, "his soul panted for holiness. During the labors of Mr. Earle some years since in this city, he threw his whole soul into the work. He was as humble as a little child. In one of his enthusiastic moods he one day exclaimed, 'I had rather be holy than be in heaven!'"

As the end came on, and one light after another was extinguished upon earth, this was the spark of the divine life that kindled and mounted up in heavenly brightness to its original source. How full of this blessed spirit, this precious aroma of heaven, are the little notes that he sent from time to time to his people! —

Oct. 4, 1876.

I write to my dear people to proclaim those sweet words, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be." He who loves to put power in weakness enabled me so to bear a painful but necessary operation, that I

trust the two surgeons did not think less of the power of the gospel. My soul is with you to-night. Pray for me, that I may be "made perfect through suffering."

Your devoted pastor,

R. FULLER.

OCT. 8, 1876.

I have endured another operation, during which Jesus gave me grace to lie sweetly in his hands. I am a poor unworthy sinner. I grieve that my life has had so many inconsistencies; but I am full of peace in Jesus.

Your devoted and grateful pastor,

R. FULLER.

As "the outward man" sunk under the power of disease, this was the power and manifestation of "the inward man," that was "renewed day by day." It was an almost tangible, visible embodiment of the new creature, separating itself from the earthly tabernacle, yet lingering to give these assurances before it took its heavenward flight. It was the spirit of the prayer he was once heard to offer: "Take our hearts: we have no power to give them to Thee. When Thou hast taken them, keep them: we have no power to keep them for Thee. Take them just as they are, and make them just what Thou wouldest have them to be." In the darkness and delirium of the last night, he spoke and prayed as if in conscious communication with that glorious, invisible Presence: "A clean heart! Love to Jesus! — I mean supremely. Jesus, Saviour, be near to us now! Make us perfect! And thine shall be the glory forever and forever." The angel of the covenant was there to give the last touch to the work he had years ago begun, to trace the last delicate lines where grace merges into glory; and the face of the saint wears forever the expression and beauty of the angel.

Glorious "cloud of witnesses" that has been swelling in volume and brightness since Paul sketched its outline in the eleventh and twelfth chapters of the Hebrews! The face of that cloud as it looks upon us here is bright with the prom-

ises of God; but the upper and more glorious edge is "quite in the verge of heaven."

The witness of this "great multitude which no man can number" is, in the unity of the Spirit, in perfect and unbroken harmony of evidence as to "the truth as it is in Jesus;" and, if it ceases for a moment with any of its members, it is because they form that part of the procession which has entered "within the gates into the city." The notes of preparation in the songs of our pilgrimage here must be followed by some grander chorus of praise and joy beyond, as Bunyan saw it in his wonderful dream: "Glorious was it to see how the open region was filled with horses and chariots, with trumpeters and pipers, with singers, and players upon stringed instruments, to welcome the pilgrims as they went up and followed one another in at the Beautiful Gate of the city."

We draw to a conclusion in a task fruitful in tears, but blessed in memory and meaning. If, from the logical premises of any proposition, the conclusion is inevitable, on every principle of sound, inductive reasoning, as well as of scriptural truth and doctrine, there is, there can be, but one inference from such a life. Richard Fuller, as well as Paul, can say, — and must command our attention, if not our joyful assent, when he says, — "By the grace of God I am what I am." "And they glorified God in me." If such a spirit and life has no crown, no sequel of a blessed immortality, then is the rudest building better than the gifted builder, and the spire of the Eutaw-place Church a nobler thing than the soul and genius of Richard Fuller.

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